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Sketched by the Hon.ble K.Craven.

Engraved by Chas Heath.

BENEVENTO.

London. Published April 1821 by Rodwell & Martin. New Bond Street

A TOUR

THROUGH

THE SOUTHERN PROVINCES

OF

THE KINGDOM OF

N A P L E S,

BY

THE HON. RICHARD KEPPEL CRAVEN.

TO WHICH IS SUBJOINED

A SKETCH

OF THE

IMMEDIATE CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING THE LATE REVOLUTION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR RODWELL AND MARTIN,

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PREFACE.

It appears to be absolutely necessary that a writer should prefix to his work, if not an apology for its appearance, at least some explanation of the motives that may have prompted him to subject it to the severe ordeal of public opinion.

I undertook the journey related in the following pages actuated, as I believe most travellers are, by views of curiosity and enjoyment rather than by any particular object of interest. The access to Sicily by means of a land journey was to my inclinations preferable to the more immediate and generally practised mode of a sea voyage; and my choice was also influenced by the offered local assistance of those whose repeated acts of kindness, during a continued residence in their country, made me consider them as sincere friends. I kept a journal during the whole of my tour, and this document, unassisted as it then was by any books of reference, which my mode of travelling precluded the possibility

of carrying, has been the ground-work of the tour I now venture to offer to the public. About half of it was written nearly in its present state, but without any immediate view of publication, previous to my return to England—an event occasioned by circumstances which have brought my name too frequently before the public to leave any necessity for my explaining their nature, or entering into their detail.

The convulsed state of Neapolitan affairs partly induced me to continue the progress of my narrative; and the latter half was penned during intervals of leisure from avocations of a more serious nature, or hours of confinement caused by indisposition.

The public curiosity with reference to this country, to which I am returning, must be now considerably lessened, and of course any account of it will be received with abated interest.

I must confess that these are circumstances under which I feel the more encouraged not to withdraw my work. I knew that, however much it might be the duty of government to pursue that line of policy towards foreign states, which, without compromising the honour of the nation, should be best conducive to the safety of ourselves and the preservation of tranquillity; yet,

that as Englishmen we could not put off our nature, and wherever the struggles for freedom should arise, that there would be our sympathy. I had accordingly well-grounded apprehensions that my readers would expect some account of a revolution, at the period of my journey, not only far distant, but the contemplation of the occurrence of which, at any time, must then have been considered chimerical. I had consequently but slightly alluded to it, and that only in the part of my work written since the event; but now, when it is discovered that this interesting incident was only an affair of a few, and we are persuaded that the nation is only anxious to hail and retain the transalpine troops as deliverers, I feel more confident in my omissions, as well as less desirous to implore indulgence or deprecate criticism on their account; though with all the humility becoming to a first attempt I am far from deeming myself insensible to either.

The Views which accompany the work were sketched on the various spots which they represent; but have since been rendered more suitable to engraving by a friend.

Calais, March 31, 1821.

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CHAPTER I.

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On Friday, the 24th of April, 1818, I quitted Naples for the town of Arienzo, my first stage towards Benevento, which I had fixed upon as my resting-place for that night: this was by no means the shortest or most usual road towards the province of Apulia; but the wish of seeing a spot which (though one of those included in the round of excursions made by the generality of travellers from the capital of the Two Sicilies), I had never before had an opportunity of visiting, induced me to prefer this route to the post-road through Nola, Avellino, and Ariano.

The journey which I thus had commenced, being merely the result of the interest which a protracted residence of three years in the city of Naples and its immediate environs had naturally extended to all the remainder of the kingdom, I found myself neither limited with regard to time, nor bound to any particular mode of travelling, circumstances of which I did not always avail

myself in the most judicious manner during the course of my tour.

I had sent two servants and three saddle horses as far as Arienzo on the preceding evening, in order to facilitate the first day's progress; and I took a hired carriage from the metropolis, which I quitted at eight o'clock in the morning, by the gate called Porta Capuana, where all the roads leading from the eastern provinces unite.

This gate took the name which it now bears from the adjoining palace, called Castel di Capuana, built, it is said, by William the First: it continued to be the residence of his successors even after Charles of Anjou had constructed the Castel Novo, till Ferdinand of Aragon finally gave it up, and it was then sold or granted to Charles of Noia. In the year 1540, Peter of Toledo, viceroy for Charles the Fifth, a nobleman to whose munificence Naples owes its principal embellishments, purchased and considerably enlarged this building, adapting it by means of these alterations to the purposes of a prison, including at the same time the civil and criminal tribunals within its precincts: it then took the name of *Vicaria*, which has been continued to it, in common with the immediate neighbourhood, to the present day.

The vicinity of this gloomy edifice, and the narrow streets leading from this principal entrance into the interior of the town, convey an impression far from prepossessing, though not deficient in that kind of interest which the spectacle of an immense population, in a state of activity and bustle unequalled in any other country, can scarcely fail to produce.

The phlegmatic native of a more northern region finds himself at a loss to account for the excess of expression and superabundance of gesticulation which the countenance and limbs of a Neapolitan Lazaro* assume and go through in the course of the most ordinary dialogue. The slightest difference of opinion is expressed in tones which alarm the stranger for the safety of the dissentient; the effort to persuade, sounds like a threat, and the smile of irony, nearly approaches to the sardonic grin of revenge. The same acuteness of sensation renders the Neapolitan so watchful of the countenance of a foreigner, that the consequences are frequently most troublesome to the latter: this is more particularly observable if any gain, however small, is likely to be derived from the scrutiny. Should he happen to cast a glance towards a hackney-coach, all the drivers on the same stand will set their vehicles in motion, with the seeming intention of running over him. Woe be to him if his eye meets that of a Facchino, or carrier, sitting in his basket—the whole tribe will rush upon him, and overwhelm him with offers of service; and a mere look will even suggest a clamorous demand upon his charity from a mouth occupied at the macaroni stall. If the Italian nation at large has been justly accounted the most gesticulating among the population of Europe, the Neapolitans may claim a similar pre-eminence among the Italians; but must undoubtedly yield it to the inhabitants of the Vicaria. Luckily, the greatest good humour prevails amidst this incessant agitation;

* It is scarcely necessary to observe, that *Lazaro* is the singular, and *Lazaroni* the plural, of a word which has by some been traced back to the parable of Lazarus and Dives. *Lazarone* is, however, sometimes used in the former number.

and I believe that in no country can any mob be found so entirely given up to the unruly governance of their passions, and at the same time so courteous and respectful towards those whom they conceive to be their superiors.

The Porta Capuana consists of a stone arch, adorned with tolerable sculpture, and flanked by a round tower, similar to those projecting along the ancient walls of the city, which they no longer serve to fortify; but the solidity of their construction, as well as the perfection of their masonry, and the luxuriant vegetation which sometimes crowns their broken battlements, still render them objects of considerable beauty. These walls were repaired, and their circuit enlarged, by different sovereigns: Ferdinand the First (of Aragon) had them entirely rebuilt, and the last additions to them were made by Charles the Fifth, but they now only exist in part.

To return to my journey. The day was the warmest that had been felt that year, as the season, though fine, had till now borne the character of a northern spring, a circumstance by no means unusual in the vicinity of Naples, where cold winds frequently prevail during the month of April.

The road which I at first followed is that which leads to Nola and Avellino, and was began in 1604 by the Viceroy G. Alfonso Pimentel, Count of Benevento: it runs in a north-easterly direction from the capital, under the ridge of hills on which the church of La Madonna del Pianto, rising among vines and their supporting poplars, is seen from a great distance.

This edifice is remarkable for nothing but its situation, which marks that of the French camp in 1528, where Lautrec's besieging

army was almost entirely destroyed by a contagious disease, which did not spare its commander*. The foundation of the church, however, is of a later date, as it was erected to commemorate the plague of 1656, whose victims were all interred within the tufa rock that supports the building. The various caverns wherein they were deposited, and which were originally dug out to furnish materials for constructing the city, are now blocked up, as they had become the receptacle of banditti; and one large cave alone remains, known by the name of *Grotta dei Sportiglioni.*

Between it and the high road is the Campo Santo, or public cemetery; so that in reference to the past or present, no edifice ever possessed a more appropriate title than the church of La Madonna del Pianto.

The approach to the Campo Santo is marked by an avenue of tall cypress trees; and a wall surrounds the whole extent of ground, allotted to the sepulture of the poorer classes only. Capacious and deep pits, equal in number to the days of the year, occupy the surface of the cemetery; and the mouth of one of these is opened every morning at dawn, for the reception of the dead—those of the inmates of the numerous hospitals existing in the city of Naples, as well as the bodies of the indigent, whose surviving relatives cannot afford to obtain for them a burial-place in the churches, are here deposited. Among the many praiseworthy institutions which are due to the Roman catholic church, none is more congenial with the spirit of Christianity than the establishment of those numerous fraternities,

* He is buried in the church of Santa Maria la Nova, in the city.

whose rule enjoins the performance of the last offices of friendship to those who have no friends, and bids the consoling voice of religion raise the hopes of divine mercy in breasts lost to all expectation of earthly assistance; but it is to be lamented that some provision has not been made to extend their charitable exertions beyond the limits of the existing regulations. The prayers for the dead are recited by the priest in the hospitals, and sometimes the bodies of even the poorest individuals, laid out upon a magnificently embroidered velvet pall, with their faces uncovered, are paraded through the streets, followed by a retinue of penitents and mourners, and exposed, with considerable pomp and solemnity, in the church where the funeral service is performed: but after the celebration of these rites, the corpse is stripped of its ornaments, cast into a kind of wooden tray, covered with a coarse cloth, and conveyed in the shade of the night, or at the earliest break of day, to one of the above described graves, into which it is tossed to a considerable depth, upon an hideous pile of human carcasses, exhibiting the various progressions of decay through which the remains of mortality return to the elements of which they were formed. The spectacle which this last ceremony affords is so revolting to those feelings of tenderness and respect to the dead, which nature seems to have implanted in our minds from our earliest years, that no one can witness it without experiencing sensations of horror and disgust.

About a mile further is Poggio Reale, where a few walls of indistinct architectural character are supposed to indicate the remains of a magnificent palace, long the favoured residence of the Aragonese kings. The small river Robeolo had been sub-

divided into still smaller channels, to supply the numerous fountains which formed the principal ornaments of this royal abode, and gave it great celebrity: these identical streams now wander slowly through a large tract called *i Paludi*, which they render at once fertile and unhealthy; and, after uniting with another run of water, which turns several mills, they flow into the sea, at the Ponte della Maddalena, under the classical name of *Sebeto*.

This appellation, given to these collected waters by Virgil, Statius, and other ancient authors, seems to have been lost during the earlier centuries of Christianity, as I believe they are never so designated in any of the unsatisfactory geographical documents of the dark ages. Boccaccio restored it, but after him we find only the Robeolo mentioned until the time of Sannazaro. It is probable that the Sebethis was never a very considerable river, and that its scanty springs were withdrawn, or forced into different directions, by one of those physical convulsions to which this portion of Europe has ever been subject. It would be difficult in their present state to trace the sources from which they are derived; they proceed (for the word *flow* is inapplicable to their movements), from numerous narrow ditches, which appear supplied by subterraneous but unfailing reservoirs, and they assume the nature of a current within but a short distance from the bridge.

A little beyond Poggio Reale, turning to the left at right angles from the main road, I entered that which leads to Arienzo: it runs through a long well-built village, called *Casal Nuovo*, and is paved in the same manner as the streets of Naples as far as Acerra. Between Casal Nuovo and this last town, it crosses

that double row of deep ditches which, extending from near Nola to the north of Aversa, and there assuming a westerly direction, ends near the lake of Patria*. These trenches were cut with the view of carrying off the waters, which render this portion of the *Terra di Lavoro* so unhealthy, and are known by the denomination of *i Regii Lagni*. This last word is probably derived from the river *Clanius*, now *Clanio*, or corruptly *Lagno*, whose sudden and destructive inundations, so well known to the ancients, they were also meant to counteract.

Et variis Clanius non æquus Acerris.

Virgil.

This operation, carried on by order of government, has succeeded more effectually, in remedying the above-mentioned evil and redeeming land, formerly useless, for cultivation, than in removing the fatal effects of the malaria; if I may judge by the cadaverous hue of the inhabitants of the town, near which a large tract of ground still bears the name, too justly deserved, of *Pantano* (slough) of Acerra.

Some ancient authors affirm that this place was founded by the Nasamones, and was celebrated for a high altar dedicated to Jupiter Feretrius; in modern times it is noted only for being the birth-place of Pulcinella, whose family name is Cetrulia (pumpkin). Encircled by mouldering walls, its present aspect is not very flourishing.

The face of the country, which till now had borne a similar appearance to that which surrounds the capital on every side,

* Patria is supposed to be the ancient Linternum, the burial-place of Scipio.

began to change: instead of the long vistas of poplar and white mulberry trees, richly clothed with the foliage of vines, and shading undivided patches of ground carefully cultivated with beans, hemp, oats, or clover, I saw small inclosures of quick hedges; and the altered vegetation bespoke the vicinity of a more mountainous tract. As I approached the roots of the Apennines, a rapid and abundant stream, securely confined within two artificial banks, ran along the road-side in the direction of the capital, whose fountains it contributes to supply. It is known by the name of *Aqua di Carmignano*, and is one of the ramifications of the vast collection of waters brought through aqueducts to Cancello, whence it flows in various channels towards Naples. Two citizens of that town, called Carmignano and Ciminelli, claim the honour of this work, which, however, was destroyed in its infancy by a terrible eruption of Vesuvius in the year 1631; but, animated with a laudable spirit of perseverance, and encouraged by the existing government, they renewed their labours, and by some judicious alterations in their original plans, brought them to a degree of perfection which has ever since remained unimpaired. The names of these deserving speculators, who were called Cæsar and Alexander, have afforded their grateful countrymen ample scope for that hyperbolical style of panegyric peculiar to the taste of the age which produced them, and which their individual merits alone might have excited.

At the foot of the hill of *Cancello*, which I soon reached, one of the springs of the *Clanius*, called *Le Moffette* from its sulphurous qualities, crosses the road. On the summit of the mountain, which is of no great elevation, are seen the ruins of a square castle,

flanked with towers, and commanding from its south front the country between it and the sea; while from the northern bank it looks over the valley of Arienzo, which I now entered by abruptly winding round the base of the hill.

This sudden turn afforded an opportunity of observing the effects produced by opposite aspects upon the vegetation which clothed both sides of the declivity: the south slope was tufted with scattered olive-trees of tolerable magnitude, while the other was fringed with sweet chestnuts and the deciduous shrubs, peculiar to a colder climate, just breaking into leaf.

A small casino, built in a fanciful taste, half way down the mountain, and a tavern situated at its foot, were the only habitations. These last buildings are frequent in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and the care and cleanliness displayed in the arrangement of the various eatables present attractions which the returning vetturino seldom withstands.

Nothing could be more pleasant than the remainder of my drive to Arienzo along the banks of the abovementioned stream, through lanes bordered by white thorn and elder bushes in full blossom, and shaded by majestic elms and walnut trees. The peasants were all busily employed in the various branches of cultivation, which in the immediate vicinity of Naples are carried on with a degree of neatness and assiduity highly creditable to the industry of the natives. Their white summer dresses, contrasted with the tender green of the young wheat and barley, the bright azure of the flax, or the more vivid hue of the trifolium incarnatum, the most beautiful among the varieties of clover, formed very picturesque additions to the scene.

The track which I followed wound between hills increasing in height as the valley narrowed; and at a little before mid-day I entered Arienzo, a town consisting of one well-built street, of sufficient extent to contain many thousand inhabitants, who appeared easy in their circumstances, and industrious in their habits. The numerous orange and fruit gardens which surround the town on every side give it a gay and pleasing appearance.

I here found my own horses, and two gendarmes, which the kindness of the captain-general had provided as an escort. Preceded by them, and followed by my two servants and a countryman, who had the care of a mule laden with my baggage, I set off on a journey which I considered as more appropriately dating its commencement from this spot.

The sun was hot, and the sea breeze, which reached as far inland as my present station, was at my back, and therefore contributed but little to relieve the heat; my progress was, consequently, not so agreeable as that of the earlier part of the day; but it might have been rendered interesting could I satisfactorily have decided upon the long disputed position of the *Furcæ Caudinæ*, generally supposed to be the narrow defile between Arienzo and Arpaia, which begins soon after quitting the former place, and through which the high road to Benevento is made.

Swinburne thinks its extent too limited to have admitted the whole Roman army, and looks upon the next valley, between Arpaia and Montesarchio, as more favourable to the manœuvre of the Samnites, attributing its present want of depth to the accumulation of the soil washed into it by mountain torrents, and the natural effects of vegetation, which in the lapse of so many

years may have considerably raised the original level. This supposition is absolutely necessary to the support of his argument, as the ground is at present nothing more than an oblong plain, surrounded by heights which are scarcely sufficient to give it the name of a valley, and broken in several parts, so as to admit paths and roads in various directions.

The native authors, and they are numerous, who have written on this subject, have been divided between these two points: the late Abbate Romanelli, in his valuable work on the ancient topography of this kingdom, strongly maintains the latter opinion; asserting, at the same time, that the modern village of Arpaia occupies the site of the ancient Caudium. Cluverius, on the other hand, has placed the Caudine Forks in another valley, which runs between Airola and St. Agata dei Goti. The existence of this latter was not known to me at the time I travelled, or I should undoubtedly have gone out of my road for the express purpose of examining it; I am therefore unable to speak of it from my own observation, but a friend* of mine, who subsequently visited it, and on whose accuracy and diligence I can place the strongest reliance, assured me that the points of coincidence were so evident, that no one can hesitate an instant in deciding to which the preference should be given. I have subjoined his memoir.

"The Caudine Forks, we are informed by the historian Livy, were so peculiarly formed, and naturally presented such insurmountable difficulties, that an army of Romans, accustomed to overcome every disadvantage, whether of locality or numbers, when entrapped within their precincts found themselves at once

* John P. Gandy, Esq.

Sketched by J.P. Gandy.

J. Walker Sculpt.

London, Published March 9. 1821, by Rodwell & Martin New Bond Street.

deprived of every possibility of making the smallest effort for their extrication; and, without the power of drawing a sword or inflicting a wound, were not allowed the choice of sacrificing themselves, or even approaching their enemy.

" The progress of the Roman republic towards obtaining the dominion of Italy, though vigorously resisted by the various nations then spread over that peninsula, was by none so obstinately contested as by the Samnites, an inland race of mountaineers, unacquainted with the luxuries afforded by commerce to the Greek colonies of the coast, and unenervated by the riches poured by those colonies upon the intermediate plains.

" The fertility of these plains, and the luxuriancy of their vines, presented, however, too strong an allurement to be resisted by those to whom the effeminacy of their cultivators promised an easy conquest; and, accordingly, the predatory attacks of the Samnites upon the Campanian territory soon afforded the Romans an opportunity of assisting the vanquished, and commencing their encroachments without incurring the odium of being the aggressors.

" The mountainous district composing the Samnite territory might have been approached from Rome perhaps more advantageously to the invaders by that line of country through which the Latine Way subsequently ran; and by this in the later wars we find they ultimately entered, and succeeded in subjugating it; but at the beginning of the contest the pretended object was merely the liberation of Campania.

" Campania is separated from Samnium by the Callicula hills and Mount Tifata, while from the latter a chain of mountains, stretching round to the more lofty Taburnus, bounds on that side

a small Samnite plain, watered by the river Vulturnus, which flows between Tifata and Callicula into the Campanian plain. At this point is the most easy of three openings of communication between the two territories. The others are at the pass of Santa Leuci and the gap near Maddaloni.

"Beneventum is situated on the other side of Mount Taburnus, and communicates with Campania by a valley through which ran the ancient Appian Way, as well as the modern road from Naples, and which valley might be entered from the plain in question by the difficult defile near Sant' Agata dei Goti.

"In this Samnite plain, divided from each other by the Vulturnus, were Calatia and Saticula*, the modern Limatola. The former is now called Caiazzo, as we learn from the indisputable testimony of various inscriptions recording its ancient name. Its natural strength, as well as position, must always have insured its possessors the command of the plain it overlooks, and from the midst of which arises the precipitous hill whereon it is placed.

"The success of the Romans, after the expulsion of the enemy from Campania, was followed up by the conquest of these two towns; and we subsequently find them pursuing their course of aggression to the next cities in their way towards the heart of Samnium, by the acquisition of Allifæ, Callifæ, and Ruffrium.

"On the renewal of the war, the camp or head quarters of the army destined to act against Samnium was at Calatia. It was considered expedient to proceed from that place to the relief of

* Some place this town at St. Agata, but Limatola is more probable, since a road ran from Telesia through it to the Temple of Diana, whom we may strongly suspect to be still adored under the modern name of Santa Leuci.

Luceria, attacked by the enemy, and for this purpose the forces were divided into two bodies; one of them marched by a circuitous but safe route round the northern frontier of Samnium, while the other took a shorter and more direct road to the south through Beneventum, the line of which lay through the Caudine Forks.

"The Caudine Forks consisted of a small plain, or space traversed by a stream, and shut in on all sides by continuous and impracticable mountains; this was accessible only by a narrow pass, while at the opposite extremity a more straitened defile was rendered impassable by an ordinary obstruction of the felled trunks of trees, intermixed and consolidated with large loose stones.

"The Roman army having entered within this tract, and finding their passage forward prevented by so simple a barrier, retraced their steps to the first pass, but found that the enemy had raised a similar obstruction, and by occupying the adjoining heights had cut off all possibility of retreat. No exertion was made for forcing their way through their opponents; but, pent up for the space of two days, they awaited in silent suspense the conditions, the punishment, or death, their more wary opponents should be pleased to impose or inflict. After due deliberation life was accorded them; but stripped, scourged, and insulted, they were one by one let out, by passing under the yoke; and, burning with shame and resentment, were dismissed to tell their tale of disgrace to their Capuan allies, whose city they feared to enter until assured that advantage would not be taken of their defenceless situation.

"To a modern traveller, the almost open pass about Arpaia, between Arienzo and Paulisi, is pointed out as the altered site of an event so disastrous to the Roman arms, though no one pretends

that the description of the historian is at all answered, without the supposition of more than extraordinary or possible convulsions of nature, followed by the slower effects of the lapse of ages, of deposition, drainage, and cultivation.

"However unsatisfactory such explanation may appear, few take the trouble of inquiring further into the subject, since that spot is certainly the most contracted part of the country through which the modern road from Naples to Beneventum runs, and out of which it is not without considerable inconvenience, as well as difficulty, we are enabled to deviate. It is consequently not generally known that a tract exists in the pass between Sant' Agata dei Goti and Airola, or rather Moiano, which on visiting I found much more corresponding with the description of Livy, and which also lies in the direct road from Calatia to Beneventum.

"This narrow tract is traversed by a small rivulet, the Isclero, or Iscelrus, which, taking its rise above Cervinara, is joined a little below that village by a streamlet from Montesarchio; passing Airola, it enters the narrow defile near Moiano, pursues its course towards Sant' Agata dei Goti, and finally falls into the Vulturnus, between Ducenta and Limatola. A portion of the stream, before arriving at Sant' Agata, is separated from the current, and conveyed under the surface, along the edge of the mountain to the magnificent aqueduct at Maddaloni, passing which it at length forms the fine artificial fall behind the royal palace at Caserta.

"The modern road or track, which on horseback I found to be exceedingly perilous, runs along the declivity of the same mountain at a height considerably above the stream in question, and

besides the ordinary deviations, is necessarily carried out of a direct line round a gulley or deep recess in this mountain, at the extremity of which arises another smaller stream, also conveyed by a second covered watercourse upon this higher level over the aqueduct of Maddaloni to Caserta.

" The road descends through broken gullies to Sant' Agata, which is placed in a most picturesque situation, upon the edge of the precipice at the entrance to the valley; while on the opposite side the roots of Mount Taburnus break down less abruptly to the rivulet, where they form the presumed first pass of Livy, and two small towns are placed on their inclined surface. On the same side the receding mountain leaves a sufficiently ample but quick sloping plain of loose cultivable soil, covered with olive trees, &c.

" This tract was known to Cluvier, who through it carries the Appian Way, fixing the town of Caudium at Airola. The first supposition is undoubtedly erroneous, as is perhaps the second also, though the position of Caudium cannot at all affect the present question; for although the Peutingerian tables place it upon the Appian Way, yet no ancient document whatever exists to prove that the forks did not run in a line at right angles to the town whence they received their appellation.

" It is said, and even by some Neapolitan writers, that the plain described is not large enough to contain an army of 40,000 men; an assertion which can hardly be made by any one who has visited the spot, presuming the estimated amount of the Roman force correct: but we should at the same time recollect that their number is not mentioned by Livy, while it was only half the army proceeding to the succour of Luceria which was here entrapped.

" At Arpaia may be observed the following inscription, cited imperfectly by all who have hitherto written upon this subject.

M . CIVVIVS . M . F
FA ⸗ CAVDI
PRISCVS
MILES . COHOR . III
P I * * C I

The last line is read by some *Prisci.* The second line has been supposed to allude to the *fauces Caudii;* but we should not forget that they were called *furculæ*, and never *fauces* *.

" The Abbate Romanelli, as conclusive proof of the situation of Caudium in Arpaia, cites this inscription, as well as the Peutingerian, the Antonine, and Hierosolymitan itineraries, which concur nearly in placing it twenty miles from Capua, and eleven from Beneventum; but this point would fall much nearer Montesarchio, a town naturally commanding this pass, and not at Arpaia, which is marked by an ancient milestone, as it really is between sixteen and seventeen miles from Capua.

" To show how little this antiquary, from his own inspection, knew of the pass from Sant' Agata, it may be only necessary to cite his description thereof with reference to the map. He declares it parallel to the valley of Arpaia, it being really at right angles thereto, and as beginning at Tifata, and reaching to the fauces of Mount Taburnus towards Benevento; while he forgets it altogether when he recognizes the Caudine Forks in the con-

* We hardly need the concurrent testimony of Plutarch to prove that the *Furculæ* were a τοπος στενοτατος.

tiguous plain between Arpaia and Montesarchio, which has this third outlet to the valley, described by Livy as having but two.

" Cluvier's error arose from his want of knowledge of a second Calatia in Campania, upon the Appian Way, somewhere about the modern Maddaloni; for of this the precise site is marked by no remain known to exist upon the spot. That it is not the Calatia of Livy may be inferred from the circumstance of the Romans not having halted at it on their way back to Capua; for, doubtful of their Capuan allies, they awaited their welcome on the frontiers of Campania; and whether the Forks were at Arpaia or Sant' Agata, they would in their way have had to pass the Calatia of the Appian Way.

" We have in subsequent operations a sort of negative proof of the non-existence of the Forks in the valley of Arpaia. The Samnites, advancing again into the Campanian plains, are beaten back to Beneventum. But though we are told the passes and ground had at first made each party afraid of moving forward, we do not find any mention of the site as being the same with the Caudine Forks; a circumstance Livy would hardly have failed repeating, had he an opportunity thus afforded him of showing the former disgrace of his countrymen to have been expiated upon the same spot, by the slaughter of 30,000 Samnites.

" A part of this Samnite plain was subsequently the scene of a stratagem of Hannibal, as well as the site of his camp. The difficult pass in Tifata, above Santa Leuci, affords a direct communication from Capua to Calatia. On the side towards the latter, the rocky mountains descend on each hand to the edge of the Vulturnus, and protect a moderate-sized triangular plain, containing

a small hillock, and defended in front by the river, while the pass above mentioned secured retreat as well as direct communication with Capua. We are to recollect that the more easy communication between the two plains by the Vulturnus was hazardous, as the Carthaginians never obtained possession of Casilinum."

Arpaia is a miserable, bleak-looking village, about three miles from Arienzo. The hills that surround it (especially the northern range) are stony and scant of vegetation; but the valley which succeeds, and leads to Montesarchio, is well cultivated, though the olive-trees are no longer visible. On the left the little town of Airola, placed on an abrupt eminence, and topped with a picturesque ruin, is a striking object; while the more lofty Montesarchio rises in front. Its crumbling castle, of imposing dimensions, is seen at a considerable distance, but the town itself is wretched. This place belongs to the family of Avalos, Marquisses del Vasto, to whom it gives the same title. On the military map of the kingdom, it is marked as six miles distant from Arienzo, and I should reckon it about eight further to Benevento. This last portion of country is more undulated, but the declivities are never very steep. The surface of the land is bare and unfertile, and the muddy torrent which waters it, is crossed by the high road, over three handsome stone bridges of Roman construction, the only visible remains of the Via Appia which I was now treading.

From the last ascent the city of Benevento breaks unexpectedly, but without any pretensions to picturesque effect, upon the sight. The re-appearance of tiled roofs, after the eye has been long unused to them, is far from pleasing. The high

country beyond resembles some parts of Oxfordshire, and offers nothing remarkable except the double summit of the mountain of Vitulano, at some distance on the left, which is singular and striking. Two branches of the river Sabato run at the foot of the hill on which the town is built, and two successive bridges are passed on the way to its southern entrance: the space between these is almost entirely cultivated as garden ground. The freshness imparted to it by the facility of irrigation, and the overspreading shade of a large open grove of poplars, gives to this approach a pleasing aspect.

CHAPTER II.

Benevento... Its Antiquities... Rivers Calore and Sabato... Battle of Benevento in 1265 ... Manfred of Suabia... Monastery of Santa Sofia... State of Benevento under the French... Departure for Troja... Equus Tuticus... Horace's Journey to Brundusium... Entrance into Capitanata... Puglia Piana... Brigands called Vardarelli... Their System of Depredation.

The city of Benevento is well built, and contains several good houses; but its most populous streets are also the most narrow, and their steepness is such that many are impassable for a carriage; of which, however, there are no less than forty in the town, belonging to respectable and ancient families, to one of whom, the Marquis Pacca, nephew to the Cardinal of that name, I had a letter of recommendation; and, as I had sent it to him immediately on my arrival at the inn, I had scarcely time to proceed through a few streets in search of sights, before I met him in his carriage, and he very obligingly took me to visit all that was worth observation, beginning with the celebrated arch of Trajan.

This monument is not only the most perfect as to preservation, but perhaps the best specimen of Roman workmanship existing; as the beauty of the materials which compose it, the taste displayed in the architectural parts, and the superior execution of the various masses of sculpture which adorn it, are equally conspicuous: among the last, the upper division, representing the

apotheosis of the Emperor, nearly approaches to the perfection of the finest Grecian bas reliefs.

The numerous drawings of this fine monument, as well as the detailed descriptions and dissertations of which it has been made the subject, must plead my excuse for not entering into a minute account of its architecture, or enlarging upon its beauties.

It is used as one of the city gates, of which there are five, and is called *Porta Aurea*. The shabby houses which surround it rather add to than take from the dignity of its appearance; but it is somewhat disfigured by a narrow ridge of tiles placed over the attic, with a view of protecting it from the injuries of a humid and heavy atmosphere, which the Neapolitans settled here severely complain of. Some allowance may be made for these individuals, who must exchange the reviving summer breeze of their bay, and its temperate winter calms, for the oppressive damp heat, or the chilly fogs of Benevento; which is, however, far from an unhealthy place.

Perhaps this reference to the unfavourable climate may recall to the reader's mind the impetuous wind, which, according to Procopius, blew from the coast of Dalmatia with such peculiar fury upon this city, as to be the origin of the name of *Maleventum*, which it bore in earlier times. This extraordinary etymology will probably not be better relished than that which Salmasius has derived from the Greek word Μηλον, sheep, which he supposes that its founder Diomed modified into *Maloentus*, and adopted on account of the flocks for which, according to this commentator alone, it was famous. What appears certain is, that the Romans, on taking possession of it, changed its original name,

Maleventum, into the more auspicious one which it has preserved to this day.

To return to its antiquities. I should add that it boasts of several remains of sculpture of distinguished execution; among which are two bassi rilievi, representing the rape of the Sabines, and the hunting of the Calydonian boar. The former of these is engraved, in the *Voyage Pittoresque des deux Siciles*, as placed above a fountain, which I apprehend has been since destroyed; the marble lying now, with several others, in the palace-yard of the Cardinal Legate, who is governor of the town.

Swinburne takes notice of a remarkable bas relief of a boar adorned for sacrifice: it now is fixed on the outside wall of the cathedral; and the character of remote antiquity which it displays has induced several writers to look upon it as the gift of Diomed himself, the founder of this and most of the other colonies on the western shore of the Adriatic.

There are several other meaner vestiges of sculpture, such as broken capitals, portions of columns, and Latin inscriptions inserted in the walls. These fragments, however indifferent in point of workmanship, never fail to throw a considerable degree of interest on any town where they are found, and in this respect Benevento enjoys the same advantages with Rome, Athens, Rhodes, or Mitylene.

Here also are to be seen the remains of an amphitheatre, those of the Roman walls, and an ancient bridge over a branch of the river Calore, which, after winding round the northern side of the city, and almost completing its circuit, receives the waters of the Sabato just below, and runs in a meandering course to join the

Vulturno at Solipaca. The Calore is the largest of these two streams, and subject to frequent inundations. It is crossed by a handsome stone bridge, built by Pius the Sixth, the ascending road from which affords a very fine view of the surrounding country; for it must be admitted, that notwithstanding the few picturesque beauties which Benevento displays to the approaching traveller, he is amply repaid by those he may enjoy from the town itself, and several of the rising grounds near it. One of these eminences is embellished by a cluster of small country houses, which serve for the villeggiatura of the richer inhabitants during the summer months. From this spot the towns of Monte Mileto and Monte Frescolo are visible, as well as the devious course of the Sabato meandering through a beautiful dell. This stream, as well as the Calore, produces several kinds of fish, as illustrated by the following Beneventine adage—"A Benevento si mangia il Venerdi, il pesce fresco del *Sabato*."

The plain which in 1265 witnessed the bloody struggle between Charles of Anjou and Manfred of Suabia is on the other side of the Calore, though the immediate site of the battle may admit of some slight doubts.

No personage in the history of the middle ages shines with more lustre than the last of these contending princes. Exalted by all those splendid qualities of mind and body, so consonant with royalty, that we are apt to look upon them as its natural inheritance, his character at the same time exhibited some frailties which bring us nearer to the object of our admiration; but these, however reprehensible in themselves, and subsequently magnified into crimes by the inveterate malignity of the Guelph writers, have not

dimmed the splendour of his short but eventful career, or diminished the interest excited by its termination. His adventures previous to this fatal battle, his magnanimous conduct in adversity, his desperate bravery when all hope was annihilated, and even the events which followed his death, are recorded by some of the Neapolitan historians with a strength of colouring and expression which create the deepest sympathy for his fate*.

Two heaps of stones, near the bridge, are pointed out as the memorial of his burial-place; and a letter from Charles of Anjou to the sovereign Pontiff is recorded, in which he mentions the finding of Manfred's body, and its having been granted honourable, but not holy sepulture. It appears, however, that this honourable form of interment consisted in casting his corpse into a ditch, above which every soldier in the army was allowed to throw a stone: but the Pope's legate ordered it to be taken up, as the unhallowed relic of an excommunicated foe of the church, and consequently unworthy even to decay within the precincts of a pontifical state. It was carried as far as the Rio Verde in Abruzzo, along the banks of which his bones are said to have been unfeelingly scattered.

The cathedral at Benevento is of that mixed Saracenic architecture, which gives to the edifices of the south a character so different from, and so inferior to, the cotemporary buildings of our northern regions. The middle door of the three which form the

* " Il Conte Giordano (Lancia) e chi dice il Conte Bartolomeo Simplice, come vidde il suo corpo, subito il conobbe, e levato un grande strido, con infinite lagrime se gli gittó addosso, bacciandolo, e dicendo, Ohimè Signor mio, Signor buono, Signor savio, chi ti ha cosi crudelmente tolto la vita?" &c.—*Collemeccio,* Libro quarto.

principal entrances is of bronze, sculptured with considerable skill, and of a very remote period. Two rows of fluted marble columns constitute the most striking ornaments of the interior, and these are said to have belonged to a colonnade which led to the arch of Trajan, a supposition by no means improbable, though the capitals differ essentially from those of the pillars which support the attic on each side of the arch; a circumstance which I should not have noticed, had I not been desired by my guide to remark that they were exactly the same.

Near one of the town gates, an ancient monastery, called Santa Sofia, presents a very curious and not inelegant specimen of the taste which prevailed in the early period of the lower Greek empire. The cloisters are formed by small arches, supported by short pillars; and in the centre of the court is a marble well, hewn through the capital of an Ionic column of very large dimensions. This convent, which has long since been suppressed, was one of the richest in archives, chronicles, and historical documents, among the many which the kingdom of Naples boasted of, and which are now limited to those of Monte Vergine, Monte Cassino, and La Trinita della Cava. Almost all the records which it contained have been lost or dispersed; but they are frequently referred to as authentic sources by several native historians.

The citadel, or castle, is a structure of moderate but picturesque proportions, just outside one of the city gates. It was built by order of a certain Guglielmo Bilotta, who held the government of Benevento in the year 1323, while John the Twenty-second was at Avignon.

The duchy of Benevento, which was granted to the Holy See

in the eleventh century, by the Emperor Henry the Second, in exchange for the jurisdiction of the territory of Bamberg, may be said to have remained in possession of the church from that period to the present; for, although there is scarcely a sovereign of the Neapolitan realms who has not seized it once, and sometimes oftener, in the course of his reign, it has always returned to the original possessor; and is perhaps a solitary instance of so small a principality, cased, as it were, in the heart of another kingdom, constantly reverting, during the lapse of more than eight centuries, to the same governors: the possession of Avignon, which has some analogy to it, bears no comparison in point of time. According to its present line of demarcation, it extends in an irregular direction, sometimes to the width of eight miles, but generally less. The number of inhabitants of the city amounts to 18,000, that of the whole domain to 24,000.

I had been assured that they had perseveringly resisted the sway which Buonaparte's decree had subjected them to, and that the celebrated personage whom he had appointed their ruler had never enjoyed more than the mere title attached to this dignity. This, however, is not true; for about ten years the Beneventine duchy acknowledged him as its legitimate sovereign, nor does it appear that during this period the natives had to complain of any abuse of power. The government was speedily organized, and a Saxon officer appointed to act in the double capacity of military and civil governor, in the functions of which he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the generality of the inhabitants. The same degree of approbation does not appear to have attended the financial department; but even in that the causes of complaint originated

more from cases of local grievance, than from a system of universal rapacity or exaction; and when it is added, that the annual sum of 14,000 ducats was all that the sovereign received, exclusive of the expenses absorbed by the establishment of the executive and military power, and the pay of its agents, it must be admitted that the revenue of the principality was far from productive. These details were communicated to me by several respectable inhabitants of the duchy, who were not likely to be prejudiced in favour of the intruded government, and who separately agreed in their reports of its operations.

I remained the whole of the 25th of April at Benevento, in consequence of a mistake made in the arrangement of my baggage at Naples, which compelled me to send an express there to bring a canteen which had been left, and which was likely to prove of the utmost utility in the course of my journey: the delay was, however, not to be regretted, in a place where I passed my time so agreeably. That day was marked by an alarming and sudden augmentation of heat, as the thermometer (of Fahrenheit) stood at 90 degrees in the shade. Luckily, this was only transitory, and I left Benevento early on the following morning, with the prospect of a fine, but not oppressive temperature.

Having in some measure altered my original route, which would have brought me back to the great Apulian road, and the regular stations of the gensdarmerie, I did not feel authorised to retain the two soldiers belonging to that respectable corps which had accompanied me from Naples, but applied for five of the Pope's fusileers; thereby considerably lessening the garrison of Benevento. This troop is very well composed, being chiefly

drafted from the ci-devant Italian army; and the non-commissioned officer who commanded my escort was extremely entertaining in the recital of his campaigns in Russia and Germany, and did his utmost to relieve, by this diversion, the tediousness of perhaps the most wearying day's journey I ever performed.

I found that it was possible to reach the town of Troja in one day, and as that route would accelerate my arrival at Lucera and Foggia, I preferred it to the carriage-road by Ariano.

We left Benevento through Trajan's arch, and crossing the Calore, which a little further on receives the Tamaro, we followed a bad road, which soon became worse, and which, from the clayey nature of the soil, must be totally impracticable in winter. The face of the country was hilly, the track crossing deep ravines, or beds of torrents, strewed with stones of immense size, or scooped into cavities, the depth of which was hidden by the water, but equally dangerous to horse and rider. The descent to these was in general frightfully steep and slippery, and rendered still more perilous by sharp flint stones imbedded in the stiff clay, or loose round pebbles giving way with the softer soil.

The first village I saw, called Paduli, was picturesquely seated on a hill, whose sides were clothed with a coppice of oaks, which I was assured frequently served as a receptacle for banditti. My companions indeed seemed to look upon the whole tract of country which we had this day to traverse as unsafe; and an adventure which took place soon after apparently justified their assertions. The numbers which formed our cavalcade had received two additions. A humble traveller mounted on a low and sorry horse, bearing, besides his master, a pair of well-filled bags, was

followed by a boy driving before him a jack-ass, heavily laden; these went in the van, one by one, as the path seldom admitted of a different order of march: they were some yards in advance of us, when the firing of a musket from under a hedge-row, which surrounded and concealed a field of green wheat, suddenly arrested our attention and progress. The commandant of the escort rushed by me at full gallop towards the spot whence the alarm had proceeded; and on my riding up I found him expostulating in no very gentle terms with a well-dressed peasant, who stood pale and trembling just beyond the hedge, through which he had crept back. He was ordered to produce the gun which he had fired and thrown away, and which he solemnly assured us had been discharged at a bird, which he actually picked up at some distance from the spot where we found him. This appeared to me a satisfactory explanation of the cause of our alarm; but the serjeant and my servants, as well as our two fellow travellers, were not at all disposed to treat the matter so lightly, and pointed out two other persons endeavouring to hide themselves behind some trees at a distance, and which the offender owned to be his companions; still, as no mischief had happened, and it appeared very improbable that the musket should have been fired at one of us, I prevailed on our troops to go on without further altercation; but the gentleman with the bags, and the jack-ass boy, shifted their station from the front to the rear, and retained it for the remainder of the day's journey. The former I then found was coming from the province of Abruzzo on a mercantile speculation, and did not cease blessing his stars, or rather his saints, for having fallen in with us; without which miraculous interposition he must

inevitably have been robbed, and perhaps murdered, by these villains, who, he had no doubt, were apprized of the considerable sums which he carried with him. This incident afforded a topic of unceasing animadversion for the rest of the day; at the conclusion of which the ass-driver recollected that the person who fired had first mysteriously beckoned and called to him, probably not being aware of the soldiers that followed, so that in spite of all my arguments to the contrary, it was admitted by the whole party that we had narrowly escaped from a very serious danger.

Beyond the scene of this event, the country became more ugly and barren, till we approached Casalbore, when occasional patches of copse wood, some scantily growing grain, and here and there a few vines, cut low, but still trained from stake to stake, diversified its surface. On our left the villages of S. Giorgio a Molinara and S. Marco appeared; while on the right the small town of Monte Calvo showed itself, and beyond it, that of Ariano: this last is placed in so very elevated a situation, that it remained in sight, apparently at the same distance for at least five hours.

Cluverius and other geographers have placed the ancient town of Equus Tuticus at Ariano, while Swinburne imagines it to have been at Buon Albergo, near Casalbore: the former have been guided by the supposition that Equus Tuticus must have been the *oppidulum quod versu dicere non est.* But as Horace states that his first day's journey from Beneventum took him to a villa near *Trivico,* which has preserved its ancient name, it is difficult to imagine that he should have on the morrow made a retrograde movement of several miles, which must have rendered his arrival at Canosa on the third day impracticable. We must therefore be

content with admitting that a name as unpoetical as Equus Tuticus occurred on the branch of the Appian Way, which he followed, probably, somewhere about Ascoli, as Chaupy observes; or that other reasons, as powerful as its unharmonious sound, prevailed upon him to omit it.

Casalbore is a most dreary, dilapidated village, on an insulated eminence, surrounded by torrents and stones. It was too near Benevento to make it a baiting-place, and we went on for that purpose six miles further, to a tavern called *le tre Fontane*. Our hopes were here frustrated, by the absolute denial that it afforded any refreshment for man or beast; and although I believe that the fear of not being paid, produced by the display of so many uniforms, was the real cause of our disappointment, I would not allow compliance to be enforced in the mode recommended by my escort, but proceeded to a single house, called *la Taverna di S. Vito*, situated about two miles distant: it was placed on the carriage-road from Ariano to Troja, by the side of a slender rill of excellent water, abounding with water-cresses, which proved no contemptible addition to the frugal repast provided me; this consisted of some portable soup, which I had with me, a few hard eggs, some very tolerable cheese of the country, and some bread and wine. Our horses had their due proportion of chopped straw, and rested a little more than an hour. The master of the house promised me much more sumptuous fare, if I would wait till he despatched a messenger to a village within sight, called Greci, from a colony of Greeks or Albanians settled there; but I feared delay more than a bad dinner, and proceeded on my way, over a kind of down, interspersed with corn-fields.

About a mile further, from a rising ground, the eye wanders over the plain of Apulia, or rather that portion of it called *Capitanata*, supposed to be so denominated from the governors appointed by the Greek emperors, who bore the title of Catapan, from which the word *Capitan* is probably derived, or rather corrupted. They continued to exert their tyrannical, yet inefficient, sway over this division of southern Italy long after the other provinces had submitted to the government of more warlike princes. Its fertility and other advantages long rendered it the favourite residence of the Norman conquerors, and afterwards of the Suabian sovereigns. The whole of the tract from *Mt. Garganus* to Taranto was then, as at the present day, termed Apulia, or Puglia, but has since been subdivided into *Capitanata*, *Terra di Bari*, and *Terra d'Otranto*, as in more remote times it was designated by the appellations of *Daunia*, *Iapygia*, *Peucetia*, and *Messapia*. The country is in general flat; but some eminences, branching out from the Apennines in the interior, admit of the distinction now adopted, of Puglia Piana, which is sometimes used when applied to that portion of it which lay expanded at my feet, like a vast ocean of verdure. This extensive view, which in England would have been embellished by at least thirty steeples, affords no resting-places to the eye, except the towns of Troja, Lucera, and Foggia, rising from the surface like three islands: the two former are on small hills, the last in a hollow. The horizon was bounded by the sea to the east, and to the north by the chain of Mount Garganus; which, however, does not extend very far inland. A few thickets, composed of low thorn bushes, and a wild kind of dwarf pear-tree, called *Perasto*, are scattered over this plain, without

taking much from the monotony of its aspect. A wood of more respectable dimensions, called Bosco di Castelfranco, appeared at some distance on my left; and between Troja and the high road from Ariano to Foggia, a similar one was seen. On the skirts of this a building, of apparently immense size, is situated, called *Torre Guevara*, belonging to the family of that name, whose representative, the Duke of Bovino, receives his title from a town some miles to the south.

This last-mentioned town has from time immemorial been the birth-place or nursery of all the celebrated brigands who have infested Apulia, making its woods their lurking-places, and these plains the scene of their exploits. A defile on the post-road, called Ponte di Bovino, is so notorious for robberies, that every traveller who has passed it unmolested thinks himself safe for the rest of his journey. It is to be supposed that the local situation of this pass is equally favourable to the ambush, attack, and escape of these marauders; who, far from confining their misdeeds to the act of merely despoiling travellers, or pillaging the *Procaccio*, have been known to carry on a species of depredation infinitely more detrimental to the country at large, by levying contributions on the landed proprietors, or seizing and carrying them away, for the purpose of extorting an exorbitant ransom for their release.

The *Procaccio* is a kind of waggon, which travels night and day to the capital with the remittances from the receivers of the different provinces: it also carries merchandize, goods, parcels, and even passengers, and is generally escorted by an armed force. A famous captain of banditti, who, during the latter part of the occupation of the kingdom by Murat, had successively gained pos-

session of the contents of fourteen of these *Procacci*, is said to have brought them all to the legitimate sovereign on his restoration, and to have obtained his pardon in consequence. Some years back, a gang, or, as it is called in the language of the country, a *comitiva*, of these daring speculators having seized the *procaccio* going from Naples to the principal town in the province of *Basilicata*, with all the paraphernalia appertaining to the court of justice newly established there, thought it a very excellent joke to put on the judges' robes and wigs, and go through the mock ceremony of a trial; the judicial forms of which most of them were but too well acquainted with. This self-elected tribunal pronounced sentence of death on the very first traveller who might fall in their hands; and the day did not pass without an opportunity of carrying it into execution.

At *Orsara*, a small village between Bovino and Troja, the usual amusement of the boys on a feast day is to divide themselves into two bands, one of which guards a little wooden cart filled with rubbish, representing the *procaccio*, while the other performs the more glorious part of the *comitiva*, which attacks it; and which, it is needless to add, always gains the victory.

The most celebrated troop of this kind in our days was that of the *Vardarelli*, so named from their chief and his brothers, who for more than two years invested this province, and the borders of *Basilicata* and Abruzzo, and were supposed to have collected immense wealth. To trace the progress of a life like theirs would be a difficult, but not uninteresting task: by turns soldiers, deserters, partisans, and traitors—by turns imprisoned, punished, penitent, restored to society, or relapsed into guilt—

exhibiting traits of singular personal bravery, united to instances of the most extraordinary cunning—and occasional proofs of disinterestedness, contrasted with rapacity the most unbridled;—the recital of their adventures would by far surpass the legends of our most illustrious highwaymen, footpads, or smugglers.

These three brothers were natives of the province of Abruzzo, but had of late years selected Apulia as the theatre best adapted to their system of depredation: its vast uninclosed plains, occasionally interspersed with patches of underwood, but in no part offering obstacles to the rapidity of their movements, the rare occurrence of large towns, the magnitude of the farms or *masserias*, where they were sure to find provisions, forage, and booty united; all these circumstances combining with their local knowledge of the country, and the terror which they had impressed on its inhabitants, had rendered their power sufficiently formidable to resist, or at least elude, the means pursued by government for their destruction. Well armed and accoutred, and excellently mounted, their troop, in number exceeding forty, was also trained to the most rigid discipline; and Don Gaetano, the elder of the three brothers, as well as commander of the band, displayed an activity and skill worthy of a nobler profession. It should be observed that they seldom, if ever, attacked travellers; and their outrages were generally unsullied by cruelty, except in some cases of revenge for breach of promise; but this false glare of generosity and forbearance, as well as the ample rewards which they bestowed upon their spies and abettors, and the acts of charity by which they endeavoured to propitiate the feelings of the poorer class, rendered them only a more destructive scourge to the community at large.

A person who had been a severe sufferer by their misdeeds very justly observed to me, that it was very easy to give a hundred ducats to the poor out of the thousands stolen from the rich; and as their generosity could be estimated by this rule only, the motives of it may be duly appreciated.

The Apulian farms consist of several buildings, appropriated to the different branches of rural economy, which the nature of the soil admits of; and the number of individuals employed in the various departments of labour is very great, especially during the winter season, when the cattle are all collected on the *masseria*, for the sake of a milder abode. All these attendants and their superiors, including the *agente*, or what we should call the steward, reside within the walls which usually inclose these establishments. The reader may easily form some idea of the panic spread by the appearance of the *Vardarelli* in one of these colonies, composed chiefly of timid shepherds and their families, or labourers, as unused to the exercise as they are unprovided with the means of resistance.

Their marches, generally performed in the night-time, were so incredibly rapid, that the terror they inspired was equalled only by the astonishment created by operations apparently supernatural; and they have been known to have remained two or three days in one of these farms, before the inmates of those adjoining have been aware of their proximity. During this time they usually feasted on whatever the premises afforded, always obliging their inhabitants to partake of the fare prepared for them, through fear of poison. On an occasion of this nature, when the principal agents of the farm excused themselves from eating meat because it was a fast day, Don Gaetano approved their forbearance, which,

he assured them, quite agreed with his practice in general; but alleged his mode of life, and the uncertainty of his dinner hour, as an apology for the infraction of it. On removing from the scene of action, they always took with them what money could be collected, and as much grain as their horses could carry.

Sometimes the demand, or rather command for forage, cash, provisions, and even clothes, was not made personally, but imposed through the medium of a letter to the superintendant of the farm. Neglect, or even delay in complying with the summons, or the most distant appearance of treachery, was followed by the destruction of the cattle, and the conflagration of the buildings. In these cases the mandate was confided to a peasant or labourer, whom the troop might meet accidentally. Frequently they would stop passengers, and exact the exchange of good fresh horses against their own jaded hacks; while more than once they have merely bartered their silver against an equivalent sum in gold which might be found upon the person of the traveller.

After repeated pursuits, and some engagements, which their knowledge of the country, and their facility of dispersion, rendered of no avail to the troops of the line sent against them, they threw themselves on the royal mercy, and it was extended to them. The whole band was allowed to form a regular corps, still commanded by the same leader, who received a monthly salary, and engaged to secure the provinces which he had so long ravaged, from all similar attacks for the future. In this he succeeded for some time; but it was not to be expected that so lawless a confederation should long continue faithful to their engagements, or that the inhabitants, smarting under the infliction

of outrages so recent, should ever look upon the authors of them with any feelings but those of mistrust or revenge: in fact, about a month previous to my quitting Naples, they had been engaged in a serious contest with the natives of an Albanian village, called *Ururi*, on the borders of Abruzzo; and these last, rising in superior numbers, killed the three brothers with nine of the troop, and compelled the remainder to seek their safety in flight. It was said that the principal promoter of this affray had lost his father by the hands of the Vardarelli: from that period they had retired to the neighbouring mountains, and had, under various pretences, eluded the order which they received to unite, and present themselves at a stated spot, where the affair should be investigated—aware probably of having been the aggressors in the conflict which terminated so fatally for their leaders, or, distrustful of the intentions of government, they had delayed obeying its commands; and I had purposely retarded my departure from the capital, to avoid the risk of falling in with them on their way to the head-quarters of the district, where it was expected that by this time they might in all probability have arrived. At Troja, indeed, I was induced to look upon this event as certain, for that portion of their corps which was dismounted, consisting of about thirteen, had assembled there a short time before.

CHAPTER III.

City of Troja... Journey to Lucera... Its Environs... Foundation of its Castle by the Emperor Frederic the Second... Inhabited by Saracens... State of Cultivation... Singular Earthquake... Castel Fiorentino... Arrival at Foggia... Extermination of the Vardarelli Band... Dead Robbers.

I ENTERED Troja at half an hour before sunset, and found, as in all towns in Italy at that period of the day, its whole population turned out into the narrow and ill-paved streets. My appearance seemed to create a sensation of surprise, not unmixed with alarm; and the small division of regular troops stationed there beat to arms on seeing the unusual uniform of my papal escort, and ordered us to halt, till I could account for the unexpected appearance of a foreign force. This was easily done by the production of my passport, the first and only time that it was called for during my whole tour; but not so easy was the attainment of a night's lodging, for though an inn was pointed out, the master of it seemed panic-struck, and under various pretences refused admittance to any of the party except our horses; who, finding the stable-door open, had indeed gone into it before he could prevent them.

I applied to a subaltern officer, who, in the absence of the commandant and the syndic, who were both in the country, vainly endeavoured to prevail on some of the inhabitants to give me a room, though a tavern-keeper readily received my orders

for supper. I have every reason to suppose that my uniform, and that of my attendants, made the natives apprehensive that the hospitality thus solicited might be enforced in the shape of a billet, and no remuneration consequently offered for it, notwithstanding my assertions to the contrary. I remained in the street, surrounded by this inexorable population, until relieved from my embarrassment, and their somewhat provoking gaze, by an humble laquais-de-place-like man, who with some affectation of mystery conducted me through by-streets to a house at the entrance of the town, where a few words gained me instant admission, and a gracious reception from the owner, who appeared to be a kind of farmer. It was on the way there that I saw two of the Vardarelli infantry, whose stature and martial air, heightened by a picturesque but irregular uniform, attracted my attention to a degree which the guide thought it prudent to repress, by informing me of their quality and profession. The abode to which I had thus been led afforded two rooms, clean beds for myself and servants, and a good stable for the horses, which I sent for, as well as the meal I had ordered.

The syndic on his return made me a visit, with offers of service and accommodation, which were now too late. I waited on the commandant, who was equally civil; and after a conversation with the priest of the neighbouring church, who brought me some sweet cakes and rosolio, I retired to the enjoyment of a night's rest, which the fatigues of the day rendered most acceptable.

The town of Troja contains 6000 inhabitants. It is reputed to stand on the site of the ancient *Æcas*, a place of no very great note in former, and not much more celebrity in modern times.

The present town is generally supposed to have been founded by *Bubagan*, one of the Greek catapans in the eleventh century: its present appearance does not bespeak so remote an origin; but it has, like most other towns in this province, suffered from political as well as physical concussions. The cathedral does not bear the look of great antiquity, though its interior is said to retain the character of the Greek architecture of the lower ages. It possesses a seminary, and a considerable revenue attached to the maintenance of the same, an advantage enjoyed by most of the metropolitan churches, and highly beneficial to the education of the inhabitants. The boys brought up in these establishments wear the religious habit, and receive every branch of their instruction from ecclesiastics; but they are at liberty to choose what profession they please, when released from the foundation.

The following morning I quitted Troja, and descending the almost conical hill on which it is built, I took my way across the plain towards *Lucera*, ten miles distant. The road went over two gentle eminences, and crossed three streams, all running in the direction of the sea. The first of these is the *Chilone*, the second a small brook called the *Sangone*, and the third, the most considerable, is named the *Volgano:* these had a tolerable supply of water, and the last in winter is sometimes impassable; but the two former are dry during the summer. The road, resembling a sheep-path on one of our English downs, sometimes traversed patches of brush-wood, in which cattle were grazing, for the sake of shade and fresher herbage.

Lucera is on a height of considerable steepness towards the north, but of much more gradual ascent on the side which I

approached. The castle, or rather its walls, form the only striking object, as their extent would lead one to believe that they surround a second city, situated about a quarter of a mile from the first, on the edge of the same eminence; but at present they only encircle an empty area, overgrown with grass, except where excavations have been made.

At Lucera I took up my abode in a very tolerable inn, where, however, some hesitation was shown before I was admitted; but I had no escort with me, having been assured by the commandant at Troja that it would be perfectly unnecessary; and this circumstance contributed, perhaps, to obtain credit for my assertion of being merely a traveller, and not an officer. I here found in an inhabitant of the town an old acquaintance, whose kindness, added to the interest which the place excited, enabled me to pass the remainder of that day, and the whole of the following, in the most satisfactory manner.

The city contains 12,000 inhabitants, apparently in easy circumstances: its elevated situation gives it the advantage of freer ventilation than Foggia; and it also commands an extensive view of the surrounding country, which, in my opinion, must render it a much more desirable place of residence, especially in the summer. The houses, which are all tiled, are generally good; but the streets are narrow, ill paved, and dirty. Some ancient walls, in very bad condition, inclose it, and five gateways open from them to an outward road which winds entirely round the town. A few gardens and convents are scattered about, and these, with some olive plantations and vineyards, in which the natives have small country houses, contribute greatly to enliven and diversify the prospect.

Sketched by the Hon. R. Craven.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

CASTLE OF LUCERA.

IN THE CAPITANATA

London, Published April 1821 by Rodwell & Martin, New Bond Street

The vines are trained low, and supply the proprietors with a good strong white wine, and a still stronger, but less pleasing, red one.

Wine and oil are not to be reckoned among the riches of this part of Apulia, which, nevertheless, yields a considerable yearly revenue to the crown. It arises entirely from the grain and wool, which the province of Capitanata produces in abundance almost incredible. The latter commodity has somewhat diminished during the late military occupation, as it was judged more lucrative for the landholders to cultivate large portions of the ground formerly allotted to pasturage alone. For some years this system was, from the existing political situation of the kingdom, productive of considerable individual and general advantage; but I am assured that its future results will be very different. The *Tratturo delle Pecore*, or road allotted by government to the annual migration of the cattle (more particularly sheep), runs a little way below Lucera towards *San Severo* and the mountains of Abruzzo. This track would, in the space of about three weeks more, be covered with innumerable flocks, attended by their Abruzzese guardians and dogs, who return with them in the month of October. The brood mares, of which every proprietor has in general a proportionate number, accompany them, as well as a portion of the cows; but some of these remain, and are turned out to graze in the thickets of underwood above mentioned, which, after May, are the only spots that afford a blade of grass. Swinburne has given an interesting and clear account of the organization of that branch of public revenue which is produced by the wool trade, and to it I refer the reader, in the full conviction that the changes which

have taken place since he wrote have not been sufficient to call for the publication of further details.

Lucera dates its origin from Diomed; it was celebrated as the capital of Daunia under the Greeks, and appears with no less splendour as a Roman colony; but it suffered so much under the lower empire, that it may be considered as having been annihilated until the year 1239, when the Emperor Frederic the Second caused it to be rebuilt by the new settlers, to whom he allotted it as a place of residence. These were the Saracenic tribes, who were at that period dispersed in different parts of Sicily, and whom he wished to remove from a position which he considered as too near their African brethren. This wary monarch probably foresaw the advantage of fixing in his hereditary dominions a race of warriors, whose courage and fidelity might be effectually opposed to the attacks of an invading enemy, or the equally dangerous disaffection of his own subjects. The greatest portion of these Musulmen were consequently domiciliated at Lucera; but it appears, that subsequently to this event, another band of them, inhabiting the castle of *Lati* near Palermo, was sent to Nocera (the ancient Nuceria), on the borders of the provinces of Principato Citra and Terra di Lavoro, which he ordered to be called in future *Nocera de' Pagani:* this coincidence, as well as the resemblance of names, has frequently caused *Lucera* and *Nocera* to be confounded; and many historians, among whom we count Muratori, have constantly called the first city by the name of the second, adding *de' Saraceni.* The consequence has been, that some modern authors have, with well-grounded arguments, attempted to disprove the existence of a Saracenic population at Nocera. It is certain that there is a

small town adjoining this last, which is to this day called Pagani, supposed rather to have been derived from *pagus*, a village, than *paganus;* and it is possible that *Nocera* may have acquired the adjunct, merely to distinguish it from a second *Nocera* in *Calabria Citra*, or a third in *Umbria*.

The Saracenic colony thus placed at Lucera was singularly favoured by the sovereign; for he granted it privileges which were not only productive of much jealousy and discontent among the Christian inhabitants of the province, who found themselves exposed to the unbridled and unpunished excesses of these lawless neighbours; but probably afforded some ground for the imputation of irreligion and even infidelity which were cast upon him by his contemporaries. While the Saracens occupied the city, and were permitted to exercise the rites peculiar to the Mahometan creed, and allowed the observance of those customs to which the eastern nations are so strongly attached, the few Christian citizens belonging to it were compelled to reside outside the walls; and a very small church, since modernized, and dedicated to the Madonna della Spica* (the patroness of reapers), was their only place of public worship, and that in which their bishop officiated. The Moorish subjects, it is but just to observe, amply repaid the confidence of their benefactor; and their firm and faithful attachment outlived the fortunes of his splendid but ill-fated dynasty: it was by them that his son Manfred was received with open arms after his adventurous flight from Acerra; and their unshaken fidelity, never more strenuously displayed than at the declining period of his prosperity,

* By a singular but natural coincidence, this chapel is placed on the site of an ancient temple of Ceres.

called forth from Charles of Anjou the memorable taunt which G. Villani has so carefully recorded, "Alles e dit moi a le Sultam de Nocere hoggi meterai lui en enfers, o il mettar moi em paradis." The division of reserve, which Manfred himself headed at the battle of Benevento, was almost entirely composed of Saracens; and when his Christian followers had betrayed or forsaken him, these devoted bands of unbelievers perished to a man in the defence of their king. His widow and children took refuge at Lucera, and with the assistance of its inhabitants successfully defended themselves for some time against the attacks of the victorious and relentless usurper.

The Saracens, after the downfall of the house of Suabia, broken in spirit, and diminished in number, were still allowed to inhabit Lucera; but in the year 1269 Charles expelled from the kingdom all those who refused to embrace the Christian faith, and converted their principal mosque into the present cathedral, the only edifice which retains any vestige of its oriental origin. Some families yet extant are supposed of Moorish descent; and one or two words, peculiar to the common dialect of Lucera, are ascribed to the same source. One Cufic inscription only has been preserved, but several remnants of Saracenic armour have occasionally been dug up in the castle.

There is no doubt, from several Roman inscriptions and pieces of sculpture found within the area of this building, that its situation was the same as that of the citadel of the ancient *Luceria*, which was taken by the Samnites after the disgraceful defeat of their foes at the Furcæ Caudinæ, and afterwards retaken by Lucius Papirius; but it is probable that it was enveloped in the total destruction of

the city by the Greeks in 662, when they wrested it from the Longobards, who were masters of the duchy of Benevento, of which it then formed a part, and that its restoration by Frederic the Second was entire from the very foundations.

This edifice in its present state offers nothing picturesque in its ruins, which consist of the outward walls and their towers, only two of which are circular; of a square building within the area; and part of a vaulted ceiling: the last remains are usually shown as belonging to the stables, but I was assured that they formed a portion of the royal apartment. The whole edifice follows the curvatures of the steep eminence on which it stands, extending two irregular lines of walls to the south-west and north, and one towards the east, facing the city, but it is separated therefrom by a deep ditch, into which several subterraneous flights of steps descend from the different towers. A drawbridge, as usual, formed the only entrance on that side. The two round towers are on this front; the smaller one, much dilapidated, serves as the stand for the telegraph which communicates with Foggia; and the other, placed at the south-east angle of the building, is one of the most perfect pieces of masonry I ever saw—its diameter is thirty-seven feet, and its walls seven feet in the thickness: they are entirely built of a beautiful pale yellow, close-grained stone, which, in consequence of the dryness of the climate, appears as if but recently worked. The remainder of the edifice is composed of flat bricks, similar to those used in most of the ancient Roman constructions; but all the doorways, windows, and angular projections, are faced with stone. The total absence of all vegetation, and the consequent uniformity of the prevailing tint, is very unfavourable to the general effect. The building bears

much more the semblance of a modern unfinished fabric than that of a mouldering ancient structure: this is more particularly observable in the large tower, the lower half of which is formed of protruding stones, cut diamond-shape, in the manner of many of the Florentine buildings of the fifteenth century.

The interior subdivisions of the fortress, comprising a royal residence for the sovereign, extensive quarters for the garrison, and a mosque, are no longer discernible, as they have been gradually destroyed to assist in the enlargement of the modern town, and supply materials for several of its public edifices; but enough still remains to testify the magnificent scale of the castle, of which the cisterns alone would afford incontrovertible proof. Several valuable and curious pieces of plate, as well as armour, coins, and articles of jewellery, have been found in pulling down the old buildings; and the remarkable effect of an echo, which, repeated, sounds as often as eleven times, has been destroyed by their removal. At the period of my visit, an inclosure for a small Campo Santo, or cemetery, was formed in one corner.

The environs of Lucera have not been less productive of precious relics of much remoter antiquity; among these, medals and engraved stones of very exquisite workmanship are frequently dug up: I saw several beautiful specimens of the latter, in the possession of Don Onofrio Bonghi, syndic of the town, whose urbanity and kindness, joined to extensive information and a cultivated mind, rendered him a most valuable acquaintance, both here and at Foggia, where I afterwards had the pleasure of meeting him. This gentleman, besides a numerous collection of ancient medals of Magna Grecia, and all the south of Italy, has formed a

very interesting series of coins of the sovereigns of these realms, from the Dukes of Benevento down to the present era. The characters on the coins of both the Norman and Suabian kings are Saracenic.

The cathedral of Lucera, as I before observed, preserves on the exterior some marks of its Moorish origin; the inside is very simple, and the Gothic arches running along the aisles, in which there are no votive chapels, greatly assimilate it to some of our English churches. The pulpit is adorned with that kind of Constantinopolitan mosaic, of which the cathedral of Salerno offers so splendid a specimen; but the principal ornaments are thirteen most beautiful pillars of verd antique, originally found under the cathedral itself, and supposed to have belonged to a temple of Apollo: the capitals, which were wanting, are supplied by modern work. Facing this church is the Vescovado, or bishop's palace, which is said to be the finest piece of architecture in Apulia. The Tribunal, and other public edifices, render the appearance of this part of the city somewhat imposing. The *Tribunale* includes the criminal and civil courts for the province of Capitanata, the register-office, the notarial chamber, the habitations of the president and judges, and the public prisons. Since the judicious establishment of provincial tribunals, which dates from the French invasion, it has generally been deemed expedient to give additional consequence to the secondary town in the province, by constituting it the seat of judicial authority; while that, which from its size or population claims the title of capital, becomes the more courtly residence of the intendente or civil governor, as well as the abode of the military commandant and metropolitan prelate.

Having been furnished with a correct statement of the dimensions of the territory annexed to the city of Lucera, and the divisions allotted to the different branches of husbandry which suit its soil, I venture to add it to the general account of the place, as it may serve to give the reader some notion of their respective proportions.

The whole embraces twenty-seven thousand *versuras*, the measure used in this district, each of which corresponds with four Neapolitan moggios, each moggio answering to about three-fourths of an English acre; of these, 1800 versure are allotted to the cultivation of corn, 3000 to barley, 2500 to oats, 500 to beans, and 5500 form the proportion of fallow land: 700 versure are employed in vineyards, olive and garden grounds, while all the remainder is left for pasture, including the roads. The annual produce may be calculated at 240,000 tomoli* of wheat, 120,000 of barley, 10,000 of oats, 20,000 of beans, 12,000 barrels† of wine, and 1200 staja‡ of oil. The number of cattle amounts to 1800 oxen, 130 mules, 500 horses, 400 asses, 1400 mares, 1200 cows, 25,000 sheep and goats, and 3000 pigs. The milk, curds, and a variety of productions of the same nature, known by the name of *latticinii*, are esteemed excellent in the vicinity of Lucera; but the art of making good butter is yet to be learnt: the cheese, called *cacio cavallo*, which is cast into moulds of different fanciful shapes, such as those of animals, men on horseback, &c. is also held in great repute; but, to an English palate, can only be agree-

* A tomolo is 48 rotoli, each rotolo exceeding two English pounds.

† Each barrel contains 60 quarts.

‡ A stajo is only used for oil, and holds 16 carafas of 22 ounces each.

able when fresh, as it afterwards acquires a strong pungent salt flavour, which, however, is by no means detrimental to the maccaroni, and other national dishes, which it is employed to season.

In the spring of the year 1815, the inhabitants of Lucera were considerably alarmed by repeated slight shocks of an earthquake, which lasted several days: they were never sufficiently violent to do more damage than crack some of the oldest buildings in the town, and were not perceptible beyond the distance of two miles in any direction; but their continued recurrence occasioned the temporary emigration of a great portion of the natives: no instance of an exactly similar nature has ever been recorded, and no subsequent phenomena have thrown any light on its probable causes.

From Lucera the town of S. Severo, containing 16,000 souls, and one of the most flourishing in Apulia, is visible; as are several smaller villages, such as Torre Maggiore, Casal Nuovo, and the ruins of Ferentino, or Castel Fiorentino. This last is celebrated for having received the dying breath of the Emperor Frederic the Second, a prince whose indefatigable ambition kept all Italy in a state of warfare for nearly half a century, excited the hostility and hatred of all the Guelph factions, and called for the no less terrific anathemas of pontifical power. Though gifted with an understanding far superior to the common prejudices of the dark age in which he lived, he was, like most princes of those times, an implicit believer in judicial astrology; and it is said that a prediction that he should die in the Florentine territory (territorio Fiorentino) prevented his ever entering Florence, though he frequently passed through Tuscany; but the prophetic decree was

not thus to be eluded, and the instant that he fell ill at Ferentino, called also Fiorentino, where he had gone for the diversion of hawking, he submitted with penitential resignation to the mandate of fate, which he considered as inevitable.

The continuation of Carusio's work furnishes the following epitaph of this restless monarch, in the barbarous but quaint poetry of the times.

Qui mare, qui terras, populos, et regna subegit
Cæsareum nomen subito mors improba fregit
Justitiæ lumen, lux veri, Normaque legum,
Virtutum lumen, jacet hic diademaque regum.
Sic jacet, ut cernis, Fredericus in orbe secundus,
Quum lapis hic arcet, cui parnit undique mundus
Annis millennis bis centum, pentaque denis
Quasi mendicus, decessit Rex Fredericus.

Most of the Neapolitan historians, however, quote the following:

Si probitas, sensus, virtutis gratia, census,
Nobilitas orti, possent resistere morti
Non foret extinctus Fredericus qui jacet intus.

The road from Lucera to Foggia is almost a repetition of that from Troja to Lucera; but it crosses no stream; and one solitary undeviating path over ten miles of perfect level ground, without tree, bush, or house in sight, brought me to the capital of Capitanata, which has gates, but no walls, the houses being so irregularly scattered about it, that it is difficult to fix precisely where the town begins. I could find no lodging at the numerous inns which displayed their signs on each side of me, but were

already filled by the arrivals for the ensuing fair, so that I had penetrated some way into the city before there appeared any chance of my being accommodated at all; when, just as I had turned out of a street, or rather square, in which I had observed some troops drawn out as for a parade, a sudden volley of musketry, which I took for the crash of a building falling, followed by a general flight of the inhabitants, uttering cries of terror and dismay, arrested my attention: soon after, a gentleman hurrying by, desired me to alight, which I did, though utterly unable to guess the motive of this advice; while a second as strenuously recommended my remounting my horse and galloping away. The first idea that darted across my mind was that of an earthquake, and a number of persons rushing at once out of an adjoining house tended to confirm it. I walked on, in vain addressing the fugitives who passed me in every direction, till a boy took my horse's bridle, and led him through some obscure by-streets to an inn at the skirts of the town, where we took refuge in a room on the ground-floor, into which my servants and the guide, together with all the horses and myself, entered, as if by one common instinct, but still in total ignorance of the cause of alarm. The cries of several women tearing their hair, and the incoherent exclamations they uttered, among which I could only distinguish the words brigands, at last led me to conjecture that a party of banditti had forced their way into the town, and were engaged with the regular troops. The door had been carefully barricadoed at the moment of our entry; but through the small windows several soldiers were observable lurking about in parties, with their muskets ready, and at times a dragoon passed in full gallop, apparently engaged in pursuit.

These circumstances, and occasional musket shots, confirmed my suspicions; but that a gang of robbers, however daring and desperate, should have made an attack at mid-day on a large city respectably garrisoned, seemed so improbable that I continued in a state of doubt, till the son of my hostess made his appearance; and after being repeatedly kissed and wept upon, by his mother and her dishevelled companions, he gave me a clearer insight into the affair by relating, in an imperfect manner, the details, which were subsequently made known to me from a source more authentic, and which are as follow.

The remains of the Vardarelli band had presented themselves that morning before the general commanding at Foggia; they formed, in fact, part of the troops I had seen, and were at the moment I passed engaged in a war of words, which soon was waged with more deadly weapons. It seems that the general, who had received the intimation of their arrival, gave orders for them to be inspected the instant that it took place. After they had dismounted and given a satisfactory account of their late proceedings, they received directions to repair to Lucera, and there await further commands. This mandate they positively refused to obey, and a long altercation took place between them and an officer sent from the commander's house, before which they were ranged, to remonstrate on the imprudence, not to say temerity, of their behaviour. The general finally commanded the two leaders to repair to his own apartment to speak to them; this they objected to do without their arms, which they declared they would never part from, and it is supposed that the language they made use of in the course of their argument so exasperated the

officer, that he roughly pushed one of them back, who was using threatening gestures, on which the other fired his musket at him, but having missed his mark, was shot dead on the spot by the sentry at the gate; this was the signal for an attack from his companions, that was immediately answered by a round of musketry from the troops who were drawn out close to them, which killed several, and spread consternation among the crowds of townspeople who had assembled on the spot. Four of the band, who had presence of mind to spring upon their horses, escaped in different directions out of the town, though followed by cavalry, and fired at as they fled. Another portion were made prisoners; but a third division sought security in a cellar, the first place of refuge which offered itself, and which having only one very low entrance, afforded them a defensible asylum for some time: the depth and darkness of this receptacle made it difficult to attack them with success, for they killed a soldier, and wounded several others, who had ventured too near the aperture. Of this last desperate set, four, however, gave themselves up, and made known the number that remained. In order to bring as speedy a termination as possible to the dismay and agitation which this event had spread throughout the city, two of those who had been last taken were sent in to their companions, with their hands tied, to persuade them to surrender, and to inform them that if they persevered in a resistance, which from the local nature of their retreat must be unavailing, a straw fire would be lighted at the orifice, as the only means of hastening their compliance or destruction. The unfortunate men never returned, and no answer being given, this threat was put into actual execution, and the aperture blocked

up with stones. Imagination pictures their situation as most horrible; but its terrors were eluded by the last resource of despair. Two hours afterwards, the cellar was entered without opposition, and their lifeless bodies, covered with wounds, indicated the death they had received at each other's hands.

In about five hours some degree of tranquillity was restored to the city; and it was evident that the feelings of alarm occasioned by this singular event, and even those of aversion and universal reprobation which the excesses of the banditti had excited, now yielded to emotions of compassion, called forth by so terrific and untimely a death. Even the policy which prompted this severe punishment met with comments and constructions by no means favourable to those whose duty it was to inflict it.

In the evening the shops were re-opened, and I ventured to send my letters of recommendation to the general commandant of the division, and the intendente, who both showed me every attention and civility during my stay. But I had with me a document of similar import addressed to a very different character from either of these distinguished personages.

On my leaving Benevento, one of its most respectable inhabitants, fearing I might encounter the Vardarelli troop on their way to head-quarters, gave me a letter of introduction to one of them, which he assured me would be the means of securing me from all such danger as the existing uncertainty of their projects and movements might render possible, if not probable. The person to whom it was addressed had been employed on a farm of the writer, and retained a friendly and even respectful feeling towards his former master, which had shown itself on several

occasions since they had parted. Curiosity led me to inquire whether this person was among the survivors of the dreadful catastrophe of the morning; and having sent to the prison where they were confined for the purpose of ascertaining the fact, I was answered in the affirmative, and conducted, as I imagined, to the cell which contained the object of my inquiries. It seems that the substance of my message having been conveyed from mouth to mouth, had undergone a material change in its purport, and before I was rendered aware of the misunderstanding, I found myself in a low vaulted room, at the back of the public prisons, and standing opposite to several naked bodies exposed on some straw. One of these was pointed out to me as that of the individual whom I sought.

The infliction of a sudden and violent death on a robust and active frame is far from producing those effects which the repeated attacks of disease, or the gradual decay of the vital powers, leave impressed in characters so awful or offensive on the human countenance—the setting rays of the same sun which had cast its morning radiance on beings moving in the full energy of existence, now shone on their lifeless but not inexpressive features. The turmoil of passions which had agitated the last dreadful moments of their existence was visibly though variously depicted in every face, nor could the expression be mistaken; the sullen brow, strongly contracted over the glaring eyeball, the pallid lip curled to a sardonic smile, each bespoke the final agonies of desperate bravery, ineffectual revenge, or the hopeless struggles of expiring crime. The colour of the cheeks was fixed but not extinct, and nought but the attitude was that of death. They had been stript

of every article save the reliquaries or consecrated images, which the lower classes in Italy invariably wear round their neck, and which now rested on the ghastly wounds that disfigured their bodies, some of which were also blackened by smoke. None of these men were above the age of forty, while most of them were considerably younger. It was said that individuals of every nation were to be found in their ranks; but I believe that a Frenchman and an Hungarian were the only two who were not natives of Italy.

CHAPTER IV.

City of Foggia ... Corn Magazines ... Journey to Manfredonia ... River Candelaro, or Cerbalus ... St. Leonardo ... Dread of the Heat by the Natives ... Sipontum ... Manfredonia ... Mount Garganus ... Town of St. Angelo ... Sanctuary of St. Michael ... Return to Foggia ... Church of l' Incoronata ... Apulian Farm and Villa.

The foundation of Foggia dates from the ninth century, for it is supposed to have sprung from the ruins of Arpi or Argyrippa, situated four miles distant, of which some faint vestiges are yet extant. This was founded by Diomed, if we may credit Lycophron,

> Alius Argyrippam, Dauniorum possessionem
> Juxta Phylamum Ausoniam exstruet.....

and acted a conspicuous part in the second Punic war, when it surrendered to Hannibal after the defeat of Cannæ, but was afterwards retaken by the Romans. It dwindled away in the dark ages, and its few remaining inhabitants were transferred to Foggia*. The last does not appear to have been considered of any importance till the time of the Suabian princes, who seem to have regarded this portion of their dominions with an eye of peculiar favour. The cathedral, however, is said to have been enriched,

* It is somewhat singular that Cluverius confounds Lucera and Foggia, as one and the same city.

previous to that period, by Roger, Count of Sicily, who placed in it the miraculous image of the Virgin, to which it owes its name of *Icona Vetera*, a singular compound of Latin and Greek. This building was entirely Gothic, but at present the lower part only claims any pretensions to that style of architecture, the upper having been thrown down in the great earthquake of 1731, which almost entirely destroyed the city. The portrait of the Madonna is hidden by a curtain strained before it at the distance of one foot, in which a circular piece of glass is inserted just opposite the face, which I was assured would approach and show itself to any person whose devotion might be fervent enough to deserve so distinguished a favour.

Foggia became the residence of Frederic the Second, who there built a palace, the gateway of which is still existing: he also constructed a large well, called to this day *Pozzo del' Imperatore*. His wife, Isabella of England, died here; and subsequently Charles of Anjou and his son Philip. In modern times it witnessed the union of the present Duke of Calabria, eldest son of the King, with his first wife, the Archduchess Clementina of Austria. The town is well built and paved; the streets are wide and clean; the shops large and well supplied; and the whole has an air of opulence, prosperity, and population, which, in spite of its ill-chosen situation, and reputed bad air, gives it a more animated appearance than any other city in the whole kingdom, after the capital. The inhabitants are computed at 24,000; but the numbers greatly increase during the fair time.

The wheat, of which it is the great depot, is preserved in deep pits, lined with masonry, and covered at their mouth with boards,

over which the soil is slightly thrown: these answer perfectly the purpose of magazines, from the extreme dryness of the soil; and similar receptacles, though in less number, are observable at Lucera. It is needless to add, that this article and the wool form the principal objects of commerce at the great annual fair, which is held on the 17th of May.

Foggia possesses a good theatre, a very handsome *intendenza*, or governor's palace, and several excellent private houses, of which the opulent owners are noted for their hospitality.

The heat of the weather, and the fear inspired by the tumult which took place on my first entrance into this town, threw one of my servants into a fever, which obliged me to stop at Foggia longer than I had intended, and I availed myself of this delay to visit Manfredonia, after a rest of two days. The road thither was not deemed insecure; but the late events had created an impression of alarm which induced the general to insist upon my taking an escort of five light dragoons, with whom I accordingly set off early on the first of May.

The road is similar to all those that branch from Foggia, a sandy track amidst corn-fields and grass-land; the last already evincing the effects of the intense solar heat. Two or three large taverns are the only habitations visible as far as the skirts of Mount Garganus, of which the features began to be more discernible, in the shape of frequent ravines clothed with wood, and spotted with villages, among which S. Marco in Lamis, half way up the side, and Rignano, on the summit of one of its eminences, are the most remarkable. About nine miles from Foggia, half the distance to Manfredonia, I baited, at a tavern placed at the end of

a stone bridge, which crosses the *Candelaro*, probably the ancient *Cerbalus;* though the similarity of names has induced some geographers to fix upon the *Cervaro* as this river, which, according to Pliny, formed the boundary of *Daunia* to the north. It is a slow and scanty stream, scarcely seen to move through a sedgy bed, but subject in winter to mischievous inundations. The people of the house were very civil, and seemed less infected than usual with that low species of cunning and irresistible desire of cheating which characterize the same class in the metropolis; this, however, I had already observed as I went further from it. They bore on their pale, but well-formed faces, the evident marks of a feverish, unhealthy atmosphere. Behind this house there is an eminence which has the appearance of an ancient camp or entrenchment; and under it a large cave contains some slight vestiges of building; no one, however, could give me any account of it, and it was not sufficiently interesting to render any further research desirable; so, after eating some excellent fried eels, I prosecuted my journey towards the sea, which was not visible, from the extreme flatness of the ground, till some time after, when we had exchanged the sandy or clayey soil of the morning for large layers of lime-stone rock, with a very scanty sprinkling of vegetable earth upon them, producing the large arphodel and the giant fennel, called in this country *Troscha.* The flowers of both these plants, but more particularly the rich yellow tufts of the latter, produced a luxuriant effect; while the frequent appearance of the dwarf lentisk bespoke the rockiness of the soil, and the vicinity of the sea-shore. The sight of the blue waters of the Adriatic, but still more the breeze that blew from them, was most refreshing,

after the scarcely perceptible breath of westerly wind, which had hardly outlived the second hour of daylight.

We quitted the high road to follow a path which shortened the distance, and afforded me an opportunity of seeing the remains of the monastery of S. Leonardo, once belonging to the Teutonic order. Herman of Salza, grand master of this institution, accompanied John of Brienne, king of Jerusalem, in the year 1223, when that sovereign came to Europe to implore the assistance of the Christian potentates against the infidels, who had driven him out of his dominions. The Emperor Frederic the Second espoused the cause of the exiled monarch, and granted to his retainers, among whom were several Teutonic knights of the orders of our Lady of Mount Sion, and St. Mary of Prussia, the jurisdiction and revenues of many religious establishments in his own domains. This abbey, which had been destroyed by an earthquake the preceding year, was rebuilt from the ground, and richly endowed; the Archbishop of Sipontum, metropolitan of the diocese, laying the first stone, on the feast of the Ascension. When the order was suppressed, it was given to the minor fathers of the institute of St. Francis, after which it fell into what is called *commendum*, and finally was attached to the royal possessions on the abolition of monastic orders.

The walls and outbuildings show that its extent was considerable; and the church, though small, is in a tolerable state of preservation. Its interior offers nothing remarkable but a stone statue of the patron, and the body (in a shrine) of St. Celestino; but the exterior architecture is very striking, from its lightness, combined with richness of ornament, the characteristic features of

the Saraceno Gothic style, if I may so call it. The gateways present most beautiful specimens of this order; and one in particular, which leads from the sacristia to a small court, is so fancifully and delicately executed, that nothing but the want of shade, and the rueful, and at the same time impatient countenance of my escort, prevented my taking a sketch of it.

I here, for the first time, experienced, what afterwards frequently recurred in the course of my journey, the difficulty or rather impossibility of making up my mind to keep six or seven persons waiting under the vertical beams of a meridian sun; the effects of which, though not so obnoxious to me, were visible in the flushed cheeks, inflamed eyes, or the still more alarming paleness of the countenances. At this hour, the narrowed shadows cast by the buildings, or rather their total absence, with the heat reflected from their walls, the painful glitter of the distant waves, the vibration of vapour drawn from the surface of a parched soil, the little whirling eddies of dust and straws which chase one another in spiral columns in the otherwise still and clear atmosphere, are so many indications of mid-day heat, familiar to all those who have travelled in the south, but which the natives seem to shrink from with alarm and horror, looking upon him who voluntarily exposes his person to such inconveniences as little short of a madman; with reluctance I therefore gave up making a memorandum of this gateway, and continued my route. It soon after rejoined the carriage-road, within sight of Manfredonia, the first aspect of which somewhat disappointed my expectation, as I had supposed it at the immediate foot of Garganus, from which it is in reality distant three miles. Looking to the south-east,

the eye with difficulty traces the outline of a flat shore, broken by inlets of the sea, the mouths of the Candelaro, Cervaro, and Ofanto, and two salt lakes, called *Pantano Salso* and *Lago di Salpi;* the last, and most considerable, is supposed to exist near the ancient *Salapia*, the coins of which are by no means uncommon. There is a good horse-road along this beach, and I had originally meant to have pursued it in my way from Manfredonia to Barletta; but it was described as so deficient in accommodation, and so wearisome as one day's journey, that I gave up the intention, and thereby missed the opportunity of visiting the largest salt works in the kingdom, which are established seven miles to the north of Barletta. About a mile from Manfredonia, close by the road-side, stands the only edifice remaining to point out the site of Sipontum, another of Diomed's colonies, and afterwards celebrated and flourishing for a long series of years. The united ravages of earthquakes, invasions, and the effects of an unhealthy climate, had already reduced it to the lowest ebb, when Manfred removed its remaining inhabitants to the new city, called after his name, which, in spite of the words *Nova Sipontum* engraved over the principal gate, it retains to this day.

The site of the ancient city is now occupied by a marsh, apparently below the level of both the road and the sea, abounding with wild fowl, and productive of the malaria which infects Manfredonia. The little church that humbly rises on the edge of this swampy waste is, nevertheless, the ancient cathedral, and the seat of the archiepiscopal see, which yet preserves its name. It is larger and more highly ornamented than that of S. Leonardo, but precisely in the same style, and built of the same stone. The porch

is particularly striking and elegant, and the whole edifice well worthy the attention of the architect or painter. The inside is unadorned, except with a very ancient picture of the Virgin, to whom it is consecrated. Two columns of cipolline marble stand between it and the high road; one of them is broken in half, and both want capitals. The author of the *Voyage Pittoresque* supposes this church to have been erected subsequently to the final abandonment of Sipontum, because it is the only edifice existing on this spot: this seems somewhat improbable, as there is no reason why it should have been built at such a distance from the new town, if their origins are of the same date; or why it should continue to bear the name of Sipontum, and the dignity of a metropolitan see.

The entrance into Manfredonia is wide, perfectly straight, and adorned on each side with handsome buildings; indeed, in point of symmetry it may vie with any town in Europe, having been constructed on a regular plan, which never underwent any alteration, and which, notwithstanding the unfinished state of some of the edifices, and the dilapidated aspect of others, gives it an air of grandeur and uniformity very remarkable. It is walled towards both land and sea; from the last, a narrow ledge of rocks, almost always under water, divides its bulwarks. One long and wide street runs throughout the city from one gate to the other; for there are but two on the land-side, although two others open to the port, which is protected from the effects of the north wind by a small mole, and commanded by a strong castle, defended by a ditch and drawbridge. The walls are fortified with large round bastions. The harbour is reckoned safe; but its want of

depth renders it fit for small vessels only, of which I saw very few. The number of inhabitants is reckoned at between five and six thousand, who are remarkably cleanly, industrious, and comely. Indeed I have rarely seen so many well-looking faces or persons collected in one place; but the complexion, in all those who had passed the early bloom of youth, bespoke the vicinity of the Sipontine marsh; and I was desired to observe that no woman was to be seen above the age of forty; an assertion, no doubt, exaggerated, but which, from any immediate proof, I was unable to contradict.

There are four narrower streets parallel with the principal thoroughfare, and these are again connected by smaller branches intersecting them at right angles. They are distinguished by an attention to cleanliness not usually observable in a southern country; and the interiors of the houses belonging to the lower classes, which having but one large door to the street were generally open to public inspection, were remarkable from the same circumstance. A large bed, covered with linen of the most dazzling whiteness, constituted the principal article of furniture; above it, some pictures or prints, in handsome gilt frames, relieved the monotony of a white-washed wall, on which not a speck could be discerned. A solid and well-polished chest of drawers, a substantial table, and some neat straw chairs, were ranged along each side wall; and I was informed by the commandant, to whom I pointed out the striking neatness of these arrangements, that the inhabitants piqued themselves so much on the strict observance of them, that they every morning made up their beds with a pair of fine sheets, which being again removed at night, were never destined to be slept in.

The vegetables and fish at Manfredonia are good, but the water is indifferent; and the wine, principally brought from Barletta, has not much to recommend it: the dearer sort is too weak and sweet to admit of a mixture of water, while the cheaper kind is unpleasant from the contrary defect, being rough and sour, though certainly more palatable.

The Manfredonians boast that their mountain furnishes every vegetable production which can add to the luxuries of the table, an assertion more admissible with respect to variety than quality. The oranges, which form a considerable branch of commerce throughout Apulia, though fine to the eye, are inferior in taste to those of any other country; while the gardens, abounding with them all round the town, emitted the most delicious fragrance as I rode through them the next day on my way to the town which now gives the name of *St. Angelo* to the whole chain of Garganus. This appellation, it should be observed, is almost always derived from the archangel Michael, who seems throughout the south of Italy to have extended his peculiar protection to the inaccessible peaks of the highest mountains, and the dark recesses of their deepest caves, which in most of the Neapolitan provinces are exclusively dedicated to him; thus the most elevated summit of the mountainous range above Castellamare, in the bay of Naples, bears his name, as well as the large cave from which the river Negro issues, near Auletta, in the province of Principato Citra. Mount Garganus, however, offers a more undisputed claim to the assumption of this title, founded on the following legend.

In the year 491, under the pontificate of Gelasius, and during the reign of the Emperor Zeno, an inhabitant of Sipontum traced

one of his oxen, which had strayed from the rest of the herd, to a cavern situated among the rugged tops of the mountain: he aimed an arrow at the beast, but it recoiled and struck his own leg. He narrated this prodigy to St. Lorenzo, then archbishop of Sipontum, who was visited the ensuing night by a dream, in which the archangel Michael appeared, informing him that the cave in question was the object of his particular predilection, as he might verify by examining it; and, moreover, gave him much important advice with regard to the defence of the city of Sipontum, at that time besieged by barbarians. The recital of this vision, and the success which attended the archbishop's negotiations with the enemy, inflamed the zeal of the inhabitants, who, headed by Lorenzo, sought the cave, and there became eye-witnesses of the apparition of the archangel himself, who left the print of his foot in the rock. Here, accordingly, the sanctuary and monastery were established, with all the solemnity which was deemed due to their miraculous origin. They were enriched by the devotion of succeeding sovereigns, and around them rose the town, which, with its dependencies, is said to contain 15,000 souls. The figure of St. Lorenzo is seen, united with that of St. Michael, on every gate and before every church in Manfredonia, and generally represented on horseback, from the following tradition. The commander of the besieging army had sent Lorenzo a horse to bring him to his camp, in order to treat of a capitulation; and had for that purpose selected a steed of such unmanageable temper and savage disposition, that nothing but a miracle could save the holy negotiator. It is needless to

say this miracle was effected, and that no lady's palfrey ever carried its rider in a more gentle and satisfactory amble.

The road to St. Angelo is practicable for carriages to the distance of three miles from Manfredonia; but at a large tavern, built in the shape of an ancient castle flanked with towers, called *Gamba d' Oro*, it begins to ascend the mountain in a zigzag direction, and after three more miles reaches the town. This path is extremely tiresome and even dangerous to climb, being entirely composed of loose pebbles; and the views which it affords are not pleasing enough to counterbalance its inconveniences. A quantity of aromatic plants, for which Garganus was always remarkable, mixed with some stunted olive trees, low vines, and partial patches of very fine grass in the shady nooks, diversifies the face of the naked rock; but no large trees are seen, and the upper line of the range of hills being straight and unbroken, no mountain tract ever offered a more tame and uninteresting prospect. The view from the town extends over the interior, where some well-cultivated valleys, and distant pine-woods, present objects more congenial to our ideas of an Alpine landscape.

The town of St. Angelo is irregularly built. Its narrow streets, rising on different levels, and choked with mud and filth, were teeming with innumerable devotees of all ages and sex, eagerly thronging towards the sanctuary, which they had travelled wearily to visit. I was assured that they came from all the towns and villages constituting the population of Garganus. Some days were yet wanting to the 8th of May, on which the apparition of St. Michael is commemorated; and the different mountain

tribes, the male part of whom were armed cap-à-pie, brought with them not only their beds and other articles of household furniture, but even kitchen utensils; so that house room was all that they required, and for the attainment of this great altercation seemed likely to ensue. The approach of so many thousand individuals, clad in picturesque habits of every colour and shape, toiling, with their heads uncovered, beneath a noonday sun, up the several paths which lead from the interior of the mountain, and all unite under the ancient gateway at the entrance of the town, formed a spectacle at once so novel and impressive, that I rested there some time to enjoy it. Each party, when within sight of the town-gate, joined in an hymn of simple but not unpleasant melody, every stanza concluding with a louder chorus of *Ora pro nobis.* The transition of key in these different chants, as they succeeded each other, and the gradual swell of sound as they drew nearer, were not the least striking effects of this scene; heightened, moreover, by the surrounding accompaniments derived from mouldering walls, broken battlements, grotesque houses, and one of the most imposing castles I ever beheld.

In these elevated regions the change of climate, and the severity of its effects, were clearly visible in every edifice: the discoloured tiles, the rough-grained stone, the stained stucco, cracked and crumbling in every part, together with the clusters of trailing weeds that sprung from every crevice, bespoke the ravages of a damp and variable atmosphere, and offered a singular contrast with the uninjured buildings of the plain below.

In the centre of the town stands a detached octagonal tower, built for a belfry by Charles of Anjou; the bells of which did not

cease chiming during the six hours of my stay there. The church of St. Michael is not far from this, and is known by a single arch, over which are inscribed the following words:

Hic locus est terribile, hic est Domus Dei.

The outward approach to this abode of terror is somewhat obstructed by vendors of gingerbread, knives, manna in cakes, and images of the saint or the Virgin; but the first impression produced by the interior somewhat justifies the inscription. A winding flight of above fifty steps, hewn in the rock, and portioned into divisions of eight to each, leads down to the sanctuary; the vault and sides are faced with stone regularly cut, but large masses of rock intervene. The daylight is faintly admitted through occasional apertures, and gradually diminishes as one descends: above the last step, however, a long narrow fissure, apparently the work of nature, throws a dim but sufficient light on the interior of the holy crypt, and at the same time opens to the eye a view of the monastery itself, seated on the impending rock at an immense height above, and rearing its pinnacles in the outward blaze of day. The effect of this unexpected vision, if I may so call it, has probably been calculated, and certainly with great judgment; for it is impossible to conceive any thing more striking. The cave which was the scene of the miracle, and which is entered next, is low, but of considerable extent, branching out into various recesses on different levels, so that steps are frequent, and the surface is rugged, irregular, and very slippery, from the constant dripping of the vaults; in fact, the whole floor is covered with a thin coat of mud, which I was desired to observe never penetrated through

the sole of any shoe. A few glass lamps, suspended from the rock, which have replaced the silver ones of richer times, cast a faint glimmer of uncertain light, as insufficient to guide the stranger's footsteps, as it is serviceable to the general effect of the scene. Three chapels, and the choir in particular, are more illuminated; of the former, the principal is dedicated to the patron saint, and contains his image, about half the size of life, bedizened with silk drapery, flimsy tinsel, and flaxen curls; the second is noted for a small cistern, called *il Pozzillo*, from which some most limpid and cool water is distributed in a little silver bucket to all the visitors; the third chapel is sacred to the Madonna, and offers nothing remarkable. The pale and partial tints thrown on the huge masses of rock which closely impend over one's head—the slow and cautious movements of the groups that wander like so many shadows in the darker recesses of the sanctuary—the low muttering of their prayers contrasted with the clamorous exhortations of the beggars kneeling at the entrance—the repeated splashing of the holy well—the unceasing yet more distinct droppings from the vault—the voices of the canons, whose splendid attire glitters in a blaze of light in the choir, which is considerably raised above the lower level of the cavern, and divided from it by a bronze grating;—all these, however indifferent when detached from each other in narration, combine, when united in reality, to act upon the senses in a manner to which no spectator can be indifferent. As I returned to broader daylight, I met bands of devotees, who, hand in hand, repeated a short prayer at every step they took, and thus considerably prolonged the duration of their journey downwards.

In the streets all was bustle, noise, and festivity; every wine-

house and tavern was filled with tables covered with homely but not uninviting cheer: at one of these I got a comfortable dinner of fish and maccaroni, and afterwards returned to Manfredonia.

On arriving at Foggia the next morning, I found my servant nearly recovered, and passed one more day in that city, which I spent in visiting its churches and public establishments. I dined with the Intendente, who took me afterwards to drive on the Cirignola road, then thronged with groups returning from the feast of the Madonna dell' Incoronata; a sanctuary yielding in antiquity, but equal in sanctity and fame, to that of St. Angelo. We alighted in what in this country is called a wood, consisting of wild pear-trees, scantily growing over a sheet of turf, refreshed by slender rills of running water. Here several of the pilgrims were resting, and waiting for the cooler hour of evening to enter the town. Many sat in the carts and carriages which had brought them, while the horses were taken out, and tied to the surrounding trees, or left to graze at liberty: their owners regaled on provisions which they carried with them; and many a merry party offered us wine, as we made our way through them to look at others who were dancing. The majority of these were peasants, who, stimulated by a sense of devotion, or the mere love of amusement and novelty, had traversed a distance of seventy or eighty miles to perform this pilgrimage; which, if I may judge by their countenances, was any thing but a painful one. They were all accoutred in their respective costumes, and no symptom of poverty could be traced in their attire or looks.

The animated part of this picture was gratifying equally to the eye and mind; and although the accompanying landscape possessed

no striking feature to arrest the attention, or rouse the admiration of the spectator, it was in harmony with the figures that peopled it, glowing under the tints of a southern latitude, and peculiarly characterized by all the circumstance of the place. These were the smiling plains which first attracted the cupidity of the Norman adventurers, and witnessed those valorous exploits which at once secured the admiration and obedience of their foe; and the sun, now sinking in floods of gold, with its setting beams lighted up the mountain of Melfi, the first and most important of their establishments. In these plains also, their successors of the Suabian line resisted, and frequently annihilated the efforts of the Roman pontiffs, or relieved the cares of their turbulent reigns by large hunting parties, and the magnificent though barbarous festivities of those times. To the south rose the ruins of Castel del Monte, the favourite residence of Frederic the Second; and on the other side appeared Lucera. Within the precincts of Foggia died the cruel but politic and crafty prince who cut off the last scion of the Suabian stock; but saw his own ambition humbled by the loss of half the dominions he had so unjustly acquired. In later years this country had beheld the conflict of two equally powerful monarchs (Ferdinand the Catholic and Louis the Twelfth) for a realm, to which neither could advance a juster claim than that of Charles of Anjou; and at a still less remote period it had yielded to the grasp of military usurpation, unqualified even by the shadow of a right. During this long succession of political vicissitudes, religion had maintained her sway; the humble pilgrim yearly sought the sanctuaries held sacred by his ancestors; and neither the lawless excursions of the Saracens, the haughty tyranny of the

Spaniards, the impious derision of more modern conquerors, or even the rapacity of the Vardarelli, prevented him from breathing the fervent prayer, or hanging up his votive offering at the shrines which traditionary lore had arrayed in holiness.

I visited the Madonna dell' Incoronata the following day, as it was not out of my road, and I found nothing in its exterior appearance, or interior decorations, that could strike the visitor with feelings of mysterious awe, like the cave of St. Michael. The present church is modern, of small dimensions, and similar architecture to most of those erected within these two hundred years. It stands alone, near the spot, where the image which gives it name and celebrity was found in a tree by an individual of the Guevara family, then possessors of these lands: this picture, whose lineaments are scarcely perceptible, is hung round, as usual, with ex voto representations in painting, or casts in wax, of the different miracles which the imagination of its votaries has ascribed to its influence.

All this portion of Apulia was once covered with extensive forests, and Frederic the Second had a residence here, where his son Manfred held a hunting party which lasted several days, and the details of which are recorded in glowing colours by many historians: the princes of that family were all passionately addicted to the sports of the field, a pursuit which naturally accounts for their partiality to this part of their territories.

On the same day that I quitted Foggia, I accepted the invitation of the Canonico de L. of that city to dine at a country-house of his, and made it my resting-place. This gentleman has devoted the greatest part of his life to the pursuit and improvement of

agriculture. The establishment he showed me was the most convincing proof of the success which had attended his efforts in all their respective departments, except in the propagation of trees, to which the soil of this tract of country appears decidedly adverse. He had tried every species of useful and ornamental shrub; but few, except the vine and rose, seemed to answer the cost and trouble he had been at; they were all alive and healthy, but the slowness of their growth evinced the difficulties they had to encounter; and the garden wanted both shade and luxuriance, though the adjoining river, or rather torrent, Cervaro, should have afforded the facility of irrigation, the most effectual means of exciting quick vegetation in this climate. The stream, in consequence of its liability to sudden and mischievous overflowings, was carefully confined between two very high banks, the maintenance of which was attended with considerable annual expense; and these as completely excluded the beauty it might add to the grounds, as they effectually repressed the damage it might occasion. It is, however, but justice to the worthy proprietor to observe, that the whole farm, including the house, reflects the highest credit on his perseverance, ingenuity, and good intentions; and it is sincerely to be regretted that habits and education do not allow more land-owners in this country to follow so laudable and benevolent an example.

The mansion was commodious, though simply furnished; but the apprehensions from the Vardarelli had for some time previously rendered it useless as an habitation; and notwithstanding its vicinity to the capital of the province, the family only visited it occasionally of a morning, or to superintend the concerns of the

farm, which were in a most flourishing state, and constituted, in fact, the importance attached to this possession. Above two hundred persons were employed, and resided on the spot. The stock of sheep consisted of 8000, divided into several flocks; to which those of cows, goats, and buffaloes, together with a set of brood mares, and a suitable quantity of poultry, bore an equivalent proportion.

All the cattle are guarded by large milk-white dogs, of the Abruzzo breed. These animals are very handsome, and resemble the Newfoundland species, but have sharper noses: they are very intelligent, and equally fierce. The flocks are tended by natives of Abruzzo, who also undertake the care of milking them, as well as making the cheese, &c.: they are assisted by their wives and children, who accompany them in their yearly migrations to and from the mountains. These shepherds are clothed in the skins of the animals which they watch, and are reckoned a quiet, attentive, frugal and trust-worthy race. It should be observed that almost all the helpers who do the hard work in the stables at Naples come from the same province.

The produce of the Canonico's dairy was displayed on his hospitable board in all the varied forms into which milk can be shaped: we had *ricotte*, *giuncate*, *provole*, *mozzarelle*, and a variety of other *latticinii*, equally difficult to remember and digest, but undoubtedly of grateful richness to a palate naturally inclined to such delicacies. I observed that those prepared from sheep's milk were considered the best; but must confess that my English taste kept constant to the produce of the cow. The small fresh cheeses made from the buffalo's milk have a flavour savouring of musk,

which at first is far from agreeable, but to which habit soon reconciles the palate.

After having been conducted all over this establishment, and treated most sumptuously by the proprietor of it and his nephews and nieces, forming in all a family of eight or nine persons, grateful for their hospitality, I took my leave, and proceeded towards Cirignola, which, though it was only eighteen miles distant, I could not reach before sunset.

CHAPTER V.

River Carapella... Hills of Basilicata... Mount Voltore... Towns of Deliceto, Ascoli, Canosa, and Cirignola... Adventure of the Syndic's Brother... Castel del Monte ... River Ofanto, ancient Aufidus... Barletta... Colossal Statue... Andria... Trani ... Bisceglia... Molfetta... Giovenazzo... Inland Road... Via Egnatia.

Independently of the escort furnished by the general of the district, I had been joined at the Canonico's villa by two officers of cavalry, who had requested permission to accompany me. This circumstance afforded me an opportunity of observing the hospitable and courteous disposition of my host; who, though they were entire strangers to himself and me, immediately invited them to dinner, and treated them with the utmost politeness.

As we proceeded, some slight inequalities of ground varied the tiresome uniformity of the road, and we crossed a little river, called Carapella, near a village of the same name: this is by some authors supposed to have been the Daunus, if such a river existed. The hills of Basilicata showed their outlines in the distance more distinctly, especially Mount Voltore, on which Melfi is situated; it stands insulated, in shape like Vesuvius, and bears, on a nearer inspection, every mark of having also been a volcano. On our right appeared Deliceto and Ascoli, the ancient Asculum, situated on a considerable eminence, where the Romans defeated Pyrrhus.

Before us we saw Canosa, beyond Cirignola; the latter is a large well-built town, with a clean inn. A letter which I had brought from Foggia to the syndic procured me a visit from that gentleman, and an apology for some delay in making it, occasioned by the return of his brother from the adjoining province of Basilicata; where, only a few days before, he had been carried by a party of fourteen brigands. This had happened on the very evening of the day which witnessed the destruction of the Vardarelli, and though the parties had no connexion with each other, the coincidence was remarkable. It seems that this *comitiva* was but lately organized, and had hitherto confined its practices within the boundaries of Basilicata, to which it belonged; but, tempted by the reputed wealth of the syndic of Cirignola, the banditti had laid in ambush for a whole night near a house and farm which he possessed, three miles from the town, and after waiting all the next day, which his brother had spent there in the act of superintending the rural concerns of the family, they seized upon him and an attendant at dusk, just as they were preparing to go home; and crossing the Ofanto, which at no great distance from the spot divides the two provinces, they forced him to walk thirty miles in the course of that night to reach the mountain of Melfi. Here they halted among the woody recesses, which afforded them a secure retreat, and detained him, while they sent back his servant with the terms they fixed for his ransom, and powers to negotiate for its payment. The demand which they at first advanced was so exorbitant, that the wretched prisoner, aware of the inability of his relatives to raise a sum so considerable, assured them that they might as well kill him at once as require it: to

which they very indignantly replied, that they were not wretches capable of committing murder, and assured him that he need fear no personal injury; although they had, for the sake of expedition and safety, urged the speed of his nocturnal progress by occasional blows, and followed his person, with slight but frequent applications of the well sharpened points of their stilettos. They lowered, however, their demands; and after a few days negotiations agreed to liberate him for the sum of 1200 ducats, a hundred yards of velveteen for pantaloons, and several dozen of silver buttons and buckles for the same. The difficulty of purchasing these articles without incurring suspicion will account for their insertion as part of the ransom. If the reader asks how these treaties are carried into effect, and who the individuals are that act as negotiators, I can only say that the principal sufferers are anxious to conceal the details of transactions forbidden by a law which humanity and compassion always transgress. It is to be observed, that except in revenge for treachery and evident breach of faith in the fulfilment of these agreements, the banditti have generally been found true to their word, while few among the unhappy objects of their rapacity have fallen victims to a spirit of wanton ferocity, and they are always restored for much less than the sum originally required. It is scarcely necessary to add that I allude to this, not in extenuation of so abominable a practice, but merely as a custom which they probably adhere to punctually for the sake of inspiring greater confidence in their promises.

Cirignola, probably the ancient Ceraunilia, is famous in later ages for the battle which Gonsalvo of Cordova gained over the French forces in 1503, which cost the Duke of Nemours, their

commander, his life, and opened to the Spaniard the future possession of the kingdom for his master Ferdinand the Catholic. I quitted it early the following morning (May the 6th), and followed the road to Barletta, stopping to bait at a solitary post-house, called S. Cassano, from which the eye ranged over the whole of the Gulf of Manfredonia. The remainder of the road to Barletta ran between corn-fields and well-cultivated gardens; and the country, though still flat, assumed a totally different aspect from that which surrounds Foggia. The sun was intensely hot, and the wind at our backs raised a cloud of dust under our horses' feet, in which we moved for the whole of the day.

We left Mount Voltore behind us, but a lower range of hills showed itself on the right; among which, single, and overtopping the rest, rose Castel del Monte. Here was the favourite residence of Frederic the Second, to whom the fortress owed its existence; as it does not appear to have been any thing more than a watch-tower before his time, which took its name of *Castro Monte* from an adjoining Benedictine convent, dedicated to our lady of the mountain, Santa Maria del Monte, an appellation frequently given to monasteries placed in similar situations. The Suabian emperor spared neither cost nor labour to render this spot worthy of the predilection he had acquired for it: a quarry of fine marble, found in the mount itself, furnished him materials in such abundance, that, according to Swinburne's description, the profusion of them alone must have rendered the ruins worthy of inspection. After the deaths of this monarch and his son Manfred, who had also frequently made it his resort, it was converted into a prison for the widow and children of the last prince, by Charles of Anjou,

who subsequently made it a fortress of considerable strength and utility, and united it, with the neighbouring town of Andria, to the lordship of Monte St. Angelo, which he conferred on his eldest son, together with the principality of Salerno. Time and neglect have reduced it to its present state, and within the last two years it had occasionally served as a temporary retreat to the noted banditti so repeatedly mentioned. They withstood within its walls the attack of a small body of regulars, who had accidentally found them there, and contrived to escape from the difficulties of their situation with little or no loss.

At a short distance from Barletta, I crossed the Ofanto (the ancient Aufidus), which divides the Terra di Bari and Basilicata from the province I was leaving. This river rises behind Melfi, and after passing under Canosa, directs its slow and winding course through a large tract of flat country, and finally enters the sea, three miles above Barletta, where a small tower is erected at its mouth. Its stream was scanty, and apparently motionless; but, like all those of the south, it is subject to sudden rises in the winter, and is considered one of the principal rivers of the kingdom. It is perhaps remarkable as being the last which is to be found along the extent of coast which stretches, for a distance of 260 miles, from Manfredonia to Taranto, round the heel of the foot to which this part of Italy has been compared.

The approach to Barletta, which, together with its mole and harbour, soon appeared in sight, was distinguished by a greater degree of cultivation, and several neat cassinos. The town is remarkably well built, its style of architecture more simple than ornamented, and the general effect, that of solidity and grandeur.

The lower story of the generality of the houses is rusticated, the streets extremely wide and smoothly paved, but very slippery. I found a tolerable inn, where I would willingly have established my abode, had not the father of a Neapolitan friend, who held an eminent military command in the province, peremptorily insisted on my making use of his house. I am at a loss to decide which of us was most incommoded by an arrangement I could not have found it possible to decline.

Barletta counts 18,000 inhabitants, mostly in easy circumstances, and among whom are to be found some very ancient and opulent families. Its ancient name was Bariolum; but it only appears to have risen to some consequence after the conquest of the Normans, one of whose princes, cousin or nephew to Robert Guiscard, is mentioned as having united Barletta, Andria, and Canosa into one tributary fief. Frederic the Second granted it some privileges, and Manfred chose it for his residence during the construction of the new Sipontum. It is not so easy to account for Ferdinand of Arragon (the first of that name as sovereign of Naples) selecting it for the scene of his coronation, an event recorded by a Latin inscription in the cathedral where it took place. This building is Gothic, though in a very different style from our cathedrals: the steeple is remarkably high, and the whole exterior extremely elegant; but the front loses much of its effect from the narrow street to which it opens, and the high houses which surround it. The inside offers nothing striking except several granite columns, brought from Canosa. A rampart runs all round the town between the walls and the houses, and if planted would greatly add to its beauty, as well as to the convenience of the inhabitants.

A gateway of extraordinary magnificence, as to materials and dimensions, communicates from the town to the harbour, which is formed by a mole, running out from the shore, and a narrow island in an oblique position, on which the lighthouse is placed. Between these, vessels of moderate burthen find a safe anchorage. A well-constructed citadel commands the port from the south-east extremity of the town, and is reckoned one of the strong castles of the Adriatic, as Barletta itself was once esteemed one of the four powerful fortresses in Italy.

Near the church of St. Stephen, in one of the principal streets, stands a colossal brass statue of very indifferent workmanship, the legs and feet of which are restored in a still more clumsy style. The opinion most generally received has fixed on the Emperor Heraclius as the object of this piece of sculpture, and he is supposed to have sent it as an offering to the sanctuary on Mount Garganus, to which the Venetian ship which bore it was bound when it was wrecked on this coast. It appears certain that it lay for many years half buried in the sand, and was only raised in its present station in the year 1469. In 1816 Marulli published a tract to prove this Colossus to represent the Emperor Theodosius, erected (according to an inscription at Canosa) by the Apulians and Calabrians. I shall not pretend to decide so obscure a question, but the circumstance of the last-mentioned statue being equestrian seems at once to place a negative upon the supposition.

Barletta owes much of its prosperity to the trade it carries on with other parts of the Gulf of Venice, as well as the Ionian islands; and derives an additional advantage in this respect from

being nearer the capital than any other port on the Adriatic, and communicating with it through the medium of an excellent public road. The wine which I drank in the town differed from that I had before tasted under the same name in a kind of bitter flavour, more observable when mixed with water: it is fiery but not bad, though inferior to that of Melfi, which shares with it the honours of exportation to the neighbouring provinces. Upon the whole, as a residence, Barletta appeared to me infinitely superior to any town I had seen since I quitted the metropolis, and my subsequent progress along the coast served to confirm this opinion. The climate is extremely mild in winter; but the air is reckoned heavy and unhealthy during part of the hot months, though not infected with noxious exhalations as at Manfredonia. The vicinity of the salt pits, which are only seven miles to the northward, and the continued series of marshes, extending in the same direction, may in some measure be the cause of this insalubrity, which is probably somewhat exaggerated. The inhabitants, if I may give credit to the commandant of the district, are distinguished by the peaceable docility of their disposition.

I had proposed making an excursion to Canosa, only twelve miles distant, and visiting the celebrated field of Cannæ, which lies in the way; but owing to a train of mistakes and delays, that are not worth recording, but always liable to occur when a foreigner too implicitly yields to the guidance of the natives, I was prevented from inspecting these plains; which, however, are scarcely better identified than most other scenes of Roman disaster.

Canosa is a spot which owes as much interest to the remains of Roman antiquity it possesses, as to others of less remote ages,

among which is the cathedral dedicated to St. Sabinus, and the tomb of Bohemund, so celebrated in Tasso's Jerusalem. Fictile vases of the best period are here found in abundance, and sometimes of extraordinary magnitude. A few years since a singular tomb, containing several of these surrounding the body of a warrior in complete armour, was excavated near Canosa. An exact representation of the masonry was constructed at Naples, and the contents, carefully removed, were placed therein in the precise order of the original. Of Cannæ nothing remains; but the field of battle is accurately and judiciously recognized by Swinburne. The road from Barletta to Bari was not made in that traveller's time, and he complains bitterly of the roughness of the path which led him from the one to the other; at present it is as good, if not better, than any in the realm, and always praised by the natives, as traversing a tract of beauty and fertility rarely equalled in any other country. No Neapolitan ever recollects a journey over the Marina di Bari without rapture, while all strangers are expected to view it with the same feelings of admiration. Its merits are due to climate and cultivation, which make up for the charms which nature has denied; to the hand of man is due almost all that can arrest the attention or delight the eye, and we are so apt to confound what satisfies our reason with that which merely strikes the sense, that it is not surprising if a flourishing state of culture, neat country houses, frequent and well-built towns, and a sea view, should rank in the same scale of picturesque beauty with those stupendous scenes, which nature in her wildest mood has framed. It is impossible to cross this territory without sensations of cheerfulness and satisfaction, as well as a

feeling of good will towards its inhabitants; but admiration I could never experience.

The vines are low, but not fastened to a stake as in France; olive trees abound; and the fields are divided by rough stone walls, which also border the road, and frequently hide the sea from it. On the right the ground rises but little, and the towers of Andria appear like the minarets of a Turkish mosque; beyond them Castel del Monte still holds a superiority over all the surrounding eminences, and continues to be visible at an immense distance. The day was cloudy, and a fresh sea breeze tempered the heat; it was a scirocco, which on these shores is prevalent in the summer; but far from possessing the noxious qualities which render it so dreaded at Palermo or Malta, it was, though equally impregnated with damp, cool and refreshing.

The space of thirty miles, which intervenes between Barletta and Bari, contains no less than four sea-port towns, of which the three principal ones, Trani, Bisceglia, and Molfetta, are of considerable size; Giovenazzo, the fourth, is much smaller. At the first, though only five miles distant, I stopped for the day, partly because my friend from Barletta had requested I would do so, as he was going to dine there on his way to Bari, and also to have an excuse for sending back the escort of gensdarmes which his regard for my dignity, rather than the necessity of such a precaution, had furnished me with.

At Trani I alighted at a very tolerable inn, and dined with my protector at a friend's house, which he in vain tried to persuade me to make mine, and where a circumstance occurred that I cannot help recording. After we had sat down to table, a young

woman, the married daughter of the mistress of the house, was sent for to come and take her place: her appearance would have been pleasing, but for the singular colour, for it was more than paleness, which overspread her features, and which I can only compare to the lightest shade of lilac, the effect of which was considerably heightened by a coarse green woollen dress. She appeared weak, and the rest of the family showed her great attention, though unmixed with anxiety, by recommending particular dishes to her, and advising against others. She left the table before the rest of the company; and on my observing that she seemed in a precarious state of health, I was informed that she was not unwell, but had been brought to bed the preceding evening.

The outward appearance of Trani, formerly Turrenum, is infinitely more prepossessing than that of Barletta; but its narrow and dirty streets, flanked by ill-built houses, soon remove the impression, which is again renewed by the inspection of the port and the buildings surrounding it; where are some private dwellings which would not disgrace the principal streets of Rome. The harbour is nearly circular, formed by the hand of nature, but enlarged and furnished with stone quays and steps, which give it an air of peculiar neatness and solidity. The mouth being very narrow, it is perfectly secure from all winds, and were there but depth enough, it might, notwithstanding the want of size, prove a most valuable acquisition to the town, and all this part of the country. It was constructed by Charles the Third, father of the reigning monarch; and I was assured that frigates could then anchor within it; even sixteen years ago considerable sized merchantmen did so; but all its advantages are now destroyed by the

accumulation of sand brought in by the sea; and this, added to the superfluous filth from the neighbouring habitations, of which it is made the receptacle, has so diminished its depth, that no boats but of the smallest order can enter or remain in it; while the effluvia throughout the summer is insufferable, and probably injurious to the health of the inhabitants. The expense of clearing it would be considerable, and the evil in that case only temporarily removed. The municipality had determined upon this desirable measure about three years since, but it was deferred *sine die*, on account of the plague then existing at no great distance from Trani, which naturally made every thing connected with bad air a matter of apprehension: since that time the project has not been resumed. The few vessels which carry on the languishing trade of Trani now anchor most insecurely just outside of the mouth of the harbour, under the shelter afforded by a point of land, on which the citadel and cathedral are placed. The former was built by Frederic the Second; the last is dedicated to S. Nicolo Pellegrino, and is superior in size and ornament to that at Barletta, which it somewhat resembles in architecture and the height of its steeple; but the interior far exceeds it in lightness and delicacy. The town contains about 13,000 souls, and many ancient families; but it yields the palm of affluence to Barletta. Its theatre, which I had no opportunity of seeing, is the largest and handsomest in the kingdom, after those of the metropolis. Trani is, moreover, famed for an excellent sweet white wine, made from the muscatel grape, which in flavour scarcely yields to Frontignan.

Bisceglia is the next town on the coast, about four miles further. Its situation and distance from Trani identify it with

the *Natiolum* of the Peutingerian tables; but some antiquaries have affirmed that its ancient name was *Vigiliæ:* its later restoration is due to Peter the Norman, Count of Trani. Like almost all the others on this shore, it is built on a promontory, which it occupies entirely, and thereby acquires an appearance of magnitude beyond the reality. Its population, as well as that of Molfetta, is estimated on a par with that of Trani.

Molfetta, which succeeds at a distance of four other miles, has an aspect still more imposing; but I had no opportunity of forming a better judgment of either of these than by a passing glance at their suburbs, which are considerable, and connected with them by handsome gateways. The high road keeps a straight line, and does not penetrate into the towns themselves, leaving them on one side. On the Antonine Itinerary the name of *Respa* is found, and its situation answers that of the present Molfetta.

This day the face of the country derived considerable embellishment from the increased quantity of fruit trees of all descriptions, relieving the dull hue of the olives, or the still darker foliage of the caroubas, which were no less abundant, and their fruit forms no inconsiderable branch of commerce in this province; it is given to cattle and horses, and often serves as food for the lower classes. Vines, grain, and pulse of all kinds were growing plentifully under the shade of these trees, and several cassinos gave life to the scene. Within every inclosure appeared a wine-press, and one of those rough stone edifices which seem to have pleased Count Stolberg so much, that he has favoured his readers with two views of them in his account of his travels. They are constructed of circular layers of loose stones, the diameter gradually

diminishing, and they end in a conical top, covered with earth. A single aperture admits the light, and their sole purpose is that of shelter for the guardians of the lands, who are generally stationed in them during the fruit and grape seasons, to protect the produce from the depredations of marauders.

After passing Molfetta, the road keeps much nearer to the sea, and a distance of three miles brought me to Giovenazzo, a small, and rather miserable looking place, of 6000 inhabitants, but walled and turreted like the preceding towns. A violent headache, brought on by the heat, and an unaccountable weariness, apparently the forerunner of fever, induced me to stop here, though only twelve miles from Bari. Finding some good buildings just outside of the town-gate, I resolved to make one of them my habitation for the night; and I was fortunate enough to gain admission to an eating-house, or tavern, where a decent room, opening by two large folding-doors to the high road, and receiving thereby light and air, was willingly given up to me by the owners of the establishment, whose apartment it was. A large and good stable, at no great distance, received my horses and servants, and these accommodations were sufficient to dissuade me from seeking for better in the interior of the town. My subsequent visit to it proved me right in so doing, for I could see nothing in the shape of an inn; and though the provident care of my friends at Foggia and Barletta had furnished me with letters of recommendation for Trani, Biseeglia, and Molfetta, I had not been provided with similar precautions for a place where it was deemed impossible to find a night's accommodation. It is situated on a rock of no great height, advancing sufficiently into the sea to afford shelter on the

north side to a considerable number of fishing boats, which formed a picturesque little fleet of white sails as they moved over the surface of the open sea.

The town has some good looking houses, but the streets are very narrow, consequently dark and dirty, and crossed by frequent deep archways, which render them still more gloomy. After my dinner, which was much better than the outward appearance of my humble inn had taught me to expect, and seasoned by some excellent red wine, I strolled along an avenue of immense cypress and pine trees, of nearly a mile in length, leading to a very large but dilapidated house, once the property of the Princess of Cellamare, but now purchased, with the adjoining property, by a native of Giovenazzo. It was tenanted by the family of the *massaro*, or manager of the farm, who were anxious to do the honours of it, and with some satisfaction led me over the premises, pointing out to my expected admiration the empty spaces which had formerly boasted of all the ornaments that painting and sculpture can supply. The devastation which results from the slow and almost imperceptible effects of time, bears something venerable and frequently not unpleasing in its aspect; but the premature decay occasioned by neglect or desertion strikes the mind with sensations of melancholy alone: the former may be assimilated to the gradual and inevitable decline of physical existence in old age, while the latter bears too close an analogy to the ravages of disease or passions on the human frame in the full meridian of its bloom and vigour. I never was so forcibly impressed with this feeling as during the inspection of the fabric before me, which but a few preceding years had seen completed, while fewer still would pass before its annihilation.

On my return to my bedchamber, which, with the adjoining kitchen, comprised the whole of my abode, I found the most inviting clean linen spread on my lowly couch, and took possession of it with the prospect of a comfortable night's rest. But in this I greatly erred; for the bed, and all its alluring appendages, contained "that within which passeth outward show," a most numerous and lively population, whose unremitting attentions to the stranger who shared their habitation precluded all chance of repose. The faculty of sleeping soundly through all circumstances is perhaps the most desirable as well as the most enjoyable to the traveller, whose fatigues rarely allow him time for reflection before he becomes lost to all those half perceptible sounds and creakings that the stillness of night brings out more audibly, when he finds himself awake to all those apprehensions which the distance of his companions may heighten, and recollection of murderous adventures may embody to his heated imagination.

The master and his wife, deserted by the fatal cause of all my restlessness, now slept very quietly in the kitchen; and from them I was only separated by a ragged woollen curtain: I had been far from entertaining any doubts of their honesty when I had retired to my bed; but a feverish want of sleep so effectually worked upon my brain, that I fancied whispering schemes of murder and rapine, and pictured to myself all the formidable apparatus of spits, skewers, and choppers, about to be employed in their execution, against which my pistols were to be of no avail. Agitated by these strange phantasies, I passed the remaining hours of darkness; but the first gleam of morning dispelled these groundless apprehensions, and with the rising sun I resumed my journey towards Bari, where

I arrived early. Half way between it and Giovenazzo, I passed by a considerable assemblage of substantial country houses near the sea, which belong to the inhabitants of Bitonto; a place of some consequence, at the distance of seven miles inland, towards which a carriage-road branches off to the right from this spot.

Bitonto, Ruvo, Corato, and Andria on one side, and Bitetto, Modugno, Noja, and Conversano on the other, form a second line of inland towns, which in point of population and size may vie with those on the coast; and though deficient in the commercial advantages attached to sea-ports, are noted for their opulence, and the hospitable, polished character of their inhabitants.

The Via Egnatia, which Horace followed in his journey to Brundusium, was nearly in a line with this track, for he mentions Ruvo, then Rubos, as the station at which they slept between Canosa and Bari.

Inde Rubos fessi pervenimus.

CHAPTER VI.

City of Bari ... Hospitality of the Intendente ... Aqua Stomachica ... Port ... Priory of St. Nicholas ... Sepulchral Monument of Queen Bona ... Cathedral ... Citadel ... Lyceum ... Departure from Bari ... Plague of Noja in 1816 ... Mola di Bari ... Convent of S. Vito.

Bari projects into the sea; a narrow road encircles it entirely on that side, and is resorted to by the inhabitants as their only drive or walk. Two gates had existed at the northern and southern extremities; but the last had been just demolished to enlarge the approach to the port and market-place, and make room for several public edifices, which will essentially tend to the convenience and improvement of the city. The *Intendenza*, or palace of the civil governor, is well placed, facing the harbour on one side, and looking on the other to the largest square in the town. Here I alighted, as he was apprized of my arrival, and a letter of introduction, which he had received previous to it, rendered my accepting his hospitality a matter of necessity; although there is, I suspect, a tolerable inn, and I should naturally have preferred making it my residence, as I had hitherto done, for I was aware of the constraint likely to be imposed upon an English traveller by the overstrained hospitality exercised by individuals whose habits and mode of life are so opposite to ours; and though

in the subsequent progress of my journey I was almost invariably, from the want of inns, compelled to submit to it, scarcely a day passed that the recurrence of the inconveniences attached to this mode of reception did not put my patience, and I fear my temper, to severe trials. I may probably hereafter make the reader better acquainted with these evils, however trifling in themselves, and only rendered irksome from their daily repetition; but in this instance it would be the height of injustice and ingratitude not to confess that I experienced nothing of the kind under the roof of Prince Zurlo; and that he united, to the unaffected hospitality and desire of pleasing which I found every where, the art of removing all restraint from his guests, a quality I rarely met with: his attentions were always sufficient to awaken my gratitude, while they never encroached on those occupations which necessarily require hours of solitude and tranquillity; at the same time his own conversation and manners were such as to render every instant passed in the enjoyment of them, full of interest and satisfaction; and, as in doing the honours of his own house, I found him the most complete gentleman and man of the world, so in his kind assistance in examining the objects most worthy of remark, I received the accurate information of a most judicious observer.

Bari is an old town, of 19,000 souls, which has lately received considerable embellishments and additions. The streets are dark, narrow, and winding, and as there are no sewers or conduits in all Apulia, the consequences may be imagined in a town where the level is in many parts not higher than that of the adjoining sea. The water, drawn from brackish springs, or ill-constructed cisterns, is mostly bad. The brisk trade it carries on with Trieste

and the ports of Dalmatia, consisting in exports of oil, cotton, and grain, in exchange for linen and other articles, gives it, however, an appearance of animation, ease, and opulence.

One of the principal, or at least the most noted productions of this city, is a certain liqueur or rosolio, known by the name of *aqua stomachica di Bari*, and chiefly composed of herbs and spices, that are supposed to impart many medicinal virtues to it. There are several convents celebrated for the perfection of this article, which is generally served after coffee; but the apothecaries also compound it. I presume that its grateful aromatic flavour to the palate goes a great way towards its fame as a cordial.

The port of Bari, formed by two moles, which give it the advantage of security against exterior winds, like most of those on this coast, wants depth; still, with the exception of that of Barletta, it was the best I had yet seen, as well as the most frequented.

The most remarkable edifice in the town is the priory of St. Nicholas, erected in 1087, when the bones of this saint were found at Myra, in Lycia, of which he was bishop, and transported by some Barian mariners to their native town. Roger, Duke of Puglia, endowed the church with a considerable grant of land, and the following year Urban the Second consecrated Elias, who was afterwards canonized, archbishop of Bari, and first grand prior of this foundation. In 1098 the same pontiff held a council at Bari, in which the procession of the Holy Ghost was determined according to the dogmas of the Latin church. Among the prelates who attended it we find Saint Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The interior of this Gothic edifice is very extensive, and impressive in its effect. The arches which divide the aisles are

supported on coupled pillars of granite of different heights. Three several arches stretch across the body of the church; they only reach to the capitals of the pillars, and acquire thereby the unusual appearance of as many bridges; but, notwithstanding this circumstance, and their not being placed parallel, in consequence of the pillars from which they spring not always facing each other exactly, their effect is singularly picturesque. The ceiling is painted and richly gilt, and there are a few good pictures in the different chapels. But the principal object of attention is the sepulchral monument erected to Bona Sforza, dowager Queen of Poland, and only daughter of Isabella of Arragon, Duchess of Milan, from whom she inherited the principality of Rossano, and the duchy of Bari. This queen, instigated, as the historian Summonte somewhat maliciously observes, by the advice of her favourite, Giorgio Lorenzo Pappacoda, quitted Poland after her husband's death, and in the year 1556 removed to this her native inheritance and sovereignty; where, however, she only survived one year, leaving to Philip the Second, then possessor of these realms, her two principalities. The monument in question, raised by the filial devotion of her daughter, also Queen of Poland, consists of a sarcophagus of black marble, on which the statue of Bona, in white marble, is placed in the attitude of prayer. The sculpture is good, and the expression of the face and figure full of nature and simplicity, though perhaps somewhat deficient in the dignity which we look for in a queen. On each side are two symbolical figures of Polish provinces, and in niches behind those of St. Casimir and St. Stanislaus; but these four, though by the same sculptor, have no connexion with the rest of the

composition, which perhaps would be more striking without them, and certainly much less encumbered.

Three chairs are next shown as objects of curiosity: the first, from its curious and barbarous taste, seems very ancient, but there is no tradition annexed to it; the two others, richly gilt and painted, are meant for the use of the king himself, who is first canon of the order, and that of the prior upon certain great occasions. These date from the reign of Ferdinand the First of Arragon.

Among the sepulchral inscriptions of a remote period, that abound in this church, I noticed that of St. Elias, and another of a person of much greater note in the history of these realms, Robert of Bari, high prothonotary under Charles of Anjou: this magistrate, or rather statesman, publicly read the iniquitous sentence which condemned Corradino to an untimely and ignominious death; and was, if we may believe some of the native historians, killed on the spot by the indignant and high-minded Robert of Flanders, son-in-law to the usurping tyrant. Most of these inscriptions are Latin, in Gothic characters, and deeply engraven.

The bones of St. Nicholas rest in a subterranean church; the pavement of which was once much deeper than it is now, but was raised in consequence of being subject to inundations from the sea, which at high tides found a way in. The great altar is most magnificently decorated with silver bassi rilievi, representing various miracles and acts of the life of the Bishop of Myra. The execution of these, as well as that of a silver bust of the saint, is far above mediocrity. Under the altar a stone chest contains his bones, which Swinburne says are floating in a liquid. I was favoured with the permission, or rather invitation to examine them, and

could only see the reflection of a small taper, let down through a circular aperture in some very clear water: the silver candlestick which held this taper had a small hole in it, and being hollow, brought up some of this liquor, gravely said to distil unceasingly from these holy remains. I was desired to taste it, and found it resemble pure water, rendered sweet and glutinous by the addition of sugar, but entirely tasteless. This bears the name of *manna* of St. Nicholas, and is a remedy for all disorders. Several relics are here preserved with the greatest care, particularly the barrel which, for want of a more appropriate vessel, was used to contain the bones on their passage from Myra. A pillar is also shown, that, during the fabrication of the church, was changed from wood into iron by the saint; it is surrounded by a grating, as a defence from the attacks of the devout, who with knives or scrapers gather morsels of this transmuted substance.

I shall pass over the catalogue of chalices, vases, lamps, and other precious objects contained in the treasury. The coronation robes of Charles the Second of Anjou were disposed of during the French occupation; but the relics were left, which, as the head canon observed to me, *Sono il vero tesoro.*

The cathedral, situated at no great distance from this church, is a fine building, with some vestiges of Gothic, and a light high tower. The interior has been so renovated by one of the archbishops, a Monsignor Gacta, that it is impossible to look with feelings of complacency at his picture, which hangs in the sacristy, especially when one is told that among other judicious improvements, he caused some very fine verd antique columns to be stuccoed and white-washed, having first taken care to see them

well scraped and hacked, to secure the adhesion of the plaster. These are surmounted by clumsy chocolate-coloured capitals, well suited to such specimens of bad taste and barbarism. This church is dedicated to St. Sabino, and has a crypt in form like that of St. Nicholas, but far more splendid in the number and choice of coloured marbles used in its decoration. It also contains a miraculous image of Santa Maria of Constantinople, brought from that city by S. Macarius.

The castle or citadel of Bari is ancient and capacious, and has undergone several alterations and repairs from the care of successive sovereigns, but more particularly from that of the Queen of Poland, who died in it. An inscription, composed of large letters of brass, records her munificence, and runs all round the cornice of one of the courts, which is encircled by the apartments she once occupied: they are large vaulted rooms, somewhat gloomy, from the thickness of the walls and the smallness of the windows, looking towards the sea. At the extremity of this suite of chambers is a small chapel, dedicated to St. Francis of Assisi, and over the door of the latter is the following inscription:

> Hic lascivientem puellam, vel sævientem Hydrum igne domuit Franciscus. Cinere exutus veste prudens qui ex aquis ortam Venerem et juxta aquas adortum flammis extinxit Fortis qui inexpugnabile reddidit in hoc castro pudicitiæ claustrum.

It seems that Frederic the Second, at that time residing in this castle, was inclined to play a kind of practical joke upon his guest St. Francis, who guarded against the fatal consequences of it by performing a miracle; which was, however, not new even in those days, and has been repeated since. The monarch and

his suite, who were hidden to watch the result of the temptation, were no doubt edified at so unexpected a denouement.

There is a provincial school or Lyceum at Bari, supported by government; a species of establishment now extant in most of the capital towns of this kingdom. This admits 120 scholars from four provinces, who are fed, lodged, clothed, and instructed for eight ducats a month each. It had been transferred some years back to a large convent, but was at the period I visited it restored to its first locality. The internal arrangements for the accommodation of the students and their masters were yet in their infancy; but the whole seemed laid out in the most judicious manner, and reflected great credit on those who had the management of it, as well as upon the different professors.

It was now the 11th of May, and after a fortnight of very sultry weather one short shower fell, and somewhat tempered the heat; but the hopes of a continuance of rain, which was highly necessary to the improvement of the corn, now ripening fast, were speedily checked; a circumstance the more to be lamented, as the winter had been unusually dry, and the crop was in consequence likely to be scanty. On my way from Giovenazzo to Bari I was surprised to find reapers at work on the barley, and in all probability the wheat harvest would soon begin: the latter is much earlier on this side of the peninsula than on the western coast.

From Bari my road lay along the sea-shore, but I deviated from this in order to see Noja, a small town, about seven miles distant, little known in history, but somewhat worthy of notice at this particular period, as having recently been the seat of the plague: as this event, however disastrous and alarming to the

kingdom of Naples, was little known out of it, except by general reports in the public papers of the time, I think a more detailed recital of it may not prove unacceptable to the reader.

The disease broke out as early as the 23d of November, 1815, for to this date the first death has been traced; but though it was speedily communicated to the family whose chief it had destroyed, and afterwards to several others, it was not until the last day of December that the nature of the disorder was publicly acknowledged, and the necessary precautions adopted to prevent its extension. When the intelligence reached Naples, and the consequences that might result from the delay which had already taken place were anticipated, the consternation, as may easily be imagined, was universal, and deeply felt; but the energy of the measures employed by government, and the readiness and activity with which they were seconded by the Intendente of Bari, and the local authorities of the surrounding country, by degrees allayed the public agitation, especially when two months had elapsed, and no symptom of the disease had made its appearance in any other part of the kingdom. A triple cordon, marked by deep trenches and guarded by military, was drawn round the town, and its only gate furnished with artillery. In the mean time the ravages of the plague in the town itself continued, accelerated in part by the unwillingness of the inhabitants to submit to the interior preventive laws, the only means of impeding its progress, and by the obstinate incredulity which led them to deny the contagious quality of the malady; while nothing but evidence the most appalling could overcome their blindness. A number of persons having, in direct opposition to the existing regulations, met and celebrated the last

days of the Carnival with the usual demonstrations of convivial festivity, the consequences were fatal; for within the space of seven days forty-five out of the fifty who composed the assembly expired victims of the infection. Another similar instance of imprudence was exhibited by a woman, who at the festival of Easter arrayed herself in the holiday clothes belonging to one of the early sufferers, since whose death they had not been worn. She survived but a few hours this act of temerity. To enforce the rigid observation of the preventive laws on the cordon of troops established round the town, some terrific examples of discipline occurred during the existence of the disorder. A priest of Noja, instigated by insanity, malevolence, or infatuation, had been seen to throw a pack of cards to two of the soldiers on duty, who had not only received but used it: the three culprits were shot, in obedience to the existing decrees; and some time after another individual underwent the same punishment, for having wilfully secreted some goods, knowing them to be infected. It may seem a coincidence scarcely worth noticing, that the last, and the priest above mentioned, bore the same name, which was also that of the first person who died of the plague. A similar instance of severity was exemplified in an unfortunate person, who, while under the workings of delirium caused by the disease itself, leaped over the ditch which marked the line of the first cordon, and was shot dead by the sentry, who had in vain called upon him to desist.

It was on the 7th of June, 1816, that the last victim of this dire visitation perished, according to the report of the Committee of Health established at Noja; but several instances of death caused by complaints bearing some analogy to it, added to the time

requisite for purifications, demolitions, and other precautionary measures, retarded the final liberation of the inhabitants from the painful state of restriction imposed upon them. The last quarantine, considered unavoidable after the disappearance of all the symptoms of contagion, was protracted for the space of two months by the tedious recovery of three patients; so that it was not until the first of November of the same year that the natives of Noja were allowed a free intercourse with the rest of the kingdom.

The solemnity with which it was deemed expedient to perform the ceremonies that took place on this memorable occasion is recorded with some minuteness in a work published the following year, by a physician of Putignano, in the vicinity; and from this book, and the additional information given me by the Intendente of Bari, and the syndic of Noja itself, I have collected the preceding account.

The general commanding the troops whose exertions had been so beneficial was present, attended by his staff, and accompanied by the Intendente of the province, the vicar-general, and all the public functionaries of Bari. They received at the barrier, which was yet closed, the declaration, upon oath, of the Medical Corps and Board of Health, to attest the regularity observed in the course of the superadded quarantine. Afterwards the syndic and magistracy of Noja presented to the general the keys of the town, now about to resume the privileges granted by the laws of the realm, which for ten months had been suspended. The general, in reply, testified the king's approbation of their conduct; and, after declaring them free from all future interdiction, gave his hand to the principal magistrate, and entered the town,

preceded by the troops themselves, who had previously cut down the chevaux de frize forming the barrier. The civil powers joined the military, and, accompanied by the acclamations of the joyous multitude, hastened to the principal church, where a solemn thanksgiving was rendered to the Almighty, and a *Te Deum* sung. Afterwards, a ceremony as impressive but more mournful took place in the pest ground, where the same assemblage of persons, including the surviving population of the town, offered up a prayer for the souls of the unfortunate victims whose remains were there deposited. Thus ended a calamity, which had kept the whole kingdom in a state of anxiety and alarm for nearly a year.

The origin of it has never been satisfactorily ascertained, but was supposed to have been derived from some infected merchandize brought over in the summer of 1815, by two of the trading inhabitants of Noja, from the coast of Dalmatia, where the disorder was then raging. It was reported that soon after their return some very fine linen had been sold in the town at so low a price that it was suspected to have been smuggled; and one of these individuals, who was absent from Noja at the time the plague declared itself, stimulated by the wish of seeing his family, applied to the magistrate of Bari for permission to return thither. He was denounced, arrested, and underwent one interrogatory, which threw but little light on the business; before a second took place, a violent fever, attended with almost immediate frenzy, put an end to his existence in a very short time, so that to this day the real source of the evil remains unascertained; though another account attributed it to the secret importation of some hides, which had been deposited in the house of the person who was first attacked by it.

Prince Zurlo was kind enough to take me in his carriage as far as Capurso, a small town, of 1500 inhabitants, situated four miles on the high road from Bari to Taranto, at the spot where that to Noja branches off. Capurso is remarkable for nothing but a church and convent, celebrated for an image of the Madonna, which, having been found in an old well in 1705, is called Santa Maria del Pozzo, and attracts yearly a number of devotees.

Three short miles brought me to Noja, where, to my great surprise, and, I may add, consternation, I found the syndic and many of the principal inhabitants, together with apparently all the infantine part of the population, waiting my arrival, just outside of the gate, and I was accompanied by this numerous retinue as I visited the various parts of the town. This is composed of an ancient and modern division, separated by walls and ditches; the former called *Pagano*. The lowness of the houses, the contracted space afforded by their interior to a crowded population, and the narrowness of the tortuous lanes along which they are constructed, rendered this portion of the town, where the disease originally broke out, particularly favourable to its quick propagation; and as more than two-thirds of its occupiers had fallen a prey to it, the whole was now untenanted, the habitations having been unroofed at the time that the general purification took place; this consisted in repeatedly burning all suspected clothes, goods, and furniture, and in renewed ablutions and fumigations, followed by a scraping of the walls and universal white-washing: the last operation has given the whole an appearance of cleanly freshness, which, added to the healthy looks and Sunday vestments of the natives, struck me forcibly, as my

mind pictured to itself the calamitous scene exhibited within these walls two years before. The principal church, a handsome Gothic building, has alone, in its exterior, escaped the universal application of white-wash or plaster; but its interior decorations were all prudently sacrificed to the observance of the preventive regulations; more especially as the first victims of the disorder had been buried within its walls. The tombs of these ill-fated individuals are, with the altar, the only objects to catch the eye as it wanders over the empty space: they are raised from the pavement in square piles of masonry, each bearing the following inscription:

Sepolcro di Appestati.
Pena di morte a chi osa aprirlo.

A large convent, near the entrance of the town, was converted into a plague hospital, and divided into wards, according to the gradations of the disease. Its cloisters surround a small garden filled with orange trees, the first I had seen since I quitted Manfredonia: through a small door, opening from this inclosure into some cultivated fields, the dead were conveyed to the cemetery appropriated to their particular reception, distant about a hundred yards from the convent, and now encircled with high walls. Noja is only three miles from the Adriatic in a straight line, and its situation, somewhat elevated above the surrounding level, enabled me to catch a full view of its clear waters beyond the olive groves and well-cultivated belt of ground which environs the town. Again the same contrast that struck me on my first arrival forcibly presented itself to my mind. I was now standing in what might be termed the very sanctuary of the plague; the mementos

of its ravages were presented in the tombs around me, and appeared on the persons of many of the bystanders; the seamed scars which several of them bore were exhibited to me with a feeling of grateful exultance, as striking as these indelible records were frightful. Two years since these walls must have inclosed scenes imagination can scarcely picture, and the individuals who now accompanied me were then either suffering under the actual infliction of the disease, bewailing the loss of friends who had fallen under it, or employed in offices as disgusting as they were hazardous: the country was then uncultivated and unproductive, commerce was suspended, and social intercourse prohibited; although it is not a little remarkable that many marriages took place during the infection. But now the breath of contagion had ceased its influence, and all its accompanying gloom was dissipated. Gaiety and industry had resumed their course; the operation of the one was clearly displayed in the appearance of the natives, whose handsome persons were decently if not expensively attired; while the effects of the other were evident in the well-tilled fields, and carefully trimmed gardens, which surrounded me.

The most extraordinary circumstance in the history of this visitation is, that though Noja had been in constant communication with the adjoining towns and villages during a month after the plague broke out, none of these, including Rutigliano, only a mile distant, and Bari, with which the intercourse was daily, were infected. Many of the inhabitants, who had quitted the town on the first alarm, were traced, together with the goods they carried, some as far as Melito, only four miles from Naples, and others, in an opposite direction, beyond Taranto. They were immediately put into

quarantine, and there detained till all fears of infection had ceased. If all these circumstances are put together, and it be admitted that several individuals must have left the place and eluded discovery altogether, the preservation of the rest of the kingdom from this awful contagion may be considered as almost miraculous. It is to be observed that many of the natives even to this day cannot be induced to believe that the disease which proved so fatal to their fellow citizens was the plague.

From Noja to Mola di Bari is about seven miles, over a stony horsepath, winding through well-cultivated olive grounds. The only incident worth noticing that occurred during this ride was a rencontre with a man, whose musket and bayonet rendered him an object of suspicion to my escort, consisting, as usual, of two gensdarmes, who turned a deaf ear to his assurances that he carried the same for the mere security of some women on muleback, who soon after followed. To my interposition alone he owed the restoration of his arms; and my guards assured me that it was not unlikely such a person might have robbed me had I been alone, as, though there were no regular associated bands of brigands in the whole province, it was not uncommon for single travellers to be stopped; and, they added, that the mere labourers frequently exchanged their spade or pickaxe for a gun, which they sometimes had in readiness to use as occasion might require. I had heard of this being the case in Calabria, but in this instance was certainly inclined to think these suspicions exaggerated, if not groundless.

Mola di Bari was once a flourishing town of 13,000 inhabitants, but 11,000 of them were carried off by the plague, which raged at Conversano, Polignano, Monopoli, Modugno, and other

circumjacent places, in the year 1710; so the space of little more than a century has seen a repetition of the same scenes of desolation. Mola di Bari counts now only 6000, and, like Noja, consists of two separate portions; the oldest, which is surrounded by a wall and ditch, is fortified by a castle, now the seat of a telegraph; the modern division is well built, along the sea side, and has three little creeks for the small vessels which come there to load oil, cotton, and caroubas. The traces of an unfinished mole show that it was once considered a spot of some commercial importance. I lodged here at a gentleman's house, to whom Prince Zurlo had recommended me; and as the owner was in the country, his younger brother, who received me, was sufficiently unpractised in the usual mode of doing the honours to allow me to have my dinner immediately, and leave me the uninterrupted disposal of many hours of freedom. The house was very comfortable, and the bed-room adorned with a painting of considerable merit.

On the following day, May the 13th, I set off with a much larger escort than I expected or wished, as four civic guards, or Legionarii, as they are termed, were added to my two gensdarmes; and though they all agreed that their presence was only requisite to do me honour, and not service, I got nearly to Polignano before I could prevail upon them by entreaty, enforced by reward, to leave me. The sky was clouded and the air cool, and my ride through an open grove of olive and carouba trees, at a short distance from the sea, was enlivened by the changed appearance of the country on my right, which assumed a degree of elevation I had been unaccustomed to for some time. Several neat country houses, embosomed in verdure, appeared scattered on this gentle range of

hills. The road, consisting of a track obstructed by huge blocks of stone, rendered it to me quite incomprehensible how any vehicle could ever be made to proceed along its surface; and yet this is, in fact, the high road to Leece, the capital of the Terra d' Otranto.

At seven miles distance from Mola is the capacious convent of St. Vito, the opulence and hospitality of whose monks is so enlarged upon by the author of the *Voyage des deux Siciles*. The changes which have occurred since that work was published rendered it impossible for me to expect a similar reception, and I confined my admiration to its exterior appearance. This is highly picturesque and striking, as the building is very large, close to the sea, and surrounded by an extensive walled territory. Near it, a spring of excellent water, an invaluable treasure in a country like this, runs into a creek, that forms a small port for fishing or even trading vessels. The shore assumes a much more rocky aspect, and is frequently indented by small bays.

CHAPTER VII.

Polignano ... Fine Cave ... Surmise respecting the Apulian Neapolis ... Monopoli ... Scarcity of Snow ... Fasano ... Ancient Divisions of Apulia ... Oil Presses ... Ostuni ... Fantastic Notions respecting Malaria ... Celebrated Duel in 1664 ... Carovigno ... St. Vito ... Ancinancina ... Mesagne.

Polignano soon appeared, placed upon a steep and high cliff, with a small island opposite, and one hour brought me within its walls. Tempted by the mention Swinburne makes of a singular cave, of which the *Voyage Pittoresque* gives a very beautiful plate, I devoted all the time I delayed there to the examination of its interior. It is an immense cavity, hollowed by the hand of time and the equally unceasing attacks of the waves, in the rock on which the town is built, and the sea is admitted to it through two stupendous natural arches. Some steps, hewn in the stone, lead to a causeway, constructed considerably above the level of the water on the projecting masses of the limestone, forming the buttresses of one of these apertures; and which, being furnished with a stone ballustrade and seats, admits the traveller to a distinct inspection of the interior. It derives its principal beauties from the combinations or rather contrasts of light and shade cast on the rich colour of the impending vault, or reflected in the deepest recesses of the transparent semicircular pool of sea water below. Towards the north the eye catches the windings of a shore, which, without any

pretensions to a bold or picturesque outline, are sufficiently broken and diversified to add considerably to the beauties of this extended sea view.

Polignano contains from 4000 to 5000 inhabitants; and, like all the rest of the towns on this coast, exists by the oil trade. It is walled and turreted, and from all its approaches its aspect is striking; but the streets are narrow and irregular.

The Abbate Romanelli, repeating an hypothesis first advanced by Martorelli, that there existed two ancient cities of the name of *Neapolis*, endeavours to prove by several ingenious and well grounded arguments that Polignano is the representative of one of them; and that the *Arx Neapolitana*, mentioned by Polybius as in the occupation of Hannibal, must be looked for on this spot. He adds, that the variety presented by the ancient coins of Naples in their inscriptions, both in the Attic and Doric dialect, may be satisfactorily accounted for by the admission of a second colony of the same name founded by Dorians; and he strengthens his supposition by citing the discovery of several of these medals with the Doric legend at Polignano, as well as the probable derivation of that word from *Polis Nea*, an inversion of *Nea Polis*.

My day's journey terminated seven miles further, at Monopoli, a town by no means placed in so commanding a situation as Polignano, but in every other respect infinitely superior. It contains 13,000 souls, and is approached through a newly built suburb, of which the small but regular houses have each the pleasing addition of a neat garden. The environs are very pretty, and the two ports capable of containing vessels of considerable size; but the deepest of these is open to the fury of the north wind.

Sketched by the Hon. R. Craven. Engraved by Chas Heath

POLIGNANO.

IN THE TERRA DI BARI.

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Monopoli is an episcopal town. The cathedral contains a fine painting of St. Sebastian, by old Palma, and is a handsome building. The chapel of the Virgin, to whom the church is consecrated, is enriched with inlaid marble of all colours, and so much raised above the level of the aisles, that it acquires somewhat of a theatrical look from that circumstance, but the effect is perhaps more imposing, and the sanctuary assumes dignity in its elevation.

The house of the President Andreani, to whom I was recommended, was just within the town-gates, and saved me the perilous task of riding through the steepest and most slippery streets I ever traversed. The owner of the mansion was absent, but his son and brother received me; and though I might perhaps have objected to the number of guests invited to dine with me, their conversation was generally amusing, if not instructive; and in the evening I was agreeably surprised by a concert of instrumental and vocal music, executed by several amateurs, inhabitants of the place.

The weather, notwithstanding the welcome indications of rain which it had lately shown, continued fine, while great detriment was apprehended from the continued drought, not only to the grain, but in consequence of the probable scarcity of drinkable water, which is entirely supplied by cisterns. Another serious evil was impending over the whole province, in the exhaustion of the only reservoir of snow it possesses, which was placed at Le Noci, a town about sixteen miles inland. This magazine, at the time I passed, was not supposed to contain a supply for more than twenty days; and in a climate as hot as this, where the use of cold water amounts to a necessity, such a privation may be almost classed with that of the element itself.

It does not appear that Monopoli, notwithstanding its classic name, is of ancient foundation: it probably dates its origin from some settlers under the lower Greek empire. After quitting it, the road leaves the immediate sea-shore, and gradually approaching the range of hills whose first aspect had so attracted my notice, after a space of eight miles, leads to Fasano, a remarkably well-built town, of 6000 inhabitants, and the last belonging to the province of Bari in this direction.

This whole region was anciently called *Peucetia*, part of which district was distinguished by the name of *Paediculi*, containing the towns of Barium, Rhudia, and Egnatia, according to Pliny; who at the same time notices the singular origin of the latter appellation, which he ascribes to nine young men and as many virgins, who emigrated from Illyricum to these shores, and were the first stock, from which the succeeding generations sprung. It may be observed, that the modern divisions of this peninsula, though they have lost their ancient denominations, or in some instances exchanged them in a very unaccountable manner, have preserved nearly the same confines of territory. Thus we find Peucetia, now Terra di Bari, divided from Daunia, the present Capitanata, by the same river, the Aufidus, or Ofanto, which marked its former boundaries; while on the south it joins Messapia, or ancient Calabria, now Terra d' Otranto, at Egnatia.

The ancient geographers have invariably referred the names of these provinces to those of the real or imaginary heroes to whom tradition had attributed their first colonization; but Mazzocchi, heedless of the distinction which Strabo, Pliny, and others have constantly marked between Calabria and Peucetia, looks upon the

last as merely a Greek translation of the former name, and traces it back to the Chaldean *Calab*, signifying pitch or resin. The same etymology has been given to Brezia, but with more appearance of reason, as that tract of country abounds in the kind of tree which produces those substances, whereas not one of the sort is to be found on the surface of the entire Iapygian promontory.

I was under the necessity of halting at Fasano, though it was only ten o'clock; for while at Bari I had been introduced to one of the principal inhabitants of this place, who happened to discover me from his window, and assuring me that there was no accommodation to enable me to rest between Fasano and Ostuni, where I was to sleep, compelled me to accept of his hospitality, in the shape of a superabundant dinner. The preparations for this meal were sufficiently protracted to have allowed me ample time for visiting the ruins of Egnatia, about three miles distant, on the sea-shore, had I been aware of the delay, and allowed to follow my own inclination; but I was assured every ten minutes that the maccaroni would appear immediately, and the only recreation allowed me was a walk through the magnificent street which constitutes the town of Fasano. Most of the proprietors possess cassinos a little way up the hills, where they spend the summer and autumn, and their numerous gardens produce remarkably large, well-flavoured oranges.

I set off as soon as the unsatisfactory meal was over, and found a better road now that I had left the principal track. The way I followed was strewed with a light red earth, which, though not apparently very fertile, seemed certainly peculiarly favourable to the growth of olive and carouba trees: the stems of these were

the largest I had ever seen, but their height was by no means proportionate. The limestone rock continually breaks through the scanty soil in all parts, and the divisions of property are marked by unecmented walls of loose stones, along which a profusion of cistus in full bloom and dwarf lentisk was growing: the former of these plants emits an odour, of which the aromatic qualities are grateful when occasionally wafted to the sense by the passing breeze; but which becomes oppressively heavy and overcoming in the noontide sultriness of a still atmosphere. I had observed these plants ever since I quitted Bari, but had until now vainly watched for their usual companion, the myrtle, which this day appeared in great abundance.

Among the open groves wherein I journeyed, the frequent recurrence of oil-presses was remarkable, retaining in this country their Latin name of *trapeti*. The workmen employed in these low and almost subterranean fabries remain sometimes several months within their dark recesses, only occasionally emerging into daylight, when they exhibit the most extraordinary appearance, being smeared with black shining grease from head to foot. The dregs remaining at the bottom of these presses are usually thrown out in heaps, and in the course of time expand into a considerable surface of substance, over which it is hazardous to walk or ride, as it acquires the softness of a bog or swamp, into which it is easy to sink to a considerable depth. We often met long strings of mules laden with oil, oozing through the seams of the skins wherein it was confined, and announcing its approach at some distance by the odour it emitted.

My way ran parallel with the sea, between it and the ridge of

hills on which Ostuni, now and then appearing to my view, is situated. When about four miles from it, some heavy black clouds, which had for some time overhung our course, broke into violent torrents of rain, ushered in by a loud clap of thunder. This was hailed with joy by my followers, who at the same time directed my steps to a neighbouring cassino, where I might obtain shelter during its continuance. It belonged to the very person to whose care I was recommended at Ostuni, and who had left his wife and family here to be ready to receive me in the town. I waited but a short time before the storm abated, and continued my route over a road, paved for the purpose of making it more practicable for carriages, but thereby rendered almost impassable for horses. It did not improve on its ascent towards Ostuni, whose picturesque situation, on the brow of a steep hill, was entirely thrown away upon my attention, at that moment entirely absorbed in the difficulty of keeping my horse upon his legs.

A renewal of the deluge I had before experienced broke over my head just as I entered the city gates, and in its violence threatened destruction to the umbrellas carried by my expecting host, and the syndic and commandant, whom I found painfully wading in silk stockings through floods of mire to greet my arrival. We hurried through the streets, in a state of confusion little compatible with the dignity intended to characterize my reception, into this gentleman's hospitable mansion, where I was entertained in a style of magnificence far superior to any thing I had yet met with; as the owner, though a younger brother, possessed so large a portion of landed property in this district, that I was assured he had sold 80,000 ducats worth of oil the preceding year.

Having partaken of an abundant dinner at Fasano, I had not an opportunity of judging how far the splendour of this table was proportioned to that of the other departments of the household; but the various silver utensils that decorated my bed-room, and the number of servants who appeared in attendance, bespoke not only the possession of wealth, but the judicious application of it to the luxuries and comforts of life.

The inhabitants of Ostuni boast of the salubrity of the air, which its elevated position insures throughout every month in the year, an advantage the surrounding lowlands are far from sharing; for my host informed me that his family could not with safety remain much longer at the cassino, wherein I had found shelter that evening. In this instance the existence of malaria could not be attributed to marshy effluvia; but it is well known that it is frequently observable in the driest spots, where other causes, many of which can be considered but as problematical, are adduced to account for this phenomenon.

Apulia, with the exception of Manfredonia, Brindisi, and Otranto, is much less subject to it than the other provinces; for the bad air complained of at Foggia, Trani, and other places in flat situations, is not classed with the legitimate feverish malaria which infects the large plains surrounded by high mountains and traversed by considerable rivers, such as the Sele, the Tanagro, in the northern division, or the Casiento, the Crati, the Neto, the Lamato, and Metromo, at the southern extremity of the kingdom. Wherever water is furnished abundantly it must occasionally stagnate, and the superincrease of vegetation, produced by the powerful agency of humidity joined to extreme heat, is supposed to be as

productive of malaria as the effluvia of putrescent waters. The effects of these invariably assume the form of that fever so well known, and unfortunately so widely diffused over the south-east portion of Europe; but the inconveniences complained of by the natives of the above-mentioned towns, though infinitely less detrimental to the human constitution, take a much greater variety of shapes, and, I believe, are very often the mere result of excessive heat and want of ventilation; and these individuals, although they were not unwilling to admit the want of absolute perfection in the air they breathed, always quoted some neighbouring town as very inferior in that respect; for even the Manfredonians, while alluding to the pestiferous effects of the adjacent Sipontine marsh, seemed to pity their elevated neighbours of Monte St. Angelo, who were exposed to all the inconstancy and rigour of a mountain atmosphere. In the same way the Foggians, while gasping under the oppressive stillness of an air almost too thick to breathe, spoke with horror of the fogs or high winds which by turns assail Lucera. Even in the places most notorious for malaria the richer inhabitants are all disposed to think light of its effects, in confining its operation to a very short period of the year, or perhaps to one particular quarter of the town; at the same time the precautions they take against it are so numerous, and, to a native of our climate, so extraordinary, that I was always hesitating between excessive alarm or total incredulity. At this period of my journey the evil had not begun, as it is seldom supposed to exist before the month of June; yet in every house the windows and shutters were carefully closed half an hour before sunset, nor did I ever venture to transgress their injunctions in this respect

by opening them until, when left to myself, I had first locked my door. I am far, however, from recommending my example, nor am I presumptuous enough to treat the opinions of a whole nation with disregard: in this instance habit had rendered it a matter of necessity, if I wished to secure any sleep; and I own, that never having experienced any bad effects from it during a residence of two years at Naples, where it is as cautiously avoided as it might be in the Pomptine marshes, I was, during my journey, induced to persevere in it, where prudence might have suggested the contrary practice.

To leave this subject, which I may probably resume. I cannot find that Ostuni is noted for any particular event in remote or recent times, except a celebrated duel, which took place in the town about the year 1664, the details of which are so strongly indicative of the temper and manners of the times, that they may perhaps plead an excuse for their insertion.

The management of the sword, as an offensive and defensive weapon, was at that period not only considered as the most fashionable and manly accomplishment which a nobleman could possess, but was generally practised by all ranks of persons; for it is noted that even at a less remote era the fishermen of Taranto, after the daily labours imposed by the exercise of their profession, were wont to meet in the evening, and resort to the recreation of fencing. The barbarous custom of duelling, maintained in its full force by false notions of honour and prerogative, the inefficiency of the laws, and the errors of feudal institutions, contributed no doubt to ennoble this sanguinary art, and extend the prevalence of its exercise throughout the realm.

The Count of Conversano, called also Duke of Le Noci, of the family of Aquaviva; and the Prince of Francavilla, of that of Imperiali, were the two most powerful lords in lower Apulia: the former boasted of his ancient descent, his numerous titles, and his great domains, and numbered among his predecessors a succession of nobles whose tyrannical and violent disposition had designated them as a race dreaded by their inferiors, and hated by their equals. The Prince of Francavilla was of Genoese extraction, but his family had been settled in the kingdom from the time of Charles the Fifth, and he emulated the Count in pride, while he surpassed him in wealth. Their territories joined, and the constant litigations arising out of their inordinate but ill-defined jurisdictions were thereby superadded to the long list of mutual injuries recorded by both families. Their animosity broke out at Naples, on some trifling occasion, when they were each in their carriage, and after a long contest of words the Count of Conversano challenged the Prince of Francavilla to decide their difference by the sword; the latter declined this mode of combat, as ill suited to his age and infirmities, but consented to the duel if the arms might be exchanged for pistols. His antagonist, who was esteemed the best swordsman in the kingdom, insisted on his first proposal, and excited the Prince to accede to it by the application of several blows with the flat side of his weapon. An insult so grossly offered in the public streets authorised the existing government, carried on through the administration of a Viceroy, to suspend or check the consequences likely to arise by placing the aggressor under arrest for a time, and subsequently ordering them both to retire to their respective estates. But the feelings of unsatisfied

hatred in the one, and of insulted pride in the other, were not likely to be allayed by this exclusion from the world; and in a short time the Prince of Francavilla proposed a champion in his cause, in the person of his sister's only son, the Duke of Martina, of the house of Carraccioli. This young man was but just returned from his travels, and his education was not completed, so that although the Count of Conversano admitted, with a brutal anticipation of success, the substitution of this youthful adversary, it was agreed that a year more should elapse previous to the final termination of their differences, and the field of battle was fixed at Ostuni, the jurisdiction of which town had been previously claimed and disputed by both noblemen. The eyes of the whole kingdom were directed with anxious and fearful expectation towards this spot; but the wishes of the majority were entirely on the side of the Duke of Martina, whose youth, accomplishments, and amiable disposition called forth the interest of all ranks. His uncle, actuated more by the apprehensions of shame in the event of defeat, than by feelings of affection for his relative, endeavoured to insure success by the following stratagem: A gentleman, who had been some time, as was the custom in those days, a retainer in his family, left it abruptly one night, and sought the Count of Conversano's castle, into which he gained admission by a recital of injurious treatment and fictitious wrongs, heaped upon him by the tyrannical and arbitrary temper of the Prince of Francavilla. A complaint of this nature was always the passport to the Count's favour and good graces, and he not only admitted this gentleman to the full enjoyment of his princely hospitality, but having found that he was an experienced and dexterous swordsman, passed most

of his time in practising with him that art, which he soon hoped would insure the triumph he valued most on earth. A few days previous to that fixed for the duel, the guest, under pretence of paying a visit to his relatives, withdrew from the Count of Conversano's territories, and secretly returned to those of his employer; where he lost no time in communicating to his nephew all the peculiarities and advantages repeated experience had enabled him to remark in the Count's manner of fencing. The Duke of Martina was thereby taught that the only chance of success which he could look to, was by keeping on the defensive during the early part of the combat: he was instructed that his antagonist, though avowedly the most able manager of the sword in the kingdom, was extremely violent, and that if he could parry the thrusts made on the first attack, however formidable from superior skill and strength of wrist and arm, he might perhaps afterwards obtain success over an adversary, whose person, somewhat inclined to corpulency, would speedily become exhausted from the effects of his own impetuosity. The Duke of Martina, furnished with this salutary advice, and strong in the conviction of what he deemed a just cause, awaited in calm anxiety the day of battle; and the behaviour of the two combatants on the last morning strongly characterizes their different dispositions, as well as the manners and habits of the age they lived in. The Duke of Martina made his will, confessed himself, and took an affectionate leave of his mother, who retired to her oratory to pass in prayer the time her son devoted to the conflict; while the Count of Conversano ordered a sumptuous feast to be prepared, and invited his friends and retainers after the fight; he then carelessly bade his

wife farewell, and, brutally alluding to his adversary's youth and inexperience, remarked, *Vado a far un capretto**. They met at the place appointed: it was an open space before a monastery of friars at Ostuni; but these good fathers, by their intercession and prayers, prevailed upon the combatants to remove to another similar plot of ground, in front of the Capuchin convent, in the same town: here the bishop and clergy, carrying the Host in solemn procession, attempted in vain to dissuade them from their bloody purpose: they were dismissed with scorn, and the duel began. It was of long duration, and afforded the Duke an opportunity of availing himself of the counsels he had received: when he found the Count began to be out of breath, and off his guard, he assumed the offensive part, and having wounded him, demanded if he was satisfied, and proposed to desist from any further hostility; but, stung to the soul by this unexpected reverse, the Count refused all offers of accommodation, and by blind revenge and redoubled animosity soon lost all command of himself, and received a second wound, which terminated the contest, together with his life. It appears that the Prince of Francavilla, whose principles were as little honourable as those of his adversary, and whose thirst of revenge was no less insatiable, had appointed a band of assassins to waylay and murder him on his way home, had he returned victorious from the conflict.

Carovigno is supposed to be the ancient Carbina, a town only known by the mention which Athenæus makes of it, on the authority of the historian Clearchus; according to whom, the

* I am going to kill a kid, or rather to *make* a kid.

Tarentines, after taking and destroying it, subjected the captive inhabitants, of all ages and sexes, to indignities which drew down divine vengeance on the merciless perpetrators; whose names, engraved on stones, and placed before their habitations, were transmitted, with the remembrance of their enormities, to the execration of posterity.

The present town is about four miles distant from Ostuni, and the way runs, as usual, through olive groves; among which, for the first time, I perceived some good sized oaks. The road is bad, especially in the town itself, and I experienced for the first time something like a sensation of regret at having undertaken a journey accompanied with so little facility, and fraught with continual annoyance, for the steep descent became more perilous by the obstruction of the loosened stones which should have formed the pavement, and the holes they had occupied, now filled with the rain of the preceding evening. It, however, at length brought me down into a plain covered with corn, but destitute of trees, forcibly recalling to my recollection the flats of Capitanata.

S. Vito is a long, mean-looking village, through which the road, now much improved, conducted me towards Mesagne, situated about eight miles further in the level flat.

This was a most uninteresting day's journey, as the only object which at all caught my attention was the singular mode of travelling practised in this country, and of which, indeed, I had during the two preceding days seen previous specimens. It is called *ancinancina*, and merely consists in two persons on the same horse or mule, sitting with their faces looking the same way, but on the different sides of the animal, with their legs dangling by his

neck: a large flat cushion, secured in a kind of frame, is fastened on to the saddle, and protrudes considerably to the right and left from their double-seat. The novelty of the position has something ludicrous in its first aspect, but I am assured that it is by no means an uneasy method of conveyance, especially when there is a board slung below for the feet to rest upon. The great art of rendering it commodious to the two travellers consists in maintaining their equipoize, and much also depends on the strength and surefootedness of the beast. It is evidently much easier for a woman than a pillion, or even a side-saddle, and is consequently principally used by females.

Mesagne has nothing very remarkable but a capacious mansion, belonging to the Francavilla family, wherein, through the provident kindness of my friend General Church, who commanded the military division in the Terra d' Otranto, I found a most excellent lodging, and was received most hospitably by a gentleman of the town, who has the care of this estate, and superintends the management of the interests of its owner.

Four small turrets, each placed at the corner of an immense square tower, from which an arched terrace branched out to join the opposite flank of the building, gave a singularly picturesque appearance to this palace; and I found in the interior numerous suites of lofty rooms, handsomely painted in fresco, and every thing, except furniture, denoting the residence of an opulent and powerful family. A respectable old servant belonging to it waited upon me with the greatest attention, and incessantly apologised for the want of conveniences suited to so noble an abode. From the top of the great tower the eye catches a view of the sea near

Brindisi, about eight miles distant, and an immediate one of the old town of Mesagne, walled and turreted, as well as of the new and larger portion, lying more contiguous. The whole contains about 10,000 souls, and traffics in oil and grain. A considerable belt of olive trees, and some vineyards surround it. The ancient name of this place was Messapia: and the town as well as the whole country bore the same appellation.

On the 16th a journey of twenty-four miles brought me to Lecce, the capital of this district, which was to be a place of some days' repose to me. The road, or rather path, as I found generally to be the case in a flat country, was good, and passed through the villages of Cellino and Squinzano, at which last I stopped for an hour to bait. The waste land, of which there appeared frequent and extensive tracts, was abundantly productive in all the wild aromatic shrubs of the south, such as mastic, cistus, and myrtles, interspersed with wild olives and vines. Large portions of corn-land, and an equal proportion of olive-grounds, diversified the scene; these, however, cease to show themselves in the vicinity of the town of Lecce, which may be said to be surrounded on all sides by a desert of stones, among which a few cassinos and churches, falling to ruin, are occasionally seen. Nothing can be more dreary than such an approach; and the square pits, from which the materials for constructing the town have been cut and extracted, give the whole the appearance of an immense quarry.

CHAPTER VIII.

City of Lecce ... Anciently Lycia and Lupiæ ... Bad Style of Architecture ... Climate ... Excursion in Terra d' Otranto ... Nardo ... Antonio Galateo ... Gallipoli ... Oil Tanks ... Summit of the Apennines ... Maglie ... Otranto ... Capo di Leuca ... Return to Lecce ... Brindisi ... Its Port ... Castle ... Ancient Fountain ... Antique Column.

Lecce is walled, and the principal gate, through which I entered, is very magnificent, though in a strange overloaded style of architecture. After passing the guard stationed there, I was struck with the deserted appearance of the streets, and this first impression became painful and almost alarming when I continued my progress for a considerable time without seeing one single human being. The gensdarmes who accompanied me were not acquainted with the general's house where I was directed to stop, and it appeared probable that I might have wandered still longer among these seemingly uninhabited walls without a chance of gaining information, had not a sentinel, placed at the door of one of the public buildings, furnished me with it.

Lecce is supposed to stand on the site of the ancient *Lycia*, *Lycium*, or *Lycum*, which names were corrupted, or rather translated into *Lupia*, or *Lupiæ*, by the Romans, and as such mentioned by Pausanias; who adds, that it had formerly been called *Sybaris*. Mazzocchi, as usual, gives to all these an oriental derivation, by

affirming that *zeb*, wolf, and *bar*, grove, in Hebrew, were frequently conjoined; and says, that the Greeks only added the final syllable, making it *Sybaris*, from which the translation to *Lycium* in Greek, or *Lupiæ* in Latin, is most naturally to be deduced. This supposition, more ingenious than well founded, is however of no consequence as to the identity of the ancient with the present town, which is undisputed: but it may appear singular that the primitive Greek word should in later days have prevailed over the then existing Latin one; for, in an inscription commemorating the foundation of the cathedral in 1114, and quoted by Ughelli, it is termed *Lycium*, nearly agreeing with its present denomination.

It is recorded as one of the early fiefs granted by the Norman kings. Tancred, the last male sovereign of that dynasty, was Count of Lecce in right of his mother; and though deprived of the crown, his descendants by the female line preserved it as their natural inheritance for a long series of years. Guido of Ravenna has left an ample description of the ruins of Lecce, as existing in the ninth century: they consisted of a theatre, and several other vestiges of antiquity; and he adds, that the city of *Rugæ* is very near them. This last had succeeded to *Rhudiæ*, celebrated as the birth-place of the poet Q. Ennius; and a subterranean communication was supposed to extend from the one to the other: at present no remains are visible on either spot, except some fictile vases, which are sometimes dug up.

The circumference of the present town of Lecce at least equals that of Foggia; its houses are infinitely larger; and it is even supposed that it would commodiously admit a population of 30,000 souls, whereas the present amounts to no more than 14,000.

The centre of the city alone is occupied by artisans, whose avocations are likely to give an air of life and animation to the district they inhabit; but all the rest exhibits more or less the same desolate appearance which had so struck me on my entrance, and which just then, the hour of dinner, contributed to increase. Not unfrequently during my subsequent stay I have found myself at other times of the day the only person walking in one of the most considerable streets.

The facility with which the stone of the country is worked has proved of great advantage to the architectural embellishments of Lecce; but it has also afforded a fatal facility of propagating the extravagant and almost incredible bad taste exemplified in every building of consequence. Their magnitude alone is imposing to the spectator, while their innumerable absurdities disgust him. Among these edifices the churches are pre-eminent: they exhibit all the grotesque barbarity of the Gothic, without any of its spiry lightness; and their interior decorations, though by no means in the same style, are not likely to make up for these defects. The inside of the cathedral, dedicated to St. Oronzio, the patron of the city, is simple and unoffending. A few inlaid marbles, and some indifferent paintings, constitute its only ornaments. The ceiling is of brown carved wood, richly gilt; and it has, though perhaps not strictly adapted to a place of public worship, a handsome effect.

In the principal square is an antique column, brought from Brindisi, of which I shall hereafter speak: it supports the statue of the protecting saint, and near its base is a fountain, without water, adorned by a small equestrian statue of one of the sovereigns.

The city is fortified by a wall and towers, in bad condition, above a deep ditch; and possesses, moreover, a castle or citadel. It comprises the usual appendages of a metropolis, a seminary, tribunal, and theatre; and adds to these a large manufactory of tobacco, the produce of which, as snuff, is highly esteemed throughout the kingdom. The inhabitants are mostly in easy circumstances, and renowned for their courteous, polished manners. The climate is reckoned oppressively hot during the summer, and the porous quality of the material of which the town is built is supposed to absorb the damp during the morning only to emit it again at sunset, to the great prejudice of the health of the natives. To this circumstance, which I am far from asserting as a fact, is attributed a peculiarity in the atmosphere, of which I was certainly so far persuaded as to feel a most overcoming heat during the early part of the day, and a sharp cold air in the evening. The common disorder of the country, to which strangers are more particularly subject, is an intense catarrh or cold, known by the name of *costipo*, which is frequently attended by serious fever, and often turns to internal inflammation.

My stay at Lecce was protracted to nearly a week, a much longer period than I wished to have bestowed on it, but which the friendly hospitality of General Church, and the visit of the captain-general of the Neapolitan forces, which was, in fact, the principal cause of delay, induced me not to look upon as thrown away idly. The offer made to me by the last of these distinguished personages to accompany him on a short excursion which he made in the Terra d' Otranto, afforded me advantages that I never could have enjoyed under any other circumstances, and

I gratefully availed myself of this fresh instance of a kindness of which I had received many previous proofs.

I left my horses and servants, and on the 21st of May followed the captain-general in a four-wheeled carriage with his aid-de-camp. If I travelled more expeditiously than I had hitherto done, I cannot say that I thought the mode of conveyance more commodious; for large strata of rocks, worn into deep ruts, frequently intersected the sandy track which serves as a road, and these, added to the loose stones fallen from the bordering walls, rendered our progress most uneasy; and I cannot understand how the vehicles conveying the whole train could withstand the shocks they received. The face of the country varies little from that I had already traversed. The road runs through the village of S. Pietro in Lamis, and brought us to Nardo, a substantial well-built borough, about fifteen miles from Lecce. It is the ancient Neritum, a city of the Salentines, of some renown in classic days, and which preserved claims to celebrity even at a less remote period, if we may credit Antonio Galateo, who was a native of Galatone, a small town in the neighbourhood; and who, being educated at Nardo, describes it as famous for the professors which it then produced, and the estimation in which it was held as a seminary of learning.

This writer was physician to Alfonso of Aragon, and wrote a Latin account of his own country, bearing for title, *De situ Iapygiæ:* the work displays considerable erudition and elegance of style, though strongly tinctured with the inflated taste and popular errors of the age he lived in. Among these he mentions the appearance of airy phantoms in the territory of Nardo, Conversano, and Manduria, which phenomenon he attributes to the same phy-

sical causes that produced a visionary fleet of immense magnitude, which sailed along the line of coast from Mt. Garganus to Otranto, and filled the natives with alarm.

To return to Nardo. It appears a flourishing place, of 6000 inhabitants, almost all attracted by the arrival of so distinguished a character as the captain-general, who entered the town amidst the discharge of pateraroes. It being the feast of Corpus Domini, he stopped to assist at the celebration of mass, and partook of a cold collation; but the shortness of his stay barely allowed me to take a transient sketch of a remarkably elegant small circular building, placed opposite the town-gate. I was informed that it bears the name of *Samo*, a satisfactory derivation of which, I could never obtain, and that it was a consecrated edifice, the object of a religious procession on Palm Sunday.

After a halt of little more than an hour, we quitted the neat houses and well-paved streets of Nardo, to resume a rugged road, which gently ascends till within three miles of Gallipoli, when the town itself, rising out of the gulf of Taranto, and the large village of *i Pisciotti*, placed to the left on the same hill on which we stood, broke upon our sight in the most picturesque manner. The way down to the beach was nearly as bad as the road through Carovigno, but we got safe to the bridge connecting the town with the mainland: near it there is a spring of excellent fresh water; and soon after we alighted at the house of one of the principal inhabitants, where a sumptuous dinner was already prepared.

A delay, occasioned by the want of horses, and the final necessity of proceeding with those already worn out, had retarded the arrival of my companion and myself for an hour after that of

the captain-general, by which we were deprived of the advantage of visiting the principal curiosities of the town, its port, and fortifications. It is singularly situated, on an insulated rock, the port being formed by the extremity of the town itself on one side, and a low island on the other. It is the most frequented of all those on this coast, and considered as the great depot for the oil of Apulia, almost all of which is embarked here. I shall not pretend to decide whether in ancient times it was called *Callipolis*, as founded by Greeks, or *Gallipolis*, as constructed by the Galli Senones; but it is certain that it was considerable in those days, and that its local advantages must ever have rendered it a place of some note. At present it contains 13,000 inhabitants, is well built, and displays an air of great industry, if not affluence.

Before we departed we were shown one of the capacious cisterns in which the oil is deposited until the moment of embarkation: these are numerous, and mostly hewn in the limestone stratum on which the whole town is built. They scarcely differ from a common water tank, except in the nature of the cement with which they are lined, in the composition of which I was told that the lees of the oil itself formed a principal ingredient. In these reservoirs the liquor will not only keep sweet and cool for a considerable time, but even improve in clearness and flavour: it is drawn out in buckets when about to be transfused into skins or barrels for exportation.

The immediate shores of the sea which surround Gallipoli are destitute of trees, but our road inland, which we resumed immediately after dinner, was soon enlivened by the appearance of several country houses, belonging to the territory of the above-

mentioned village of *i Pisciotti*, whose regular buildings and picturesque church crown the hill rising above these cassinos, and from all sides form distinctive features in the landscape. I observed with satisfaction that most of the small gardens attached to these habitations, the summer abodes of the Gallipolitans, were laid out in a style which reminded me of those so often seen round English ornamented cottages; at the same time the form of the flat-roofed edifices, and the nature of the vegetation which adorned them, bore the character peculiar to a southern latitude. Well-trimmed rows of myrtle led to the vine-covered porch; and innumerable palm trees, the finest I had seen in Italy, rose above an horizon of verdure, produced by a profusion of plants which will scarcely live out of a hothouse in our climate.

Proceeding eastward, we found ourselves at sunset on one of the highest brows of a diminished branch of hills which intersects this peninsula, and I was pompously reminded that I stood on the summit of the Apennines, and from thence could obtain a view of the two seas. This prospect is reckoned wonderful in so flat a country, and the number of towns and villages included within its range adds, no doubt, to its celebrity, but the approaching darkness in which we travelled for the next three hours, left me at a loss to judge of the nature of the country we went through; the only observations within my reach being confined to the increased height of the trees, which I afterwards learnt to be oaks, poplars, and walnuts, and the continued badness of the road.

We stopped, at eleven o'clock, at a large village called Maglie, and alighted at the house of the Duke of Taurisano, eldest brother of my host of Ostuni, and the head of the family. Here we found

a most magnificent mansion in point of size, and all the preparations due to the rank of the exalted personage whom I had the honour of accompanying. We sat down to the fourth meal of the day, and after sleeping in damask beds, and eating a breakfast served on silver plate, we left Maglie the following day.

At a short distance from this place exist the ruins of the town of Muro, the ancient Sarmadium, consisting of large walls constructed without mortar or cement. I regretted that my present mode of travelling disabled me from visiting them; but they are minutely described in the *Voyage Pittoresque*.

The face of the ground was a little more uneven as we drew near Otranto, which is about eight miles from Maglie, and the approach to it down a steep descent, shaded by a variety of luxuriant shrubs, and remarkable for a quantity of caves cut in the bordering rock, is very striking. The town itself, containing only 1600 inhabitants, is wretched: its situation is one of the best adapted to a sea-port, and nature has pointed out the slender addition requisite to make it a safe one. It stands in the centre of a small bay, the extremities of which only want a little more extension to render the space within a secure harbour; as it is, the vessels which anchor on either side are exposed to the effects of the opposite breezes. The entrance to the town is from the north, and the road crosses the Idro, which here discharges its sluggish waters into the bay; these, though they scarcely deserve the name of a stream, contribute no doubt to the malaria which infects Otranto. The author of the *Voyage Pittoresque* says that they are drawn off above the town, to serve the purpose of irrigating the numerous garden grounds surrounding it.

Sketched by the Hon K.Craven.

Engraved by Chs Heath

CASTLE OF OTRANTO.

London. Published April 1811. by Rodwell & Martin, New Bond Street

The castle of Otranto, a name calculated to awaken feelings of pleasing recollection in an English mind, is far from realizing the expectations created by the perusal of the celebrated romance bearing the same appellation. It is now, what it ever was, the citadel of this town, a fort of no considerable extent or power, but not entirely deficient in picturesque beauty, especially on the land side. Two large circular towers, features always observable in the fortresses built by Charles the Fifth, rise from the rich foliage of the trees which fill the town ditch, and among which a very high palm is eminently conspicuous. On the opposite wall a drapery of interwoven creepers exhibits a fine contrast to the colour of the stone of which the edifice is constructed. From its summit the view is extensive, but bare of objects, especially to the south, where a ruined church of St. Nicholas occupies the site of an ancient temple of Minerva, and forms the only feature in the landscape. The wind blew strong from the north, and cast a haze on the distant horizon: when that is not the case, the mountains of Epirus on the opposite coast are distinctly seen.

Several green marble columns, taken from the above-mentioned temple, form the principal ornaments of the cathedral. Their polish is entirely effaced by time, and the taste which adapted stone and stucco capitals to them, has added little towards the restoration of their beauty. This church is very ancient, and its pavement, consisting of the rude mosaic of the lower ages, is remarkable: it represents a variety of animals, chiefly monkeys, sitting on branches of trees, which by twining within each other form a kind of scroll pattern, interwoven with coarse inscriptions, which I was not allowed time to decipher: they appeared to

be in the bad Latin of those days. In a chapel are preserved the bones of 700 of the natives of this town, massacred by the Turks, in a descent they made in the year 1480. A superstitious tradition ascribes the subsequent collecting of these to a dream of one of the inhabitants, and they were deposited in grated closets, as records of the ferocity of the infidels: through the glass-doors which inclose them many a mouldering lock of hair, and occasionally an eyelash, is seen still attached to the whitened skull.

In the action gained afterwards by the Neapolitans over these barbarians, and which drove them from the occupation of Otranto, Giulio Antonio Aquaviva, who commanded the former troops, was killed, and his head cut off before he fell from his charger. The cotemporary authors affirm that the first intelligence of this event was made known at Sternatia, from whence he had that morning rode to the field of battle, by the appearance of the horse bearing the headless trunk of his master, which was there buried, with a commemorative inscription. It was to this same nobleman and his descendants, the present Dukes of Atri, that King Ferdinand had granted the singular privilege of assuming the arms and name of Aragon, which they have ever since retained.

Eight miles to the south of Otranto, on the sea-shore, is the little town of Castro, supposed to have been the ancient Castra Minervæ, and the spot alluded to by Virgil in the lines,

. . . . . Portusque patescit
Jam proprior, templumque apparet in arce Minervæ.

Some ruins are said to exist, and prove the identity of the situations. From thence I might have followed the coast to its very

extremity, which has retained its ancient name of Leuca, though sometimes called *Capo di Santa Maria in finibus Terræ*, from a convent placed on this point of the Salentine promontory. The road back towards Lecce was depicted as one continued succession of gardens, vineyards, towns, and flourishing villages, peopled by the richest as well as the most polished, industrious, and hospitable race in the whole province; but my existing engagements compelled me to rest contented with this description, and some specimens of different qualities of wine made in that district, which in flavour, strength, and body approached to the best Spanish and Sicilian.

The little bay of Otranto is bordered by cliffs of no great elevation, but moulded into fantastic shapes by the hand of nature, and adorned by patches of rich vegetation. These, and the white buildings scattered about, give the whole a most pleasing appearance, and reminded me forcibly of several spots in Greece, both in their character and the clearness of atmosphere.

After a hasty dinner, we quitted Otranto to return to Lecce. The first part of our road lay over an open heath, from which we saw, on our right, a little to the north of Otranto, a considerable lake, parallel, and communicating with the sea: this is known in the country by its ancient name of *Limene* or *Limni*, and abounds with excellent fish. After this we entered some woodlands, and passing the village of Carpignano, changed horses at Martano. The last, as well as Calimera, another village nearer Lecce, is inhabited by a population descended from Greeks or Albanians, who retain their original language, but have lost every other trace of their ancestors, except perhaps a peculiar mode of

tying their handkerchiefs round their heads, still adhered to by the women, who preserve a striking regularity of feature and beauty of complexion. These colonies, which are traced to the emigration of the Epirote clans, in the time of Scanderbeg, are often to be met with in this as well as most other provinces of the realm, and I shall probably have occasion to notice them again. A gentleman of this country, however, who had studied their history, assured me that some of them had left their native soil as early as the ninth century.

Three miles eastward from Lecce is Cavallino, which, like all the above-mentioned villages, boasts of a handsome church, capacious well-built houses, and a broad paved street. These appendages to every small inland town in this district cast an uniformity of character on their aspect, which is pleasing at first, though somewhat monotonous. But where nature has been so sparing of her gifts, these artificial substitutes, bespeaking the existence of a certain degree of affluence and industry in those who raise them, serve to show that the efforts of man are exerted with redoubled energy in the absence of more desirable natural advantages.

On the 24th of May I took leave of my generous host and friend, and quitted Lecce for Brindisi, taking Squinzano in my way there, as I had done when I came from Mesagne, and passing afterwards through S. Pietro in Vernotico, a large village, supposed to be the ancient Balesium or Valetium, mentioned by Pliny and Pomponius Mela, and marked in the Hierosolomytan Itinerary between Lupiæ and Brundusium. Antonio Galateo mentions the ruins of this place; and adds, that it was divided by a torrent,

Pliny places a river Pactius in the vicinity, and the same appears in the Peutingerian tables, changed into Pastium, and falling into the sea at Brundusium. Pliny also notes two other rivers in Apulia, the Aveldius and Iapyx. If the latter ever did exist, they have disappeared with the Pactius in the succession of earthquakes which have agitated this peninsula.

From S. Pietro to within two miles of Brindisi, I rode over an immense flat, entirely devoid of trees, but abundantly productive of the aromatic plants, which take the place of the heather of our northern climes, and spring out of the dry sand. The only living objects I beheld were several large black snakes, four of which crossed my path in less than an hour. A few patches of corn-land announce the proximity of the town, and the fort soon after shows itself, rising from the waves sometime before the other buildings are visible. A nearer approach exhibited some well cultivated gardens and vineyards, and amongst them a clump of healthy young oaks was particularly conspicuous. The entrance to the town on this side is over a bridge, crossing a narrow arm of the sea, extending from the southern extremity of the port, and which is immediately succeeded by the town-gate. On the right I observed the portal of a Gothic church, of a design so rich, and execution so perfect, as to excite the deepest regret for the destruction of the edifice to which it gave entrance. The town is composed of low, melancholy looking houses, and the want of repair may make the traveller wish the streets had been left without the accommodation of the present dislocated pavement.

Brindisi, from the recollections which it creates, and the vestiges it still preserves of its former importance, is at first an interesting spot; but imagination must be on the alert to keep up this illusion, or the residence of a few hours will be more than sufficient to destroy it. The port, for which it was so celebrated in ancient times, is minutely described in the accounts transmitted to us by Strabo and other authors, and still retains its ancient boundaries, as well as the peculiar shape which gave the city its name. Its depth, capaciousness, and security, remain unaltered; but the shallowness of the entrances render these advantages useless. In the time of the Romans a single entrance existed, but that was sufficient to admit the largest vessels used in those days. Julius Cæsar endeavoured to fill this up, and thereby prevent the escape of Pompey and his army, besieged at that period by him in Brundusium; and his efforts, though they did not effect that particular purpose, proved so detrimental to the channel that it became almost impracticable to navigation, and began its ruin, which the lapse of revolving ages has completed. In the year 1776 a new entrance was cut from the town to the sea, and the straight line was observed, to avoid the evils which the oblique direction of the ancient access was supposed to have occasioned. But it is probable that by opening the mouth of this channel to the immediate heavy swell impelled by the easterly wind, the intention was completely frustrated. The work was concluded in the space of two years, but neither the liberality which promoted the undertaking, the ability of the engineer who planned it, nor the attention bestowed on its execution, could secure it against the accumulation of mud

or sand which the force of the waves raised in a very few years, and which renders this magnificent harbour inaccessible to any but vessels of inferior tonnage. It was expected that a freer admixture of the waters of the open sea with those of the port might also have destroyed, or at least mitigated the noxious exhalations, which, together with the decrease of commerce, are supposed to have contributed to depopulate the town; but this hope was likewise frustrated from the same cause, and the present number of inhabitants does not exceed 6000. As usual, the natives unwillingly admit the insalubrity of the air, and pretend to limit its baneful operations to the first and last hours of darkness. The local position of the town, and its surrounding territory encircled by a belt of stagnant waters, are, however, but too conducive to the evil for which it is proverbial in the province; but these, as at Manfredonia, are no check to the beauty and brilliant complexions of the women, which are very remarkable.

The two extremities of the inner port, which bears the shape of an half-oval, receive, or rather are united to, the waters of two narrow rivulets, in their turn mingling with each other behind the town on the land side. This was the description given of them to me, but as I could discover no name or source to these pretended rivers, and trace no current in their bed, I may be forgiven for supposing them the works of art, cut at some remote period, with a view of rendering the city more defensible in that quarter, and supplied by the draining from the neighbouring heights, the overflowings of the harbour, and the heavy rains that form the torrents during the winter months.

The castle, one of the most beautiful structures of the kind I ever saw, is placed about half a mile from the town, between it and the bridge over the nameless stream, which terminates the north-west arm of the port. Its waters, which are here the deepest, bathe the foundations of the immense round towers that flank this edifice, also defended on the land side by a deep ditch, communicating with others that surround the town. A projecting tongue of land, richly cultivated, and enlivened by several small villas, divides the harbour from the open sea; the high ridge that extends between the fortress and the bridge is covered with trees and gardens; and the view of the majestic castle, emerging from these groves, and with them reflected in the still surface of an immense sheet of water, with the addition of the buildings of Brindisi itself in the distance, forms one of the most impressive pictures I ever beheld. Frederic the Second was the founder of this castle, once the citadel of the town, and Charles the Fifth added to and terminated its outworks. It is now used as a prison for malefactors: I heard one hundred and eighty of these wretches clanging their irons in time to the most discordant melodies that ever struck the human ear, the melancholy monotony of which was only broken by vehement appeals to the charity of the stranger, the sound of whose footsteps was rarely heard, while his person was never visible to them. The view from the top, over so flat a country, is of course extensive, but in no other respect interesting.

Between the castle and this end of the port, close to the road side, is a fountain, said to be of Roman construction, with a niche

Sketched by the Hon. R. Craven.

Engraved by Chas Heath

CASTLE OF BRINDISI.

IN THE TERRA D'OTRANTO

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on each side, from which two slender rills of very good water flow into a larger reservoir, now so filled with earth and stones that the ground beneath is converted into a mud pool, almost preventing a near inspection; I, however, effected it by means of some large stones, in order to observe, at the request of my Cicerone, the difference of taste which exists between the two supplies, and which proves them to be derived from separate sources. I own my palate could not discover this distinction; but, as in several other instances, I yielded acquiescence, to prevent the further exertion of those powers of persuasion familiar to the recollection of most travellers. I have since been told that this monument, if so it can be called, claims some interest, as bearing on its ruined and shapeless surface the several names, of the Roman by whom it was constructed, of King Tancred the Norman, who afterwards repaired, and of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who finally enlarged and embellished it. The latter is certainly visible, as well as his coat of arms and spread eagle; but I was not fortunate enough to see any traces of the former inscriptions. A fountain, even in this state, is always an agreeable object, and its effect in Apulia was more than usually so; but in consequence of the distance from the town it is not much used by the natives, who have two within their walls: the water, however, of both the latter, as well as that of a large square well, said to have been fabricated by order of Trajan, is brackish, but they are probably supplied from the same sources, and the rain water afforded by the cisterns is consequently preferred for drinking. Pliny says, *Brundusii in portu fons; incorruptas præbet aquas navigantibus.* Pratilli, the military engineer, charged with the

restoration of the port in 1776, thought he had found this in a well of Roman construction, which is probably that attributed to Trajan; but the fountain above mentioned agrees better with the naturalist's description.

The most considerable remnant of antiquity at Brindisi is a marble column, nearly fifty feet high, including its pedestal and capital: the angles of this last are fantastically composed of a cluster of heads of marine divinities, while the centre of each front exhibits the different faces of Mars, Pallas, Neptune, and Jupiter. The peculiarity of these ornaments has led antiquaries to suspect that it might have been erected for the purpose of a *pharos*, or lighthouse, to direct the course of ships at sea, and that the fire or lights were contained in a circular marble vase, which it still supports: but as there were two of these columns, Swinburne and Riedesel have imagined that the fire was placed on both, or suspended between them. Pigonati thinks they marked the termination of the Roman roads, several of which led to this celebrated port; while the Abbe Chaupy looks upon them as merely ornaments to the forum. It must be recollected, that as guides to mariners in the night-time they could be of little service, as they face the modern, and not the ancient entrance into the harbour; and, being placed very near the water's edge, could not be seen at any great distance.

The pedestal and base of the accompanying pillar are still existing in their ancient position, but the remainder of it fell to the ground, without any apparent cause, in the year 1528, and there remained until 1663, when it was determined the fragments should be conveyed to Lecce, and re-erected, for the purpose of

supporting a statue of St. Oronzio; to whose protection and interference the preservation of the province from the contagion of the plague, which infected the rest of the kingdom, was particularly ascribed. The removal was tedious, and so ill managed that the heads forming the capital were cut off, to render it more portable, and their places clumsily supplied with plaster representations of other deities, the whole work not being completed until the year 1684.

This place has obtained a mournful claim upon the notice of every Englishman, through the death of Captain Taylor, brother of Sir Herbert. He was drowned during the last war, by his boat being swamped near the Petagne, in its passage from the port to the Apollo frigate, which he commanded, and which was then lying outside of the harbour. The gentleman in whose house I lodged passed three successive days in endeavouring to recover the body of this lamented individual, whose professional talent was no less estimated by his fellow officers, than his loss was felt by those who served under him in a more subordinate capacity. I am given to understand that he secured the grateful recollection of his crew by never having recourse to the punishment of flogging, while the discipline and good order of his ship remained unquestioned.

CHAPTER IX.

Citadel of Brindisi ... Nuns of Santa Maria degli Angeli ... Singular Infatuation ... Mesagne ... Oria ... Manduria ... Well, mentioned by Pliny ... Ancient Walls ... Sava ... Approach to Taranto ... Mare Piccolo.

Brindisi possesses an exterior port, which, though far from secure in all winds, is nevertheless spacious, and affords good anchorage to the largest ships: it is formed on the north side by an extended ridge of low rocks, at the end of which stands a fort on an island, which serves as the lighthouse, citadel, and telegraphic station. A cluster of small rocky islands, called *le Petagne*, break the fury of the wind and waves on the opposite side, and the channel between these and the castle is so wide that it leaves the greatest portion of this outward bay exposed to a heavy swell when the breeze is easterly. The water is very deep just under the walls of the fort, but not equally so in all the breadth of this channel, which renders an experienced pilot a matter of necessity to ships coming in.

The oldest part of the fortress was built by Alfonso of Aragon, subsequently enlarged by Charles the Fifth, and again by a Spanish governor in 1614. It is in good repair, and, though not extensive, is furnished with every requisite for the purpose of prolonged resistance, among which are some magnificent cisterns. In time of war it mounted thirty-two pieces of artillery, though capable of

receiving many more, but at present every thing belonging to these is stowed in some large dry magazines, except the cannons themselves, which I could not perceive. The fort has a small garrison of eighteen men, assisted by ten galley-slaves; the extremity of the island on which it stands is cut off from the remainder by a ditch and drawbridge, and this last portion was formerly used as a lazaretto, to which its situation was peculiarly adapted; but it was destroyed by the late government. From the top of the citadel a curious prospect of the town presents itself to the eye, filling up the exact width of the channel that was last cut into the inner harbour, and the stiff regularity of line of this work assists the effect of perspective.

The cathedral is a large ugly edifice, with nothing remarkable except a mosaic pavement, of the same age and design as that at Otranto, and some curiously carved seats in the choir; for this part of the building withstood the shocks of an earthquake which destroyed all the rest. It was formerly dedicated to St. Theodore, but on its re-construction was placed under the protection of St. Pelino. There is another ancient church, built by the first kings of the Aragonese race, and its doorway is in the same style as that noticed on my entrance into the city, but of inferior execution.

There are several monasteries at Brindisi: in the church belonging to one of these, called Santa Maria degli Angeli, I was directed to visit and admire a very fine piece of carving in ivory. After I had bestowed my tribute of praise on this piece of workmanship, and on the pulpit, which is gilt and richly decorated in very good taste, I was requested by a priest to favour the Lady Abbess and some of her sisterhood with my presence at the grate

which divides the church from the convent. I complied; and after a conversation, in the short course of which joy at seeing me, respect towards my person, and gratitude to my family, were declared in the most extraordinary terms, I was intreated to go round to the exterior gate, and accept of some refreshments. I found from my host, and the Sott' Intendente of the town, who were my companions, that I could not decline accepting this civility. In my way to the gate, the unexpected cordiality of this reception was explained to me by the information that this convent derived its foundation from the illustrious house of Bavaria, and that as the heir-apparent to that kingdom had lately been expected at Brindisi to embark for Greece, it was probable that the Abbess had taken the first stranger she had perhaps ever seen in her life for the royal personage to whose progenitors the whole community owed such unqualified reverence and gratitude. On my rejoining the good sisters in the outward court of their monastery, into which they invited me to enter, my first care was to undeceive them, and apologise for having involuntarily accepted of honours due to rank so much superior to my own. Though evidently much disappointed, their kindness did not abate, and the coffee and cakes which they had prepared were distributed to us with great civility by the young pensionaries, who received their education in this nunnery, and whose beauty and unaffected manners were equally attractive. Having understood that I had the honour of being acquainted with the prince whom they had so anxiously expected, they loaded me with inquiries relative to him, and appeared much satisfied with the manner in which I answered them. After this I took my leave, as it was almost dark.

Having on the following morning completed my tour of the town, and an examination of all it contained worthy of inspection, I determined to set off for Mesagne, only eight miles distant, after dinner, to avoid the heat. During the repast the same priest who had accosted me in the church the preceding day made his appearance, with a second invitation to call upon the Abbess and nuns before I set off, and accept of some refreshments. I endeavoured to decline this proposal, thinking it might be the means of retarding my departure; but I was assured that it would mortify if not insult the sisterhood, and that as their habitation lay in my way out of the city, I might order my horses to the convent door, and not suffer above ten minutes delay by my compliance; this I accordingly promised, and proceeded to the monastery, attended by the gentleman in whose house I had been lodged, the Sott' Intendente, and the military commandant, who had dined with us. We found the outward gate open, and had scarcely passed the threshold when the Abbess and the elder portion of the community rushed from the inner court, and led, I may almost say dragged me into the cloisters, calling upon my astonished companions to follow, as it was a day of exultation for the monastery, and all rules and regulations should be dispensed with. It was evident that the splendour of royalty once again shone on my brow, and that notwithstanding my wish to preserve the strictest incognito, the distinctions and honours due to the blood of Otho of Wittelsbach must, in this instance at least, be rendered to his descendant, in spite of his assumed humility. This determination showed itself in a variety of forms, with such prolonged perseverance, that the ludicrous effects which it at first produced

were soon succeeded by more serious sensations of impatience and annoyance. Before I could utter my first protest against the torrent of tedious distinction, which I saw impending over my devoted head, I was surrounded on all sides by the pensionaries, who, to the number of thirty, presented me with flowers, and squabbled for precedence in the honour of kissing my princely hands. This was by no means the least distressing ceremony I was to undergo, and for an instant I felt the wish of exerting the prerogatives of royalty, either by prohibiting the exercise of this custom, or render it more congenial by altering the appplication of it. I seized the first opportunity of requesting my companions to interfere in behalf of my veracity when I assured them that I was only an English traveller, which my letters of recommendation, describing my name and condition, could testify. The smile of good-humoured incredulity played on the lips of my auditors, who replied that they would not dispute my *words*, but should not be deterred by them from giving way to the joy which ought to signalize a day which must ever be recorded in the annals of their establishment. They added, that it would be useless for me to contend against the ocular proofs they had obtained of my quality and birth; and when they enumerated among them the air of dignity which I in vain endeavoured to conceal, the visible emotion I experienced on beholding the arms and pictures of my ancestors in their church, and my constantly speaking Italian, though I had affirmed that I was English, I own that I was struck dumb by the contending inclinations to laugh or be serious. My host, who was brother to the Lady Abbess, begged I would exert my complaisance so far as not to resist their wishes, as it would

be put to a shorter trial by compliance than opposition, and I therefore yielded, after a second solemn protestation against the distinctions thus forced upon me. These consisted in a minute examination of the whole monastery, beginning with the belfry, to which I was conducted by the pious sisterhood, singing a Latin hymn of exultation. I had scarcely put my head into it when a sudden explosion, for I can give it no other term, took place of all the bells, set in motion by the pensionaries who had preceded us; after which I was successively led to the kitchen, the refectory, the dormitory, Abbess's apartment, the garden, and lastly, the sacristy, where I was desired to rest. I looked round to implore the aid and compassion of my followers when I found myself sitting in a huge crimson velvet chair, richly gilt, and surmounted with a royal crown. Here I again manifested some symptoms of rebellion, but found it necessary to stifle them, when the opening of several large cases informed me that a display of all the relics was going to take place. These were numerous, and, as I was informed, chiefly the gifts of my great grandfather when the convent was endowed, though several had been since sent by my less distant progenitors. Bones and skulls of saints, whose names were as new to me as they would be, were they enumerated, to the readers, passed in rotation before my eyes: these were generally preserved in purple velvet bags, embroidered with pearls; and the different vessels and ornaments used in the rites of the catholic church were of the most costly materials, and exquisite workmanship, all of which, by turns, were offered as presents to me.

Among the relics which were named to me, I remember some fragments of the veil and shift of the Virgin Mary, a thumb of

St. Athanasius, a tooth of the prophet Jeremiah, and some of the coals which were used to roast St. Lorenzo. Many of these memorials were offered me to kiss, and the last-mentioned articles were accompanied by the observation that they had been the means of converting a sceptic by sticking to and blistering his lips; I own I felt a sort of momentary hesitation as they were presented to mine, and withdrew them with a degree of promptitude hardly compatible with a disbelief in their verity.

By this time all the stronger emotions I at first had felt had vanished, and a sullen impatience had succeeded, which was not removed by the presence of the vicar, an infirm old personage, who, I believe, had been called from his death-bed to give additional solemnity to the scene, and who joined the holy sisters in the chorus of praises which they lavished on my family, and the titles they bestowed upon me, among which that of Majesty was of most frequent occurrence. After this devotional exhibition, I was crammed with coffee, rosolio, brandy, and cakes, and my pockets were stuffed full of oranges and lemons, among which I afterwards discovered, to my great consternation, a pair of cotton stockings, and two of woollen gloves. After a trial of an hour's duration, I was allowed to depart, amidst the blessings of the community; but another ordeal awaited my patience in a visit to a convent of Benedictine nuns, who were under the special protection of the vicar, and who would, as he assured me, die of jealousy and mortification if I denied them the same honour which I had conferred on those of the Madonna degli Angeli. Luckily, the order was poor; and as I had not the same claims on their gratitude and reverence, I escaped with fewer ceremonies, and the loss of much

less time. There was nothing remarkable in this monastery, except the columns which surround the cloisters: they were amongst the smallest, and of more fantastic construction than any I ever beheld, and evidently of a very early date.

On leaving this building, I found my horses in the street, where they had been waiting a considerable time; and while taking leave of my companions, I began to breathe at the prospect of emancipation from all the painful honours to which I had fallen a victim, and to anticipate the pleasure of a cool evening ride, when my annoyances were renewed by a speech of the commandant, who, with a solemnity of tone and audibility of voice, calculated to produce the deepest impression on a crowd of about 500 persons assembled round my horses, informed me, that he had hitherto spared my feelings and controlled his own, by avoiding to intrude upon the privacy which I was desirous of assuming, but at the moment of parting he felt justified in giving vent to a public declaration of the sentiments of veneration and respect which he entertained for my family, and those of gratitude he should ever cherish for the truly dignified condescension with which I had treated him. I was speechless, and scarcely collected enough to listen to the conclusion of his harangue, which informed me that he had communicated a telegraphic account of my arrival to the commandant of the district, and would now transmit a similar notification of my departure to the commander-in-chief, to whom he trusted I would express my satisfaction of his conduct. The last words concluded with a genuflexion, and a kiss respectfully imprinted on my hand, while I hastily mounted my horse, and hurried from this scene of ludicrous torment, which, how-

ever, it was decreed should not terminate here; for on looking about me as I quitted the town-gate, I beheld my host and the Sotto Intendente on horseback on each side of me, and found that this singular infatuation had extended its power over their minds, and that they were determined to accompany me as far as Mesagne, and thereby leave no honour unperformed which they could bestow on my exalted rank.

On reaching the open plain, I resolved to make one more effort to liberate my person from the continuation of this novel kind of persecution, which might, for aught I knew, extend itself over the remainder of my journey; and after another solemn protestation against the name and title thus forcibly imposed upon me, I conjured my two satellites by all that was merciful to give up their project of attending me, representing that the day was far advanced, that we could with difficulty reach Mesagne before dark, and that their return might consequently be attended with great inconvenience, if not danger. My host, who, I then perceived, had too liberally participated in the homage offered me by his sister in the seducing semblance of rosolio and liqueurs, was obstinately bent on non-compliance, and merely answered my earnest remonstrances by an energetic repetition of the words, *Altezza, e inutile!* I concluded, therefore, that all appeal to him would be fruitless, and confined my renewal of them to his companion, whose involuntary distortions of countenance, and occasional contortion of body, induced me to suspect that the motion of a horse was very uneasy if not unusual to him. On my observing that he looked pale since we had began our ride, he owned that he had not been on horseback for several years, that he was, besides,

in no very robust state of health, and that the paces of the animal he mounted were somewhat rough; but added, that he knew his duty too well to allow such trifling inconveniences to deter him from fulfilling it to its utmost extent, and that he therefore should not attend to my injunctions of returning, unless they were delivered in the form of a peremptory command, which, issuing from the lips of royalty, he could not presume to disobey. For once then I resolved to assume the dictatorial tone of princely authority, and, with as grave a countenance as I could put on, ordered him to return to Brindisi. He pulled off his hat, kissed my hand, and after expressing his thanks for my considerate condescension, united to many pious wishes for my prosperous journey, he allowed me to continue it, and turned his horse the other way, while I urged mine on at a brisk trot, in hopes of reaching Mesagne before night. In about ten minutes, one of my servants rode up with a smile on his countenance, and requesting me to observe that my remaining companion was no longer visible, added, that he had just gone into one of the small thickets, called *macchie*, which are scattered over the surface of this uncultivated tract of land. I confess that my patience was by this time so completely exhausted, that the sensation of being released from tyranny overcame every other feeling, and I made no further inquiry, but leaving him to the protection of that influence which is said to preside so exclusively over the destinies of infants and drunkards, I continued my route at the same pace, and arrived at Mesagne without any further knowledge of him. There I passed the night in the same palace which had been my abode on my way to Lecce a short time before.

The next morning, while relating my adventures of Brindisi to the syndic and other inhabitants of the place, I was surprised by the appearance of my host; who, it seems, had passed the greatest part of the night under a mastic bush. He seemed unwilling to account for having left me so abruptly, though he offered many apologies for his neglect, and I was too much afraid of his spreading the infection of his credulity among the natives of Mesagne to ask him many questions on the subject, so I speedily took my leave of him, and resumed my journey towards Taranto.

The shortest road lay through the town of Francavilla, but at the desire of my friends at Lecce I followed that of Manduria, which I made my resting-place for that night. The country varies in no respect from the rest of the peninsula already described: the usual divisions and proportion of olive grounds and uncultivated heath occurred. We passed by the village of Santa Susanna on our left, while on the right the town of Oria and its large castle rose majestically on a steep eminence; which peculiarity of position, like that of Ostuni and Caravigno, makes these places visible at an immense distance in so flat a country.

Oria is evidently the ancient Hyria, mentioned by Herodotus as one of the first colonies founded by the Cretans in this part of Italy, nor is it certain whether the numerous coins which bear the names of *Uria*, either in Greek or Oscan characters, belong to this city, or another of the same name on the maritime side of Mount Garganus. The modern town belonged, and gave the title of Marquis, to the Prince of Francavilla, the most extensive landholder in this province; but whose numerous estates and palaces, according to the laws before the French occupation,

lapsed to the crown on the demise of the last proprietor without any heirs within the fourth degree of consanguinity! He was Lord of Francavilla, Oria, Avetrano, Massafra, Manduria, and Sternatia, in this district, besides possessing considerable landed property in Spain, and in the territory of Genoa, whence his family originally sprang. His magnificent fêtes, and splendid style of living, are still fresh in the memory of the Neapolitans.

Francavilla is a large town, containing 12,000 inhabitants. It once belonged to S. Carlo Borromeo, who sold it, together with Oria, to the Imperiali family, for the sum of 40,000 ounces of gold, which he in one day distributed to the poor.

A ride of sixteen miles brought me to Manduria, a town of 5000 souls, which has but lately resumed this its ancient name, having in the lower ages been called Casalnovo. The present is a straggling, but well-built town, with wide unpaved streets: the usual quantity of handsome churches is observable, as well as an immense palace, formerly belonging to the Francavillas. But the objects which render it worthy of notice are the ancient walls, and a spring or well, mentioned by Pliny. This last is remarkable in our days, as it was in his, for preserving a constant equality in the level of its waters, notwithstanding any addition which may be made to them, or any quantity that may be withdrawn. *Neque crescit, nec descrescit*, were the words which I heard at Manduria from the mouth of every individual who had any pretensions to education; these, which differ from the original passage of Pliny*,

* The original passage is as follows—"In Salentino, juxta oppidum Manduriam, lacus ad margines plenus, neque exhaustis aquis minuitur, neque infusis augetur."—Lib. ii. *Nat. Hist.*

were by some attributed to Ovid, and I devoted the long portion of time which I foresaw must elapse before the dinner would be ready to the examination of this natural wonder.

It stands about half a mile from the town, in the centre of a circular cave, which appears to have been hewn on purpose, and receives light partly from the entrance, which leads to it down thirty rough stone steps, and partly from a square aperture cut in the rock exactly over the well itself. This was evidently intended to allow of the water being drawn from above by means of buckets, at which time the entrance was in all probability closed. At present the natives fill their pitchers or barrels from a small reservoir, into which the water is conducted by an earthen pipe from the sides of the cavern, from which it oozes abundantly through the pores of a clayey earth mixed with sea-shells; from this reservoir it flows in a full stream into the ancient circular well, through a hole about a foot higher than the water of the interior; and it is the surface of this last which is said to preserve the same unvarying level. The outward wall of this well rises about three feet above the ground; but I could gain no exact information as to the real depth of the interior, as it is filled with loose stones to within a foot of the top of the water: I understood, however, from the natives, that it is not very considerable; and that it had, in their memory, been cleaned out, without a repetition of which it would be difficult to make the experiment necessary to justify its claims to singularity. They assured me that the result was favourable to Pliny's assertion, and that the bottom was not paved with stones, but formed of a very hard cement or composition. The level which the water maintains is clearly marked by a horizontal fissure in the

Sketched by the Hon. R. Craven.

Engraved by Hawkins.

WELL AT MANDURIA.

IN THE TERRA D'OTRANTO

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masonry, of which the well is constructed, and this is so much wider than any other joint, that there is no reason why it should not answer the purpose of drainage, being of sufficient capacity to carry off not only all that it receives from the outward reservoir, but to convey away almost instantaneously any quantity that could be more suddenly superadded. With regard to the immediate influx of water when any is withdrawn, it must be accounted for by the equality of level, and the position, of the subterranean conduits which furnish the well, independently of the aperture which admits the surplus of the artificial reservoir above mentioned; indeed it is evident that the last, and the earthern pipe which supplies it, are modern additions, and the wonder, therefore, must have appeared greater in the days of the Roman naturalist, when so abundant a body of water, rising from invisible and never-failing channels, in a fabric of evidently remote antiquity, might be attributed to the benevolent intervention of some local deity, to which the cave itself was probably held sacred as a *nymphæum*. It is to be observed, that the top of the cave bears the form of a cupola or dome, and is composed of the same stone as the walls of the well and of the ancient town, which material contains vast quantities of sea-shells, particularly those of the larger pectinites. The sides of the cavern present the appearance of a clayey earth of the same colour, produced by the decomposition of this stone, occasioned by the water filtering through the mass, and allowing the extraction of the shells in their perfect state. The water is clear, soft, and light, but not very cool: it runs more copiously in rainy weather; and one of the inhabitants informed me that he remembered it once to have failed. The

sandy path leading to the cave is strewed with small black stones, said to be of volcanic origin, but they are not to be found any where else in this vicinity.

The ancient walls of Manduria are composed of large stones, of unequal dimensions, but mostly square, placed in regular courses above one another, and nowhere, in their actual state, rising above six feet. There was a double row of them, with a deep ditch before each. To account for their present want of height, it has been supposed that the surrounding earth has risen with the lapse of years; but in most places the lower row of materials is visible, resting on a ledge of the same kind of rock from which they have been extracted, and the stratum extends, in all directions, at a very inconsiderable depth below the sandy and apparently unfertile soil: it is therefore probable that the walls have been lowered by the removal of the stones to assist in the building of the modern town. The material is now so decomposed by the effect of age and weather, that the walls themselves might pass for masses of the unhewn rocks, were it not for the regularity of the lines which intersect them. One portion of these remains stretches to some extent at a short distance from the present town, and in one part an open space is left, supposed to have been occupied by the gate which led to the Brundusium road. The other division, which meets the first at right angles, sinks beneath the construction of the modern houses, and shows, where some of their foundations have been dug, the traces of square towers.

Archidamus, King of Sparta, who had been called as an auxiliary by the Tarentines against the Lucanians, was killed near Manduria.

Pacichelli, in his description of the kingdom of Naples, speaking of this place, under its then existing name of Casalnovo, mentions a lake in its neighbourhood, which he calls *Lago d'Anduria*. I believe this error, which some of his contemporaries have adopted, probably arises from the word *lacus*, used by Pliny in his account of the above-mentioned well.

During my stay at Manduria, I experienced a moment of alarm at the prospect of a renewal of those scenes which had signalized my residence at Brindisi; for the lady of the house where I was entertained gave me with caution to understand, during a short *téte-à-tête* which I had with her, that she was well aware of the superiority of my rank. This was soon after my arrival, and the impulse of the moment was to order my horses to be brought out for the purpose of immediately continuing my journey; but she prevented me by assuring me she would continue to treat me as what I appeared to be, and not as what I really was; and that she had indeed promised her husband and family to affect that ignorance on the subject which was known to be most agreeable to my wishes. This was observed by all parties, and I left the house on the following morning, without having been distressed by any higher mark of distinction than the necessity of waiting till past ten at night for the dinner which I hoped to have eaten at three in the day.

Sava is a town somewhat less considerable than Manduria. Three miles beyond, and in about an hour and a half after leaving it, on reaching the summit of a very gentle acclivity, my eyes were gladdened by the appearance of some of the fine mountains of Basilicata and Calabria, rearing their snow-capped peaks above the opposite and still distant shore of the gulf of Taranto.

The richest plains, even when embellished by varied subdivisions of wood, water, and cultivation, tire the sight if their extent is not limited; the impression produced by the open sea, at first so imposing and sublime, soon becomes wearisome and not unfrequently melancholy; while the boundary marked by elevated or even inaccessible mountains, broken into detached masses of bold and irregular outline, is that which least fatigues the eye and attention. It is probable that the rapid association of ideas which every new object creates in the mind, operated powerfully in the pleasure which mine suddenly received from the aspect of these mountains: the extensive forests which clothed their sides, the shady glens which wound round their bases, and the cool and transparent streams which bubbled through their valleys, were probably at once contrasted with the dreary, parched, and waterless plain over which I had wandered for so many days; and the approaching change contributed to render the remainder of this day's journey most agreeable, enlivened as it was by new and picturesque objects.

Oria still appeared on my right, and I only lost sight of it on approaching the banks of the *Mare Piccolo*, the name given to the inner basin which terminates the gulf of Taranto. It bore the aspect of a fresh water lake, surrounded by gently sloping shores, tolerably well clothed with olive trees, and nowhere broken into any thing like picturesque declivities. Horace very aptly describes the peculiar character of this country when he says,

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes, Angulus ridet,

and as such it unites all the requisites which might attract the luxurious epicurean; but St. Bruno and St. Romuald would never

have selected it as their abode, or Salvator Rosa deemed it worthy of his pencil.

I went by the little village of Carosino, and through that of S. Giorgio, where I had intended to have baited; but as there appeared some difficulty of obtaining the necessary forage, and the distance to Taranto was only seven short miles, I continued my journey, without resting, through olive groves, spreading in extent over a more undulated surface. I observed on my left a small canal, which was being cut at the expense of government, for the purpose of draining off the waters of a large salt lake into those of the Mare Piccolo; and I afterwards crossed a small rill of very clear water flowing towards the same. On a nearer approach to the town the road improves considerably, numbers of small but neat casinos, together with some fine convents, announce its proximity, and soon after its castle and gate show themselves.

CHAPTER X.

Extent of Magna Grecia... Modern Taranto... Ancient City... Islands called Chœrades ... Interior of the Town... Princes of Taranto... Peculiarities of the Mare Piccolo ... River Galesus... Shell-Fish... Lana Penna... Tarantismo.

No region has been more celebrated by the ancient historians and poets than that designated by the appellation of Magna Grecia, and none has afforded greater scope for controversy among modern writers. The origin of its name, and the probable extent of its boundaries, have never hitherto been satisfactorily defined, and it does not appear that the future investigation of travellers, or the no less laborious researches of the learned, are likely to produce more conclusive results. Some native authors, misled by laudable but inconsiderate feelings of partiality, have unhesitatingly derived its distinctive epithet from the superiority of its size over that of the mother country from which it was avowedly colonized; while others have advanced a similar claim with regard only to the magnitude and population of its principal cities. Romanelli has started another hypothesis, which is, that the eastern portion of the Neapolitan dominions, now called Apulia, which anciently was also principally inhabited by Greeks, bore the opposite title of little or lesser Greece, and he quotes Plautus, who in one of his comedies makes a soldier say,

"Hem mea voluptas, attuli eccam
"Pallulam ex *parva Græcia* tibi."

But unfortunately the two essential words are a corruption in the text, which may be supplied almost according to the fancy of the reader.

As to the exact dimensions of Magna Grecia, they are equally doubtful; for although we are certain that Tarentum, Metapontum, Heraclea, Sybaris, Thurium, Croton, and Locris, all belonged to it, we can scarcely follow those authors who limit its extent to the territories alone of those particular states, especially if other cities on the western coast, such as Terina, Pyxus, Velia, Pæstum, Naples, and Cuma, be admitted as classing under the same denomination of Greek colonies. With this last admission we might suppose that the whole southern extremity of the peninsula from Naples to Sicily was termed Magna Grecia, comprising a territory subject indeed to different governments, but united by identity of customs and language. On the other hand, if, as we are told, these republics, all situated on the coast, and extending but to a short distance inland, were frequently separated from each other by the possessions which still continued to be occupied by the aborigines, or native inhabitants of the soil, regarded by the new colonists as barbarians, how are we to look upon Magna Grecia as any thing more than a collective appellation, used rather in an abstracted than a substantial sense, and divisible into as many portions as there were cities. It should, moreover, be observed, that most of the establishments not usually ranked among those of Magna Grecia owed their origin, or at least their civilization, to Hellenic settlers, and adopted their idiom, as clearly demonstrated by the coins of Brezia and Lucania, which bear Greek inscriptions. All these considerations open the most ample field for inconclusive

speculations, which I shall now abandon for an account of the actual state of those regions.

The present town of Taranto contained 17,000 inhabitants in the year 1816, but an epidemical disorder, which had successively visited almost the whole realm, reduced this population by two thousand. Its situation is striking and singular, presenting a natural bulwark between the vast body of water that rushes into the wide bay called gulf of Taranto, and an inner prolongation of the same gulf, which in ancient times served as a safe and capacious harbour; this is the Mare Piccolo, and the peninsula above mentioned, which divides it from the outward and now only port, and includes the whole of the modern city, was formerly occupied by the citadel alone.

The ancient Tarentum extended along the shores of both the inner and outer gulfs, and the walls which ran from the one to the other formed the base of the triangular space which it covered. Of its magnitude and magnificence scarcely any vestiges exist. The outline of an amphitheatre, some substructions of apparently Roman construction, and an immense mass composed of fragments of pottery, constitute the only remains of a city once the largest and richest of all those of Magna Grecia.

The modern Taranto is in fact an island, as the narrow isthmus which connected it with the continent was cut through by Ferdinand the First of Aragon, to secure it against the probable attack of the Turks, after their successful inroad upon Otranto in 1480. Succeeding sovereigns have improved the work; Charles the Fifth built the castle which guards it, his son Philip the Second enlarged and deepened the channel which connects the two seas,

and the reigning monarch renewed this useful operation; but even now only small boats can go through it. The bridge which is erected over it may be about fifty yards long, and is considerably raised above the surface of the water. The other, which unites the town to the mainland on the opposite side over the natural channel, which existed at all times, is composed of seven low arches, measuring in length 160 yards; over these the aqueduct which supplies the town with good water, conveyed from the mountains of Martina, twelve miles distant, is constructed. The large fountain stands in an irregular square near this bridge, and was erected in 1543: about a hundred years after the inhabitants formed a plan to conduct and distribute its waters in various other quarters of the town, but either from the want of able engineers, or some physical obstacle, it was given up. The aqueduct itself is of much more remote foundation, and probably coeval with that of the bridge over which it is carried. Under its arches the variations of the tide are observable, and must have proved of great advantage to the movements of the vessels, which obtained access to the ancient port through this entrance only; at present they all lie just outside of it, with no other shelter against the violence of the south-west breezes but the slight curvature formed by the town walls under which they anchor, and the interposition of three islands, the ancient *Electrides* or *Chœrades*, two of which are now called St. Paul and St. Andrew. The first and southernmost, commanding the entrance of the harbour, is the smallest, and was fortified by the French, as all vessels bound for Taranto steer their course between it and cape S. Vito; which, with the tower called *la Rondinella*, on

the opposite or northern shore, form the visible limits of the gulf. This fort bears the name of Laclos, and such of my readers to whom it has been rendered familiar by the perusal of the *Liaisons Dangereuses* will learn with surprise that their author's talents were not confined to literature, but that he was distinguished as an engineer officer, in which capacity he died at Taranto, and was buried within the precincts of this fortress, which he had planned and constructed. The other island is five miles in circumference, and cultivated, though not inhabited; a third, but infinitely smaller one, is visible near the Rondinella tower.

The shape of the city of Taranto has been, with some justice, assimilated to that of a ship, being long, widest in the centre, and tapering at each end. The principal street runs from one of its extremities to the other in a waving line, narrow and tortuous communications lead to two other parallel streets; one of these extends along the waters of the outward gulf, but considerably above their level, and is defended from their fury by a parapet wall and projecting battery. Here the best houses, as enjoying the purest air, are situated. The Marina, on the contrary, which borders the Mare Piccolo, is scarcely raised above its surface, and nothing can present a stronger contrast than the crowded, filthy, but lively appearance of the last, opposed to the quiet, clean, but deserted aspect of the former. It is scarcely needful to add, that the Marina is inhabited entirely by fishermen and their families, who constitute more than half the population of the place. Their dwellings are low, and a high wall placed opposite entirely cuts off the view and air from the Mare Piccolo, and contributes to the increase of heat and dirt; arches are, however, opened in this

Sketched by the Hon. R. Craven.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

TARANTO.

IN THE TERRA D'OTRANTO.

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wall, to allow the fishermen a free communication with their boats, which are moored on the outside of it; but these arches are of no elevation, and admit the splashings of the water. The removal of this wall, and the addition of a raised footway in its stead, would render this situation the most agreeable in Taranto.

The cathedral, dedicated to St. Cataldo, a native of Raphoe in Ireland, and first Bishop of Taranto, offers nothing remarkable except the chapel more particularly devoted to his worship: it contains some valuable workmanship in *pietre dure*. Among the pieces of sculpture the head of a white marble statue of St. Francis Xavier struck me as particularly fine. But a silver image of the patron saint is the distinguished object of popular admiration; it is the size of life, and hollow: in the foot is part of the saint's own toe, discernible through a piece of glass. Philip, Prince of Taranto, and son to Charles the Second of Anjou, and his wife Catherine, are buried here.

After the expulsion of the Greeks by the Norman conquerors of Apulia, we find the principality of Taranto possessed as a separate sovereignty by Bohemund, son of Robert Guiscard: his only son, the heir of his name and possessions, outlived him but a short time. Two curious acts, dated 1118 and 1119, are preserved in the archives of the cathedral: they record certain privileges granted by this prince and his mother Constance of France to the ancient monastery of St. Peter, in the largest of the islands above mentioned: in force of these grants this community is allowed the use of two fishing-boats, a house on the mainland, the right of erecting a mill on the river Taras, and a certain quantity of ground on the continent.

After the death of this second Bohemund, when his cousin Roger had organized the conquests of his predecessors and his own into a kingdom, of which he became the first absolute sovereign, Taranto became attached to the crown as a fief, and was occasionally granted as such to different members of the reigning dynasty, both of the Norman and Suabian lines. The Angevine princes continued this practice, and the above-mentioned Philip, on whom it had been thus conferred, transmitted it to his three sons, who successively possessed it, and dying without issue left it to their sister Margaret, who carried it as a dowry to her husband Francesco del Balzo, and was succeeded in it by her son Giacomo. It is to be noticed, that from Philip down to this Giacomo, all the several possessors of this principality bore the additional, but empty, title of Emperor of Constantinople, in right of Catherine, wife of that Philip, and daughter of Baldwin of Flanders, deposed Emperor of the East.

The vicissitudes to which the kingdom was subject during the turbulent reigns of the princes of the line of Durazzo, which followed those of Robert and his daughter Joan, and the assistance frequently offered by several of the principal nobles to the foreign pretenders to the realm, afforded its legitimate rulers ample scope for the display of arbitrary rapacity under the semblance of castigation, and the domains of the disaffected barons were in this way frequently confiscated to the crown, or conferred on its more favoured adherents. Thus we find Francesco and Giacomo del Balzo deprived of the principality of Taranto, which was afterwards given to Raimondo, commonly called Ramondello Orsino, who by his marriage with Mary of Enghien, heiress of the county

of Lecce, became one of the most formidable vassals of King Ladislas: the latter, after an unsuccessful siege, during which Ramondello died, found no more efficient means of obtaining possession of his domains than by marrying his widow, who sacrificed her own and her children's rights to the vain title of Queen, which, during many years of neglect and ill usage, was the only advantage she reaped from her weakness*. Giovan Antonio Orsino, her eldest son, embracing a favourable opportunity, recovered his inheritance by a purchase from the crown, and preserved it till his death, when the extinction of the family, from the deficiency of legitimate heirs, restored Taranto once again to the royal demesnes, from which it has since never been alienated.

Frederic of Aragon, an amiable but unfortunate monarch, was the last Prince of Taranto, and having been deposed through an agreement between Louis the Twelfth of France and Ferdinand of

* Some letters from this Princess are preserved in the monastery of St. Benedict of Conversano, of which I venture to offer the following example, which may perhaps afford a curious specimen of the singular dialect used in those days in this part of Italy.

Egregiæ, honestæ et Religiosæ mulieri Carissimæ nobis Abbatissæ Monasterii Sancti Benedicti Civitatis Cupersani.

Maria, Regina Hungariæ, Jerusalem, et Siciliæ.

Egregia Carissima post salutem.

Recepemmo la lettera vostra, et placzemi assai, che lo Principe nostro beneditto figlio agia fatto rendere la obediantia di Castellana, et respondere delli raysoni debiti alla monasterio, imperoche tanto nuy, quanto ipso, simo tenuti non solamente de le cose debite, ma etiam de proprio subvenire la ecclesia pregandove che vi piacza avere a mente alli vostri oracioni tanto nuy, quanto lo Principe, Gabriele, Catarina vostra, e li pichirilli.

Datum in Castro nostro Licii, &c. &c.

Aragon, his own cousin, he ended his days obscurely in France, when one of his daughters by intermarriage transmitted the title to the family of Laval, Duke of La Tremouille, who still preserve it.

Of all these unsettled possessors Raimondo Orsino appears to have been the one gifted with the most energy and talents: the high square tower erected by him in 1404, at the foot of the long bridge, and commonly called the citadel, keeps his name and renown alive in the memory of the inhabitants.

The Mare Piccolo is divided into two portions by the promontories called *Punta della Penna* and *il Pizzone*, which face one another. The first projects so as to render the intervening space the narrowest part of this inland sea, and I was told that about seventy years ago a gentleman of the neighbourhood, pursued by assassins, forced his horse to swim across this strait, and thus escaped their fury. The prolongation of this promontory under the water renders it extremely shallow to some distance, in an exact line with that of the walls which guarded the ancient city on the land side: it has in consequence been supposed that the bridge which formed the entrance of the port was placed here, and the vestiges of some antique substructions at the foot of the Punta della Penna has corroborated this surmise; but Swinburne ably confutes this opinion, though he admits that a mole might have existed, so as to form a second harbour. Two brooks, the Cervaro and Rascho, discharge themselves into the furthest extremity of the Mare Piccolo, and between them are seen some caves, filled up with rubbish and pottery, supposed to be the *diauloi*, or subterranean magazines, used by the Tarentines for the preservation of their wines.

The milky hue and soapy qualities of the Cervaro have led the above-mentioned traveller to think that it may be the Galesus, mentioned by the ancients as efficacious in beautifying and cleansing the wool of Tarentum; but the natives give that name to a stream which rises on the northern shore, about two miles from the bridge, and mixes its clear and rapid waters with those of the inland gulf under the promontory of La Penna. These have a course of only a few hundred yards, and rise in a little valley called *le Citrezze*. I was told that this word is a corruption of *Leggiadrezze*, originating from the peculiar amenity of the spot. I find that it was formerly well wooded, which might undoubtedly have given it claims I could not discover in its present state. Carducci, in the ingenious and erudite notes which he has added to his translation of Aquino's poem, called *Deliciæ Tarentinæ*, derives this appellation from the Greek χυτρεαινς, run of water*. The flat banks of this little river abound in sedges, and are scantily cultivated with cotton, to irrigate which several inferior rills are drawn from the main stream, and their stagnating waters in the summer months render the air unhealthy. Vast flocks of water-fowl, which frequent this spot in the winter, present much attraction to sportsmen.

At the distance of two hundred yards from the mouth of the Galesus, two powerful fresh water springs, called *occhi*, rise in the sea, and bubble up to its surface with sufficient strength to drive away any boat that floats over them. I was told that they may be seen in calm weather gushing from two black caverns at the bottom of the water: they probably are submarine branches of

* I do not find that signification attached in any authority.

the river, and their modern denominations, *Citro* and *Citrello*, indicate an affinity with the name of the valley, *Citrezze*.

Aulon, for its wines, has excited the praises of Horace in the same ode with those of Tarentum and the Galesus, is placed by Swinburne on the shore of the Mare Grande, about six miles from the city, in a valley, celebrated to this day for its fertility and the excellence of its fruits. In so doing he probably relied on the authority of Carducci, from whose work above mentioned he not only gained considerable information, but also copied the map of Taranto which he has inserted in his travels. This author seems to have bestowed so much attention on the subject of which he treated, that I conceive it would be fastidious to dispute his assertion, especially as the contrary arguments of the learned antiquaries who have sought this spot in other directions are by no means so well grounded.

The prospect displayed by the Mare Piccolo is pleasing and cheerful, but its shores want variety and boldness. The ground invariably rises to the height of twenty or thirty feet, and then is lost in a gradual slope, covered with olive trees to the extent of many miles. Some cultivation and a few farm houses enliven the scene, which presents a picture of smooth but diversified tranquillity. The celebrity which this salt lake enjoys throughout the kingdom may with more justice be attributed to the peculiar products of its waters than the picturesque beauties of its banks.

Swinburne gives a list of ninety-three different sorts of shell-fish which are found in the gulf of Taranto, but more particularly in the Mare Piccolo. Among these, in ancient times, the murex and purpura ranked foremost in value; in our degenerate days the

muscle and oyster seem to have usurped a pre-eminence as acknowledged but less dignified; and I certainly found the latter equal in flavour and delicacy to those known in England as the Milton kind, which they very much resemble*: but there are numerous other tribes held in proportionate estimation for their exquisite flavour. and as greedily sought for during their respective seasons. The appetite for shell-fish of all sorts, which seems peculiar to the natives of these realms, is such as to appear exaggerated to a foreigner, accustomed to consider only a few of them as eatable. This taste exists at Taranto, if possible, in a stronger degree than in any other part of the kingdom, and accounts for the comparatively large revenue which government draws from this particular branch of commerce, amounting yearly, as I was told, to 24,000 ducats, about 9000 more than in Swinburne's time. The Mare Piccolo is divided into several portions, which are let to different societies, who have thereby become the only privileged fishermen: the lower classes are almost all employed by these corporations, as every revolving season of the year affords occupation for them, so that nature herself seems to have afforded the exclusive trade most advantageous to the inhabitants of Taranto.

Both seas abound with varieties of testacea, but the inner gulf, from some unknown cause, is esteemed most favourable to their growth and flavour; the sandy bed is literally blackened by the muscles which cover it, the boats that glide over its surface are laden with them, they emboss the rocks that border the strand, and appear equally abundant on the shore, piled up in heaps or

* The oysters which breed in the lake called Fusaro, and which enjoy such celebrity, were originally brought there from Taranto.

packed on carts. They spawn on ropes, which are tied at intervals to poles stuck in the water, and these when drawn out exhibit the semblance of massive festoons of carved ebony or brilliant black coral. When about the size of a small bean they are plucked from the ropes, and scattered in different parts of the bay, whence, at the period of perfection, they are collected by means of iron rakes, and sent to market. The mode adopted for the oysters is nearly the same, only that the spawn is received on large conical earthen pans, secured at equal distances also by ropes tied to them, and sunk in different parts of the Mare Piccolo. Their appearance is equally singular, and the vessel becomes entirely hidden by the shells, when the whole assumes the form of one solid but irregular and jagged mass of rock-work.

An infinity of smaller shells are found in both gulfs, and a particular, though not extensive, branch of industry is derived from them in the formation of pictures resembling mosaic: they are stuck one by one, according to their shades, upon pasteboard, on which the lines have previously been traced. The subjects best adapted to this species of work are buildings, where regularity of outline is suited to the stiffness necessarily exhibited by the nature of the material and the mode of its application; but even in these the result, notwithstanding the richness of the colours, is not pleasing, and a considerable distance is requisite to soften it to the eye. It struck me that this kind of inlaying might be employed with greater advantage in ornamental borders, where arabesques, admitting fantastic, rich, and broad designs, would be more capable of giving a good effect to these substances. The patience and minute attention bestowed upon these labours,

and the slowness of their progress, contribute to raise their price far beyond their merits, especially as little more than an equal sum will purchase a complete collection of all the shells found in the gulf of Taranto, in their natural, and certainly more beautiful state.

The *pinna marina*, a very large bivalve, affords a substance which the industry of the Tarentines has turned to account; it is a kind of silk, called from the fish *lana penna*, or *lana pesce*, and appears in a large tuft above the joint or hinge which unites the two shells; this, after being cleaned, combed, carded, and spun, is finally knit into stockings or gloves, of a soft and extremely warm texture, and a beautiful glossy brown colour, enriched with a golden hue. They are reckoned excellent preservatives against cold or damp; but the small quantity produced by each shell, and the consequent dearness of the article when manufactured, renders it more an object of luxury or curiosity than general utility.

The wine of Taranto is of a dark tawny colour, strong, stomachic, and bearing some affinity to port; but a particular aromatic flavour, somewhat resembling that of rosemary, might not render it agreeable to all palates. I was assured that this was natural, and not the effect of any herb, though I cannot help doubting the assertion.

I endeavoured, both at Brindisi and Taranto, to obtain the most satisfactory information on the subject of the Tarantula spider, and the reputed effects of its bite, as the country between these towns is that which offers the most frequent, and indeed the only cases that can throw any light upon it. I am, however,

compelled to acknowledge that the intelligence was very inconclusive as to the real cause of the disorder, or rather mania, though its existence is well authenticated; and not a year passes without affording more than one example of its appearance. The inhabitants of Brindisi seemed much more attached to the ancient belief than those of Taranto, and assured me that persons of rank and education superior to that of the middling classes had been attacked by the malady, and compelled to have recourse to the only remedy which has yet been deemed efficacious in overcoming it. At Taranto, on the contrary, I was informed that the lowest and most ignorant among the labouring peasantry, and these only females, had ever shown symptoms of it during the last years. The Brundusians said that the mark of the bite or sting was not usually discovered at the time it was inflicted, but that its effects diffused itself through the frame of the sufferers in the form of stupor, languor, weakness, and melancholy, which totally incapacitated them from attending to their usual avocations; that after these indications a small black spot was sometimes observable, pointing out the principal seat of the venom, but that it never assumed the semblance of a wound; that in this stage of the disorder music was generally called to its aid, and that its sounds never failed to excite a violent paroxysm of dancing of some hours duration, followed by total exhaustion, and succeeded by temporary relief, but that the remedy must be repeated for several days, and sometimes resorted to annually at the same period, before it effects a radical cure. They added, that the insect was rarely seen; but no one seemed to doubt that its venom was the cause of this extraordinary complaint.

The Tarentines assert, on the contrary, that the animal is well known to them, and frequently to be seen both in and out of doors, but most frequently in the fields; that the pain attending its bite is very trifling and of short duration; that the scorpion was generally the author of that attributed to the Tarantula, and instantly observable from the swelling it causes, and the subsequent painful symptoms which attend it: this may, however, easily be removed by the applications usually resorted to for the bites of all poisonous reptiles or insects; but that the sufferer, generally a young, and always an ignorant person, whose imagination has been excited by previous exhibitions attending the cure of *Tarantismo*, in a very short time becomes convinced that nothing but a similar treatment can recover her. My informers supported their argument by citing several young women, who, after being bit, and having undergone the ceremony of the remedy once, had expected to continue it some years after their marriage, but had been compelled, by the threats and sometimes blows of their uncomplying husbands, to forego its repetition, and had nevertheless continued in good health ever afterwards.

The expenditure of money and time attending the ceremonies observed in the cure of a *Tarantata*, which attract the attention and form the diversion of a whole village, will account for the husband's objections to, and the neighbours encouragement of them. These last, as well as all the friends and relations of the party, are always apprized in due time, and invited to assist, in their holiday-clothes, at the singular rites which are to be performed. Musicians, expert in the art, are summoned, and the patient, attired in white, and gaudily adorned with various coloured

ribands, vine leaves, and trinkets of all kinds, is led out, holding a drawn sword in her hand, on a terrace, in the midst of her sympathising friends: she sits with her head reclining on her hands, while the musical performers try the different chords, keys, tones, and tunes that may arrest her wandering attention, or suit her taste or caprice. I heard some specimens of these preludes, which resemble unconnected pieces of recitative. The sufferer usually rises to some melancholy melody in a minor key, and slowly follows its movements by her steps: it is then that the musician has an opportunity of displaying his skill, by imperceptibly accelerating the time till it falls into the merry measure of the *pizzica*, which is, in fact, that of the Tarantellas or national dance, only that in the composition of the Tarentine air greater variety and a more polished and even scientific style is observable. She continues dancing to various successions of these tunes as long as her breath and strength allow, occasionally selecting one of the bystanders as her partner, and sprinkling her face with cold water, a large vessel of which is always placed near at hand. While she rests at times, the guests invited relieve her by dancing by turns after the fashion of the country; and when, overcome by resistless lassitude and faintness, she determines to give over for the day, she takes the pail or jar of water, and pours its contents entirely over her person, from her head downwards. This is the signal for her friends to undress and convey her to bed; after which the rest of the company endeavour to further her recovery by devouring a substantial repast, which is always prepared on the occasion.

Baron Riedesel and Swinburne both agree in their description of this ceremony, which they both witnessed at different times and

places, and that which I received corroborates their narratives. They look upon this strange custom as the remains of the orgies and festivities practised to celebrate the worship of Bacchus, in which women generally acted the principal parts; and Carducci and other writers, who have discussed the question, are of the same opinion. Some have thought that this disorder bore a close affinity to that commonly called St. Vitus's dance, and have rested their argument on the particular devotion paid to that saint throughout the province of Otranto: the large convent near Polignano, a small town between Ostuni and Mesagne, and a cape and ruined monastery in the bay of Taranto, all bear his name, and are sanctified by his worship. But his influence may be said to extend much farther, as I found it as often recorded in the provinces which I subsequently visited.

Monsignor Capeccelatro, the ancient archbishop of Taranto, and primate of the kingdom, a prelate as remarkable for all the mild unassuming virtues which ennoble the human heart, as he is distinguished by the accomplishments and information which exalt the understanding, had given me several letters for the seat of his former diocese, and had even carried his kindness so far as to direct that I should be lodged in a casino which he possesses on the banks of the Mare Piccolo; but its distance from the town, though not exceeding a mile, and the inconveniences which my residence there must have entailed upon those to whose care I was recommended, made me give up, though with great reluctance, the advantages held out by such an offer. Placed on a gently rising eminence, immediately over the waters of the inner gulf, and commanding the entire view of its shores, as well as that of the city itself, this

villa confers no less credit on the taste of its former occupier, than to the judgment of its present temporary possessor, the Earl of Guilford, a nobleman no less distinguished than the venerable proprietor himself. With regard to the latter, I shall not be taxed with exaggerating the value of a friendship of some years standing if I appeal to the authority of all foreigners who may have shared in it; and I am anxious to extend this well merited encomium to the generality of the dignified clergy of these realms. It is painful to observe the animadversions on this respectable body, which have been called forth by a hasty and mistaken statement relative to one of its members, contained in a late, and otherwise estimable, publication upon Italy. A more mature inquiry into facts would have convinced the author that the individual he alludes to is incapable of the degrading conduct imputed to him; and an extension of that inquiry would have taught him that no bishops can remain in the capital, since the rules of the Neapolitan church enjoin their constant residence in their respective dioceses*.

* Journal of an Invalid.

CHAPTER XI.

Rivers Tara, Lato, and Bradano ... Province of Basilicata ... Torre di Mare, anciently Metapontum ... Fatal Error ... River Acri ... Policoro ... Heraclea ... Bronze Tables ... River Sinno ... Ancient Cities of Siris and Lagaria ... Modern Town of Monte Giordano ... Calabria Citra ... Amendolara ... Pomponius Laetus ... Natural Beauties of Calabria ... Cassano ... The ancient Cosa.

The most usual road to Taranto, being in fact the only practicable one for carriages, is from the metropolis to Bari, the way I went; it then strikes inland, and leads by Casamassima, Gioia, and Massafra, to Taranto. It is possible to go by Lecce, or through the province of Basilicata, but this last is by all accounts very difficult.

On the 31st of May I quitted Taranto, by the northern bridge, and after following a straight path, which by taking an inland direction cuts off the promontory of the Rondinella, we again resumed it at the ford of the river Taras, where it falls into the sea. This stream is still called Tara, and by the peasants corruptedly *Fiume di Terra*. It is narrow, but deep enough to render that guidance absolutely necessary which we readily obtained from some labourers. Further inland, the overflow of waters in the autumn and winter months stagnates in pools, emitting an offensive and unhealthy effluvia during the rest of the year.

The sea-shore, which we then kept to for the remainder of the day's journey, afforded a smooth but somewhat fatiguing track to

our horses, while the deafening roar of the surge, breaking under their feet for the space of twenty miles, considerably diminished the pleasure I had anticipated from so easy a road. On my right the summit of a continued sand-bank, tufted with dwarf cypress and juniper bushes, barely allowed me at intervals to catch the tops of a forest of pines, which line the whole of that part of the gulf, to the complete exclusion of whatever inland beauty it may possess; while the haze, usually attendant on a scirocco, veiled the mountains of Basilicata and Calabria in front. The only diversion to the tedium of the way was afforded by the quantities of beautiful shells scattered along the beach; but these excited my impatience by the many delays they caused my attendants, who were tempted to dismount by each succeeding specimen appearing more beautiful as we proceeded. I was not a little surprised to find, wandering among these productions of the deep, and at least two hundred yards from the bank, a small viper, whose appearance in such a situation might have proved an argument in favour of the belief entertained by the ancients of this reptile's amours with the muræna.

Fifteen miles from Taranto, I passed the Lieto, or Lato, a small river, supposed to be the same on the banks of which Hannibal rested, when, guided by Philomenes, he was advancing to make himself master of Tarentum. Polybius gives it no name; but the distance and local character of its banks agree with those of the Lieto, at this season so destitute of water that it did not join the sea, but ended like a stagnant pond, hollowed at some distance in the intervening sand. The same was observable with the Bradano, a stream of much greater size and importance, which

now forms the boundary of the provinces of Otranto and Basilicata, as it marked in ancient times the division between the territory of Tarentum and Metapontum; and further inland, between Lucania and Peucetia. It rises, near Montepeloro, in the heart of the kingdom, and after a course of several miles unites here with the Ionian sea.

The appellation of Basilicata, given to this portion of the kingdom, may probably be traced to the period when it was possessed by the Greeks under the lower empire; and, like the sister province of Capitanata, it has preserved the same name ever since. This division of the realm is in just proportion with the others, but though comprising a great part of Lucania, a district of some importance in the days of antiquity, it is esteemed by the modern inhabitants to be as little favoured by nature as it is unassisted by cultivation. Its two extremities, to the east and west, touch the gulfs of Taranto and Policastro, but they are contracted to the extent of twenty-five miles on one side, and ten on the other, and are consequently debarred from most of the advantages derivable from a continued line of coast; while the inland portion widens considerably, and is described as stony, unfertile, exposed to great inequality of temperature, and deficient in good water, and even tolerable horse-roads. The two most considerable towns are Potenza and Matera.

When we consider that two of the most celebrated cities of Magna Grecia, Metapontum and Heraclea, flourished in these now depopulated regions, we cannot but admit that physical causes have combined with the ravages of time and political vicissitudes to produce so total a change. The former of these boasted of a

spacious port, and its wealth and importance gave it a rank inferior only to that of Tarentum: however, in the time of Pausanias little remained of its grandeur except the theatre and walls; but as the ruins of a temple of considerable dimensions were visible as late as 1782, we may fairly infer that his enumeration of its vestiges was incomplete.

The vast plain which I now entered, comprising the above-mentioned line of coast on the east of Basilicata, extends some way inland also, and supplied the town of Metapontum with the profusion of grain which formed the source of its opulence, and was typified on its medals. It is further celebrated by the magnificent donation presented by its inhabitants to the temple of Delphi, which, according to some, bore the form of the summer season personified in massive gold, or that of a large wheat-sheaf of the same metal. At present, corn is still the only production of the soil; but the land, however, is neither carefully cultivated, nor apparently very fertile in its quality. Torre di Mare is supposed to be placed on the precise site of the ancient city, which must have extended all round this spot. It is a square tower, built by the Angevine kings, and it is probable that the sea washed its foundations at the time of its construction, but the accumulation of soil produced by the irregular and variable courses of the rivers Bradano and Basiento, between which it is situated, have left an intervening space of nearly a mile.

I stopped at this place for the night, having found very tolerable accommodations in a modern built house, dignified by the name of casino, belonging to the proprietor of the estate, whose agent, residing at Bernalda, a town six miles distant, had been apprised

of my arrival. It happened that through some mistake or neglect the inhabitants of this tenement were not aware of it: these were the bailiff or under steward and his assistants, but they made no difficulty to my taking possession of the beds and stables. I had brought some meat and vegetables from Taranto, and an adjoining tavern afforded wine, bread, and forage for my horses, so that no ground remained for complaint except the scarcity of good water, the only drinkable kind being brought from the river Basiento, anciently the Casuentum or Metapontum. I visited its banks immediately after my dinner, under the guidance of a man belonging to the farm, who assured me he was well acquainted with the spot, and all its environs. I was much surprised to learn that no remains of antiquity of any sort were to be found on the banks of either river, or indeed any where nearer than seven miles to the north, where he allowed that there was an old building, called Torre dei Paladini, and that it was reported to be of considerable antiquity, but which, from his description, as well as the account of its situation, was not likely to have formed a part of the ancient city. The immediate banks of the Basiento are shaded with low thickets of agnus castus, tamarisk, and other water-loving plants, while among these some spots, thus protected from the sun, offer a scanty but salubrious pasture to cattle, if I may judge from the excellence of the milk, which I tasted the following morning. Among these bushes I flattered myself that some faint vestiges of the magnificence of Metapontum might be discovered, but I was disappointed, and my conductor accounted for the total destruction of all such remains by the frequent changes which take place in the course of the river, showing me at the same time the bed

where it flowed only five years since, and from which the present stream is nearly half a mile distant.

Swinburne, and after him the author of the *Voyage Pittoresque*, has given a minute account of the ruins of a Doric temple, which consisted in fifteen fluted columns of coarse marble. The English traveller points out their situation, in the most positive manner, on the other side of the river Basiento, "near its mouth;" the French author describes them as placed two miles from the sea, and adds, that they are visible at a great distance: in every other respect their descriptions agree; but after a long and fruitless search on this spot so clearly indicated, I was reluctantly compelled to admit the conviction that these massy fragments had been gradually undermined by the inundations of the stream, and finally buried in the depositions of clay and sand which they form. I returned to the casino weary and disappointed, and left it the next day with far different feelings from those which animated me on my arrival.

The reader will, I hope, share in my surprise, though he cannot participate in the mortification, which I experienced when I was assured, some time after my return to Naples, and since that by an eye-witness, that the objects of my anxious research of that evening, and of my unavailing regret, are actually in existence, in nearly the same state of preservation as the above-mentioned authors describe them. To the incredible ignorance of the country people, and, I am sorry to add, an inadvertence of Swinburne in calling the Bradano the Basiento, I must attribute a neglect on my part which has forced me to record this annoying disappointment. For the sake of future travellers, who may be tempted to

visit regions so little known, and apparently so difficult to be acquainted with, I shall state that these columns are placed very near the river Bradano, between a small town called Girifalco and the sea, and distant about four miles from the last. Had I followed the western bank of this stream immediately on crossing it, I must inevitably in a quarter of an hour have been in sight of them; but the implicit reliance I placed in an author whom I have found in almost every other instance so accurate, and the perseverance of the natives in denying all knowledge of such ruins, led me to an error which I can never think of with patience.

The Basiento is crossed at about three miles from its junction with the sea, at a place where a ferry is kept for that purpose in the winter, but which the shallowness of the water at present made unnecessary. In the course of this day (June the 1st) I traversed alternately large tracts of liquorice in bloom, which seems a plant indigenous to the soil, and considerable portions of corn-land, the produce of which was falling under the reaper's sickle. S. Teodoro and S. Basile, two very small villages, at a short distance, were the only visible habitations, except a tower called Scanzano, occupied by a few sick-looking Doganieri, near the dry bed of the river Salandrella. After this we entered some olive groves, growing on some less level ground, which shut out the view of the sea, but afforded occasional glimpses of the river Acri, anciently Aciris, to which a road, resembling a gravel-drive through an English shrubbery, soon conducted me. This track wound through a profusion of underwood, composed of lentisk, cercis, thorn, and dwarf oak, interspersed with poplars, and thickly clothed with draperies of flowering creepers.

The Acri, from the length of its course and the abundance of its waters, may rank as a considerable river, and even at this season I found some difficulty in crossing it; but this principally arose from the strange inequalities in the level of its bed, one half of which was too shallow to admit of the ferry-boat reaching the bank where I stood, and the other half was deep enough to cover the horse's shoulders: we were therefore obliged to dismount in the middle of the stream, to avoid a ducking, and transfer ourselves, by a motion between a jump and a scramble, from our saddles into the crazy vessel which there waited for us, and which our horses waded after to the opposite bank. This operation required more agility in the riders, and more steadiness in the steeds, than the individuals who composed my little troop were likely to exhibit. It could only be performed one by one, each taking their part in turn, and affording a most ludicrous spectacle to the bystanders.

A quarter of a mile more brought us to Policoro, a large house and farm, once the property of the Jesuits, but now belonging to the family of Grimaldi, Princes of Gerace, with whom an intimacy of three years standing secured me a most hospitable reception from the agent who superintended the management of this valuable possession. The house, a large uncouth building, at no time possessed of any pretensions to architectural merit, had not been visited by its owners for sixteen years, and the political convulsions which had agitated the country during that lapse of time, by subjecting it to the temporary residence of the military, who once accidentally set it on fire, and afterwards to sundry attacks from brigands, had reduced its interior to little more than a collection

of magazines or storehouses for the produce of the farm, stables for the animals it required, or humble habitations for the labourers employed upon the property. On the upper story a few rooms, somewhat larger and cleaner, formed the apartments of the agent and his family, and in one of these I was lodged. The monastic character of the edifice is scarcely perceptible after so many changes; but its local situation, and the former celebrity of Heraclea, on the site of which it is said to stand, attach to it a considerable degree of interest. Viewed either as a feudal domain in ages past, or considered as a productive estate in our own times, it is most happily constituted. The mansion stands on a knoll rising above an open plain, which extends for a mile in front of it to the sea. The rivers Acri and Siuno form the boundaries of the possession to the right and left; a gradual slope of three miles, ascending behind the house, and diversified and embellished by assiduous cultivation, joins a low range of hills, well wooded and turfed, which form the confines on the north, and divide them from the higher mountains of Basilicata, on which are seen the towns of Tursi, Pisticcio, and Montalbano. From this elevated ground, a view at once extensive and picturesque, embracing the sinuosities of the Calabrian shore as far as Capo del' Alice, and the meanderings of the Siuno, flowing through a forest of larger growth than any I had yet seen in Italy.

Near the house well-planted gardens, watered by a copious fountain, only make one regret that they are not kept in better order. But the neatness and regularity so conspicuous in an English farm would in vain be looked for in the south of Italy, though it is but justice to observe, that the utmost pains and

attention are bestowed on the mere cultivation of the land. Whoever has noticed the manner in which this is carried on in the immediate vicinity of Naples will justify the truth of the assertion, but further than this the native husbandman extends not his care; consequently the cleanly dairy, the substantial outhouse the neat fence, or the well-thatched rick, are things unknown in the rural economy of the kingdom, and the present subject proved as deficient in these as any less extensive farm.

Policoro, as an estate, affords every kind of produce which fertility of soil and amenity of climate unite in bringing forward, except wine; this is made no nearer than Montalbano, a small town of 6000 inhabitants, six miles distant. But the principal branch of revenue proceeds from the oil and liquorice; for the last article a large manufactory is established very near the house. The proximity of the sea, which allows of vessels being loaded with these objects within a mile of the seat of their growth, proves of no small assistance towards the gains derived from them. Besides the advantages here enumerated, the territory of Policoro abounds in game of every description, from the rabbit to the deer and wild boar.

But a dark side exists to the picture, bearing the same gloomy character in all parts of these otherwise favoured realms, and appears ordained to counterbalance all their charms. The malaria renders this spot uninhabitable after the middle of June to all except a few families, who reside in straw huts, somewhat resembling Hottentot kraals, and who are employed in such service as the manutention of the farm requires, which they perform under the particular inspection of the principal agent, who for a few

hours every other day rides over from Montalbano, where he resides during this period. These wretched abodes of more wretched inhabitants were all burnt down four years before I visited the place, by a gang of banditti called the *Buffaletti*, in revenge for having been successfully repulsed from the mansion itself. In the winter the average of persons employed on the estate is 1000, but 150 form the amount of the constant establishment. I was informed that the bad air is supposed to originate from a slender portion of stagnant water produced by the overflow of the fountain, but as the expense of a few ducats would carry it into the sea, I must attribute its existence to the vicinity of the two rivers, or to the same hidden causes which render all extensive flats in these latitudes subject to its influence. I was assured here, though not for the first time, that all land which spontaneously produced the liquorice root in abundance was afflicted with this scourge.

The reader will naturally expect some account of Heraclea, but I believe I am correct in asserting that no vestige whatsoever of this chief of the Italo-Greek republics is to be traced above ground, though engraved stones, medals, and even fragments of statues have been dug up in ploughing. The site of Policoro so exactly agrees with that of Heraclea, as described by the ancients, that their identity has never been disputed; and Mazzochi has even derived its present denomination, *Poli Choros*, from that of the plain which divides it from the sea, and which he supposes was peculiarly reserved to the gymnastic exercises and games of the inhabitants. He conceives also that this same place might have been the point of rendezvous for the deputies of

the other cities of Magna Grecia, when they assembled in the solemn council or diet, held for the discussion of their respective interests; a confederation resembling, and probably copied from the more ancient assembly of the Amphictyons at Athens. The seat of this meeting was removed through the hostile influence of Alexander, King of the Molossi, to the borders of the Acalander, in the territory and jurisdiction of the Thurians, the Heracleans having, with the Tarentines, taken part against him in the war he was then waging, and in the course of which he soon after perished, in endeavouring to ford the Aciris, or Acheron, as it was sometimes called, near Pandosia, now Anglona, some miles inland. This fate had been predicted to him, with the ambiguity peculiar to the oracles of the ancient, and the astrologers of the lower ages, which warned him to beware of the river Acheron, a stream he believed to have existed in Epirus only.

In the year 1753, about eight miles from Policoro, and near the town of Pisticcio, were found two bronze inscriptions, soon known by the celebrity they acquired among the antiquarians of the day, under the name of the Heraclean tables. By some strange accident one of these fell into the hands of an English gentleman, and it was for some time at the British Museum, but is now returned to that of the Studii at Naples, where they are both preserved with great care: the largest of these bears a Latin inscription on one of its sides, and a Greek one on the other; but the second has a Greek legend only. They relate to the measurement and division of some lands sacred to Bacchus, which extended along the banks of the river Aciris, within the territory of Heraclea, and they rank high among the most interesting relics of antiquity. Mazzocchi

has written a very elaborate volume on the subject of these fragments, and with the same inconsiderate zeal which induces him to call the Salandrella the Acalander, he places the former little river between the Acri and the Sinno, whereas a simple investigation of the locality would have shown that it runs between the Acri and the Basiento.

The river Sinno is three miles from Policoro, and the road for more than half of this distance winds through the most intricate recesses of the forest above mentioned. Woodland scenery is rarely to be seen in any part of the south of Italy, and consequently the charms of that which was now displayed struck me the more forcibly. I here saw timber trees of a magnitude and growth equal to those of our colder climes.

. . . . . " I frassini selvaggi
" I funebri cipressi, i pini, i cerri,
" L' Elci frondose e gli alti abeti e i faggi
" Gli olmi mariti a cui talor s' appoggia
" La vite, e con piè torto al ciel sen poggia."

TASSO.

All these appeared by turns, and underneath the canopy, formed by their overspreading boughs, a thick and matted cluster of underwood arose, composed of all the various tribes of evergreens peculiar to the south: lentisk, myrtle, sweet bay, arbutus, and laurus thymus, mingled their varied hues of green, enlivened by the vivid flowers of the wild pomegranate, or the softer tint of the oleander, and enveloped in a network of flowering creepers, musk roses, and wild vines, whose fragrance far exceeds all other odours. Several streams, minor branches of the Sinno, wandered through

these groves, and maintained an eternal freshness in the turf and flowers from which they sprang; the warbling of a multiplicity of singing birds an addition to sylvan scenery little known in these latitudes, the rustling of the startled roebuck, or the lowing of large herds of cattle, grazing in the open glades, gave animation to a picture of pastoral tranquillity which seemed to realise those so beautifully described in the poetry of Tasso or Ariosto.

On the banks of the main stream of the Sinno I took leave of the agent's son, and of the territory over which his father presided, and after fording the shallow but wide bed of this river, entered a more open and well cultivated country: the path ran at a mile from the sea, and soon ascended some gentle declivities, whereon several vestiges of Roman construction were visible. The Sinno is the Siris of the ancients; on its shores a city of the same name is said to have been founded, at a period even more remote than the siege of Troy: various discussions have arisen with regard to the original colony established, some attributing its foundation to Ionians, others to Trojans. The partisans of the last system rest its defence upon Strabo's mention of a sanctuary and statue of Minerva Ilias; which, he adds, was considered the most certain proof that the city owed its origin to an emigration from Ilium: while the supporters of the opposite argument maintain that this highly venerated shrine was sacred to Minerva Polias, a surname often conferred upon this divinity by Grecian settlers. But both parties agree that the town was taken and sacked by a later tribe of invaders, who massacred the natives at the foot of this statue, whose eyes were seen to close, while its

moving lips testified the horror of the deity at the sacrilegious profanation.

> " Then shall the statue roll her bloodless eyes,
> " To shun th' Achæan wolves," &c.
>
> LORD ROYSTON'S *Lycophron*.

The rise of Heraclea gives us the date of the downfall of Siris. The possession of the latter having been disputed by the Thurians and Tarentines, these two powers ended the war by a treaty, that gave the last the privilege of founding another city, which they peopled with the inhabitants of Siris: this new creation became Heraclea, and grew in population and consequence in proportion as the parent city diminished both in one and the other. We consequently find Siris, some time before it sank into total oblivion, ranking only as the emporium or port of the more fortunate Heraclea.

I was now advancing fast towards the confines of Calabria Citra*. The line of demarcation runs a little to the south of Rocca Imperiale, a town rising from the base of a conical hill, which it crowns to the very summit, the last of its houses forming the point of the pyramid. This peculiarity of situation, added to the different forms of the buildings, and indeed the altered face of the whole country, announced at once a transition to regions where the productions and inhabitants bore little affinity to those I had yet passed over. The ancient Lagaria, built by Epeus, the constructor of the Trojan horse, is supposed by Swinburne to have

* This portion of the kingdom assumed the name it now bears no earlier than the seventh century; it is well known that the district so called by the ancients was situated in the present Terra d' Otranto.

existed near Rocca Imperiale, but a passage from Lycophron places it near the Cylistarnus; and Romanelli and others have pointed out its situation at a place called Nogara, beyond Cape Rizuto, where the wine has obtained a celebrity equal to that of Lagaria, which, according to Strabo, was sweet and soft, and particularly recommended by physicians.

Monte Giordano, the next town I saw, and the first in Calabria, presented the same aspect as Rocca Imperiale, which may also be said of Roseto; and I afterwards found that almost every small town in Calabria, particularly on the eastern coast, was constructed after the same model. Their distance from the sea, generally two or three miles, though somewhat unfavourable to the trifling commerce they might carry on, secured them against any sudden attacks from the Algerines, and the particular form of their position afforded them easy modes of defence. Each has generally a little watch-tower, for the protection of a few boats used for fishing or trade, and that of considerable magazines, adapted to the reception of grain until embarked for exportation. In one of these, of considerable dimensions, I sought shelter from a heavy shower of rain, ushered in by a few hours of sultry and oppressive heat. It belonged to one of the principal inhabitants of Monte Giordano, and was entirely filled with wheat of the finest quality.

The outline of the hills on my right lost its round undulated character, and was broken by deep hollows, or raised to acute pinnacles; their height increased, and their surface exhibited strata of gray limestone, protruding between their wooded summits and their thinly cultivated base near the sea. Broad ravines,

full of loose stones of considerable dimensions, which the winter torrents had brought down, occurred so frequently as to render our progress extremely fatiguing to ourselves, as well as laborious to our horses. These fiumaras, sometimes nearly a mile wide close to the sea-shore, gradually narrowed as they ascended the heights, and could be traced to the very peaks of the mountains, by the rich blossom of the oleanders which filled them, and formed a very singular feature in this landscape, which partook more of the sublime than the pleasing. One dell, however, which we traversed, combined all the softer beauties characteristic of the south; a grove of orange trees, surrounding a flat-roofed villa, a ruined aqueduct, and a masseria embedded in luxuriant vegetation, formed a picture of enchanting richness and tranquillity.

About two miles from the watch-tower of Roseto, after crossing a small stream, supposed to be the Acalander, to the banks of which the Epirote Alexander transferred the seat of the Italo-Greek confederation, the path quitted the shore, and wound up the steep ascent leading to Amendolara, where I was to pass the night. This small town afforded me the first and most perfect specimen of all those which I afterwards visited in this province. Its position, on an insulated cone, surrounded on all sides but one by a precipice of frightful depth and steepness, renders it almost inaccessible; and its inhabitants experienced the advantages of such a situation in the year 1806, when they successfully defended it against 200 brigands, who retired from the siege they had begun, after having sacked and burnt part of the house where I was received, and which is just outside of its ramparts: these are formed by the close junction of the exterior houses with one

another, or portions of thick wall, where an interval breaks the connexion. A population, somewhat under the number of 1000, inhabit it, and the interior aspect is as wretched as its outward appearance is singular: the streets, narrow and unpaved, were composed of low huts, blackened with smoke; they were full of dung, and shreds of black cloth or serge, forming mattrasses and blankets for a race of pigs, apparently as numerous, and hardly more prolific than their possessors: the male proportion of the last was almost all assembled in evening conversation just without the walls, leaving their interior and the female inhabitants to the company above mentioned. The women were mostly of large stature, attired in a body and petticoat of coarse scarlet cloth: the latter appendage was composed of plaits so innumerable as to stick out at a considerable distance from the hips, and being mostly threadbare and faded, formed no ornamental addition to forms as uncouth as they were unfeminine, and countenances impressed with a ferocious scowl, which I fain would have interpreted as the stare of curiosity. The shift, of which the full sleeves are seen, is drawn in round the throat, reminding one of many antique statues; and on their head they wear a coarse cloth, folded flat like a napkin, as in the Terra di Lavoro, and some parts of the pontifical states. The men were usually clad in short jackets and close hose, of no very particular shape, but almost all invariably of black cloth, which accounted for the quantity of cuttings of that material I had observed in the streets on my entrance. They mostly had leather gaiters, or coarse stockings, with a shoe of undrest skin, tied on by thongs of the same, half way up the leg, forming complete sandals. Their hats had scarcely any brims, and the crown, which

is high, terminates in a sharp point. Their demeanour was civil, but perfectly different from that of the natives of the other provinces I had seen. A look of independence, but not unmixed with melancholy and distrust, was observable in their countenances, bearing, in other respects, an expression far from unpleasing.

I had a letter from Policoro to a gentleman of Amendolara; he was absent, but his uncle, an old gentleman of ninety years of age, had opened it, and taken upon himself the duties of hospitality, which he performed in a mild, unaffected manner. The declining state of his intellectual faculties, however, rendered any information very difficult to be obtained, and the unconnected manner in which he communicated what he knew sometimes raised an impatience, which the respect claimed by age, and the compassion due to the spectacle of its irreparable ravages on the human understanding, ought to have repressed.

The view from Amendolara is very striking: on the land side it is bounded by two magnificent mountains, Straface and Raparo; the summits of which are crowned with frowning pine-woods, but their flanks are richly cultivated, as well as the intervening space of undulated ground; corn, olives, and fruit trees form its produce, and those species which probably give to the town the name of Amendolara are eminently conspicuous from their size and number. The windings of the coast along the valley of the Crathis, which forms a bay, though it has not that name, and the prolongation of it with the towns of Corigliano, Rossano, and Cariati, extending to Capo dell' Alice, terminates this prospect towards the south, in the most picturesque manner.

Amendolara is the birth-place of Pomponius Laetus, a cotem-

porary of the popes Paul II., Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI., and particularly favoured by the last pontiff, who sent him to Germany to search for and procure manuscripts of ancient authors, of which he carried back a great quantity to Rome. He was the writer of many works, more celebrated in his own than in our days, though Marufiotti and Barrio have preserved a catalogue of them, and recorded the distinguished honour which Alexander VI. conferred on his remains, by attending them in solemn pomp to their last receptacle.

On the third of June, I left Amendolara, and returning by the same steep path which had taken me from the sea shore, I followed it as far as Trebisaccio, a small town on an eminence, close to the water. In doing this, I left on my right Albidona, the site of Leutarnia, one of the most ancient foundations in Magna Grecia, and as such mentioned by Lycophron, who, in his enigmatic rhapsody, has enumerated almost all the towns and rivers of this kingdom. After Trebisaccio, I again resumed an inland direction, over some uneven ground, of which the varying surface displayed a succession of scenes similar to those which had greeted my entrance into Calabria the preceding day, and to which no description can do justice. If the reader will picture to himself all the charms which the brilliant and varied vegetation of these latitudes can throw over valleys shaped in the happiest forms by the hand of nature, and refreshed by the clearest and coolest rills; if he will add to these, occasional glimpses of a sea gilt by an Italian sun, and an horizon bounded by a range of magnificent mountains, whose peaks catch its brightest beams, he may form some idea of the glades which border the valley of the *Crathis*, or

as it is more commonly designated *La Gaddella*. But these spots, though of frequent recurrence, are divided by bare and stony ravines, portions of sandy unfertile wastes, or desolate fiumaras, so that the general glance over the face of the land by no means makes the traveller acquainted with its detached or individual beauties.

We passed by a little town called Casalnovo, a name even more common than Francavilla, another village which we traversed. Previous to reaching the last I was much pleased with a large farm-house, apparently once a mansion of higher distinction, attached to a venerable and most picturesque square Gothic tower, literally buried in obscurity by orange, fig, pomegranate, and myrtle trees.

Our guide by taking us over these heights, instead of keeping the shore, perhaps shewed us the shortest and most beautiful, but undoubtedly the least practicable road: the river *Raccanello*, anciently the *Cylistarnus*, runs between Francavilla and Cassano, and throws itself into the sea very near the mouth of the Crathis. At about twenty-three miles distance from the commencement of this day's journey, I found a regularly built village, or rather collection of houses, called, in honour of the late Duchess of Cassano, its foundress, Lauropoli. A colony of husbandmen employed on the immense possessions of the Cassano family occupy this establishment, and prove that if the large landed proprietors resided on their estates, and sought in earnest the means of improving them, their efforts would not meet with any obstacles from the natives, though the character and disposition of the latter have generally been considered hostile to such endeavours.

A descent of one more mile brought me to a bridge over the river Ejano, at the foot of the city of Cassano. Its appearance from this spot was singularly pleasing: the buildings composing it are large and well constructed, rise like a theatre on the concave recess of a steep mountain, and extend round the insulated rock, on which are placed the ruins of the ancient baronial castle, once the residence of the Serra family, who possessed the fief, and still retain the estate and title of Cassano.

An extensive range of luxuriant gardens stretch from the base of this imposing object, and out of their thick and shadowy recesses a solitary Roman tower rears its majestic form between two immense palm trees. The stream winds its clear and rapid course round this girdle of verdure, and finishes the picture.

The road from the bridge assumes a zigzag direction along the skirts of the town. It led me at its highest extremity to the Duke of Cassano's present mansion, a modern, substantial building, of commodious size and distribution, but without any pretensions to magnificence or beauty beyond that derived from its commanding situation. The view from it extends over the rich and well watered plain of the Crathis, as far as the sea, which is about twelve miles distant, while the town stretches out to the bottom of the hill, and forms the foreground. I here found, in the person of Don Stanislao Serra, brother to the present owner, and who makes Cassano his constant residence, the simplicity of manner, and amenity of disposition, which characterizes his whole family; and these qualities, more strikingly displayed in the exercise of unostentatious hospitality, contributed not a little to the enjoyment of two days' residence under his friendly roof, and

Sketched by the Hon. K. Craven

Engraved by Chas Heath

CASSANO

IN CALABRIA CITRA

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left no regret but that I could not protract it to a longer period.

Cassano, as an habitual abode, presents advantages, especially to the proprietor, which no other spot, at so great a distance from the metropolis, can boast of, at least in the existing state of a country where nature's lavish bounty has retarded the general dissemination of industry and science.

An excellent carriage road of eight miles in length communicates with Castrovillari, situated on the high road from Cosenza to the capital, and thereby greatly facilitates the intercourse with the last. The town, the seat of a bishop, contains 5000 inhabitants, whose habits of industry are so well directed, that all the branches of useful labour which contribute to the more immediate wants and enjoyments of the community are exercised in a style much above mediocrity. Among these, a manufacture of maccaroni, one of stamped leather, and another of common, but well made table linen, are foremost. Cotton and silk are grown, spun, and wove, at Cassano; and its local position is also favourable to great varieties in vegetation. The oak and other trees of larger growth cover the sides of the neighbouring mountains, and furnish timber to the natives for building, or the detail of the carpenter's trade; and while all the fruits of our colder climates flourish on the high grounds above the town, the olive, orange, pomegranate, and vine, are produced in abundance in the gardens that surround its lower extremities; grain of every kind waves over the vast plain of the Crathis, whose banks also furnish rich pasture to innumerable flocks of cattle, and secure shelter to water fowl and wild boars, while the surrounding mountains offer all the nobler varieties of game, from the stock-dove and rabbit to the pheasant

and red deer. The valley of the Crathis, like all those in hot climates, is infected with malaria; but the elevated situation of the town of Cassano not only places it out of the reach of its effects, but ensures a temperate and salubrious atmosphere. Some sulphureous hot waters of considerable efficacy rise out of a rock at the lower entrance of the town, and some baths have been constructed for public use by the Cassano family, who have also brought a supply of excellent drinking water from a spring six miles distant to the upper part of the town, from which it is abundantly distributed through all parts of it by means of seven fountains. If I add to all these an adequate provision of sea fish from the neighbouring marina, I think I shall be justified in pronouncing this town to be amply furnished with all that can minister to the necessities of the poor, and gratify the superfluous luxuries of the richer class. But Cassano, from its ancient origin, has claims to a stronger degree of interest than merely that which these natural advantages can attach, as it is supposed to stand on the site of *Cosa* or *Cossa*, a city of the Enotrians, included in later times within the Thurian territory. In the contest between Pompey and Cæsar it followed the fortunes of the latter, and T. Annius Milo, who, as the murderer of Clodius, was so ably defended by Cicero, having attacked it on the part of Pompey, was killed under its walls by a stone or rock, thrown upon him by Q. Pedius, prætor. The Roman tower above-mentioned was, according to the natives, the scene of this event, and is in consequence called Torre di Milone; but Baron Antonini, and the Abbate Minervino, have looked upon some remains of ancient walls and other vestiges of antiquity, near an Albanian village, called Civita, about two miles from Cassano, as the more probable ruins of Cosa.

CHAPTER XII.

River Crathis... Site of Sybaris and Thurium... Town of Corigliano... Calabrese Burial... Rossano... S. Nilo... Rivers Lusias, Hylias, and Traeis... Capo del Trionto... Town of Cariati... Warfare of 1806... Fiumenica... Crimissa... Cities founded by Philoctetes... Strongoli, the ancient Petilia... Curious Inscriptions... Rivers Neto and Esaro.

On the 6th of June I left Don S. Serra's hospitable roof, and descending into the valley, took my way across it as far as the Crathis, which forms the boundary of the territory of Cassano. The plain is well cultivated, chiefly with grain of all kinds, and the liquorice plant grows luxuriously in a wild state over every part of the surface. It is, however, bare of villages on account of the malaria, but at the same time possesses several farm-houses and magazines; one of which was pointed out to me with great feelings of pride by the guides who accompanied me from Cassano, and I willingly paid my tribute of admiration to the largest barn I ever saw. It covered a space equal to a moggio, and a row of sixteen arches on each side supported the roof. At the end of the year it is usually full of all the different productions of the estate, including wool, hides, pulse, and grains of all kinds.

The Crathis, now Crati, is, where I crossed it, a broad, clear, but shallow stream, scarcely reaching the horse's girths. It rises in the Sila, or Brettian forest, in the heart of the mountains,

some miles south of Cosenza, whose walls it bathes, and pursues a northern direction as far as Tarsia, where, forming an obtuse angle to the north-east, it traverses this large vale, and after a course of fifty more miles, during which it is considerably augmented by the influx of the Coscile and other tributary streams, it discharges itself into the Ionian sea in the centre of the bay, formed by the Cape of Roseto and the point of the Trionto.

As one of the most considerable rivers of Calabria, and carrying with it fertility to a large portion of this province, it possesses some importance in the eyes of the natives, but its unaltered name brings recollections of much higher interest to the mind of the antiquarian, historian, or philosopher: for its waters not only flowed over golden sand, but, if we believe Strabo, Theophrastus, and Vitruvius, they could impart particular colours to the fleece of the flocks that drank of them: they also gave a golden hue and beautiful softness to the human hair, and were salutary in the cure of various disorders.

Lycophron mentions this river as the scene of the conflagration of the Grecian ships by the hands of the female captives which they had brought from Troy, and alludes to the punishment of Sethæa their leader, in these lines—

> " Crathis echoed thy groans; the rocks
> " Named from thy woes, and sacred to thy grief,
> " Shall rise and scowl upon the Tuscan wave."

I must observe, that there are no rocks along the coast of the whole of this extensive bay, and that the wave is Ionian, and not Tuscan, an epithet applied only to the Tyrrhene sea, which bathes the western shores of the peninsula, and which the noble trans-

lator has inadvertently added, in his masterly version, of an otherwise almost unintelligible author.

But to turn from these brilliant fables to facts of more historic authenticity, the Crathis derived its brightest fame from the town of Sybaris, which rose between its stream and that of the river to which that city gave, or from which it took, its name.

The power, opulence, and celebrity of this place, were put an end to in a short war with the Crotoniates, who, after vanquishing the inhabitants, destroyed their capital in the most effectual manner, by directing upon its magnificent edifices the waters of the very river which had so long contributed to enrich and embellish them, and which now render all research after their vestiges impracticable. The broad bed of the Crathis probably embosoms all of Sybaris that is not returned to its primitive elements. Swinburne, who observed some fragments of tombs and aqueducts in the peninsula formed by the two rivers, thinks that they belonged to Roman constructions, and I am inclined to suppose they were remains of Thurium, a city which arose and flourished from the ruins of Sybaris, but was, in the course of time, recolonised by the Romans, who called it Copia, from the fertility of its territory. The Neapolitan antiquaries, however, place this Thurium further inland, under a small town called Terranova.

The river Sybaris, now called Coscile, instead of falling into the sea distinctly from the Crathis, unites its stream with it about six miles from the shore, at a little above the spot where I forded it. The fabulous properties of the Sybaris were directly opposed in their effects to those of its brother stream, as they changed the hair from white or fair, to a darker shade, and

affected the cattle that drank of them with sneezings and startings.

Its course, as well as that of the Crathis, has undergone several changes in its direction, and it no doubt aided in the annihilation of the remains of Sybaris, of which, a wall sometimes perceptible in the bed of the Crathis, when its waters are very low, was pointed out to me as the only vestige.

The ferry of the Crathis is placed half way between Cassano and Corigliano, eight miles distant from each. The approach to this last town is marked by a very distinct change in the vegetation, and the surface of the soil, destitute of all plants which require humidity, is shaded only by fine oaks and olive-trees rising above a red loam. The town of Corigliano is perched on a steep eminence of tedious ascent: several Cassinos, placed in extensive orange gardens, beautify the base of the hill, and somewhat relieve the dreary aspect presented by the broad stony bed of a very scanty stream called the Coriglianello, which we crossed over a stone bridge. This torrent winds round the foot of the mountain, and its yearly ravages are invariable in their destruction to the adjoining fields and gardens.

The oranges are here of a very fine quality, and are exported down the whole eastern coast of Calabria, and as far north as Taranto, which it occasionally supplies with ice, or rather snow, when the preceding winter has been too mild in Apulia to furnish a sufficient quantity of that indispensable article.

Several large convents, in picturesque situations, shew themselves in the environs of the town, and an aqueduct, which supplies the inhabitants with water from the higher mountains,

crosses the principal street of entrance, and winds round the pyramidical hill whereon the town is built. The castle of the duke, once the feudal lord of the town, and all the surrounding land, stands at the very point of the cone. This edifice, whereof parts are very ancient, was bought by a Genoese family, the Salluzzi, of the San Severini, Princes of Bisignano, who possessed immense territories in this district, and the sale or confiscation of which have founded the fiefs of several other existing families, though the present representative still retains the title of Bisignano. The castle is a square edifice, with a tower at each corner, surrounded by a moat, or dry fosse, and accessible by two drawbridges. The late owners, in adapting it to the use of the family, have somewhat taken from its venerable and castellated aspect; but it still is the most striking object in the town, and includes all the conveniences of a modern-built mansion. The view enjoyed from its terrace is extensive, and an exact counterpart of that seen from Cassano, with this additional advantage, that the mountains which rise behind the last, and which are from this seen in all their magnificence, are infinitely finer in point of elevation and shape, than those which shelter Corigliano. This prospect also embraces a better defined outline of the gulf, and a much larger expanse of valley; but the naked surface of the surrounding soil, pared and burnt in its appearance, and the stunted appearance of the olive-trees, are objects very detrimental to the beauty of foreground.

I was received at Corigliano by a gentleman to whom I had brought a letter from Naples. His family was numerous, and his youngest boys, twins, were no less remarkable for their exact

likeness to each other, than their extraordinary beauty, far surpassing any I had ever seen, even in England, where foreigners remark they rarely see an ugly child. An impression, the reverse of this, strikes our countrymen in Italy, where the deficiency of freshness, and the absence of a fair complexion, are scarcely compensated by premature expression of physiognomy, or regularity of feature. In the present instance these were strikingly observable, but united to such brilliancy, yet delicacy, of complexion, elegance of form, and sweetness of smile, that these twins seemed as if composed in a superior mould to the rest of mankind, while the silent gentleness of their deportment, and a certain expression of melancholy, totally foreign to the usual vicacity of such early years, assimilated them to beings of another life.

I was called up from dinner with this interesting family to look from their windows at a funeral, which had halted under them. This was an observance their acquaintance with the deceased made it incumbent they should attend to. The corpse, uncovered as usual, was that of a stout, swarthy man, of about fifty, who having during life been much addicted to the sports of the field, was carried to the grave attired in the dress suited to those pursuits. The bier was set down under the window, as a mark of attention to my host, while the priests round it continued their dismal chants. A long train of neighbours and friends followed in silence; and after them, a group of females, mostly weeping, led the widow, whose face presented the paleness and immobility of a statue; but at regular intervals, she plucked two or three hairs from the dishevelled black tresses, which reached from her

forehead to her knees, an operation as regularly interrupted by her assistant supporters, who replaced her hands by her sides, where they remained inactive only until the next impulse. The blacksmiths, cobblers, carpenters, and fruitsellers, who were all exercising their different trades in the open street as usual, suspended their noisy occupations for a while, during which the beating of the linen at the neighbouring fountain was also hushed. All these were resumed with redoubled energy when the procession moved onwards, and left no impression upon my friends sufficiently strong to delay our immediate return to the dinner table.

The Marina of Corigliano, called Schiavonia, is five miles distant. It was represented as more interesting from a handsome church, enriched with costly marbles, than for its importance or size.

I continued my journey the next day near the sea side. Rossano is a larger town, but less peopled, than Corigliano, about eight miles from it, nearly in a similar situation; but it was too near for me to sleep; and, as it lies inland a little out of the road, I gave up the idea of passing through it.

We find the town of Roscianum placed in the Antonine Itinerary, at twelve miles distance from Thurium, where the inhabitants made use of its port in preference to the ancient one of Sybaris. Procopius also gives an account of it as a very strong fortress, built by the Romans. In the lower ages it acquired celebrity from the birth of St. Nilus, who, after wandering over all parts of Calabria, retired to Grotta Ferrata, near Tusculum, where he died. Among his disciples, one of the name of Bartholomew obtained singular sanctity and renown, by founding a church near Rossano,

called St. Maria del Patire, the plan of which was delineated by the patroness herself. The life of St. Nilus, and an account of the miracles which sanctified it, is published in Greek; but they have been recorded in more splendid characters by the pencil of Domenichino. The ritual of the Greek church was preserved at Rossano as late as the sixteenth century. At present it is the seat of an archbishop, but much declined in population and importance.

I crossed the beds of several small rivers, whose names bore some celebrity in antiquity, though at present they are as little known as their courses. The first, after passing by Rossano, to which Romanelli gives the modern name of Lucino, or Lucido, is probably the Lusias recorded by Elian for the clearness of its waters and the black colour of its fish. The next, now the Callonato, appears to answer in position to the Hylias, which divided the Crotoniate and Sybarite territories, and, with less probability, has been identified with the Aquaniti, which runs several miles to the south of it. Swinburne, generally so exact in his observations, and so satisfactory in their results, has committed a double error in adopting this opinion, and in placing on its banks the memorable defeat of the Sybarites. Iamblichus, I believe, is the only author who names the river which witnessed this extraordinary event, and calls it Tetraentum, which is probably the same as the Traeis mentioned by Diodorus Siculus: this last stream bears every analogy, even that of name, to the modern Trionto, the most considerable among all the above mentioned rivers, and which throws itself into the Ionian at a point called from it, three or four miles to the north-east of the Hylias,

and where I stopped to bait at a farm-house situated at a short distance from the sea. I here obtained some bread and wine, and the surrounding sheafs of ripe grain just cut afforded ample store of refreshment for our horses. After a rest of three hours, I resumed my way still by the seashore, through a flat country little cultivated, and occasionally clothed with brushwood.

I crossed the Aquaniti, and saw three small villages on the hills on my right, among which Calopezzato, with a large square castle, appeared the most conspicuous. The town of Cariati, where I was to sleep, was not seen till we reached the foot of the mountain on which it stands; here also, rather inconveniently, is placed the abundant fountain which supplies its inhabitants with water, carried up in barrels on the backs of mules. The ascent is steep and ill paved, but not very tedious. A gate and drawbridge form the only entrance to the town of Cariati; but the dilapidated state of its walls allows ingress to pedestrians in many other parts. It is a wretched place, something like Amendolara; but it has the advantage of one straight street, and two good houses. The baronial castle, in a commanding situation at one extremity of the town, is in ruins. The foundation of Cariati, as an episcopal see, goes back as far as the end of the fifth century, as we find its bishop, Menecrates, mentioned as being present at a council held at Rome, under the pontificate of Symmachus. The cathedral, which is a clumsy Gothic fabric, bears the appearance of having been built by the Normans.

The town, though situated in a country abounding with the productions of a fertile soil, aided by the influence of an excellent climate, looks wretched and desolate, and its population does not

exceed 1200 souls. Exposed for several centuries to the repeated inroads of the Turks and Algerines, it has suffered no less within the last twenty years, from the ravages of foreign troops, and the depredations of native barbarians. In the year 1806, it was taken by a band of brigands, who made the cause of legitimacy subservient to their own lawless schemes of plunder, and abused the fidelity due to an hereditary sovereign, and too credulously shown by loyal subjects, by treating them with all the rapacity and injustice of their foreign conquerors, who, in their turn, drove out the irregular and undisciplined forces, and wreaked their vengeance on the defenceless inhabitants, who had the power to oppose neither of the parties, thus apparently contending for the mere purpose of devastation and rapine.

The whole division of the French army under General Regnier bivouacked at the fountain under Cariati, while its most respectable inmates were compelled to implore on their knees the remission of the punishment considered due to the offence of harbouring what were termed rebels; and it was to the personal humanity of the commander alone, that the town, already half ruined by the brigands, owed the preservation of its remains.

All the eastern coast, and indeed most of the internal parts of Calabria, were at this period exposed to a species of warfare, of which no other portion of the continent, during the protraction of hostilities over almost all its surface, can display a similar example.

The mountains near Cariati abound with game, and the forests, which richly clothe their summits, furnish quantities of that species of ash, which produces the manna, a considerable branch

of commerce in this province, and more particularly esteemed from this district. The leaf is larger than that of our ash, but the tree seldom grows to any size. On one of the highest peaks of the neighbouring mountains is placed Terra Vecchia, which Swinburne believed to be Paternum. A person at Cassano, whose daughter was married to an inhabitant of Cariati, had given me a letter which ensured me hospitality from a family not much used to opportunities of exercising it, if I may judge from the confusion created by my arrival, and the more than usual delay of the dinner hour. There was, however, no appearance of reluctance in the painful display of it which I experienced, except in one instance, when the lady of the house, probably unaccustomed to the sight of foreign faces, screamed for assistance, and locked herself into her room, in reply to my servant's request of some oats, of which she had the keeping, and for the delivery of which her husband had referred him to her.

On the 8th of June I left Cariati, and descending to the sandy shore, followed it for some time after crossing the little river Fiumenica, which forms the present boundary of the two Upper Calabrias, formerly marked by the river Neto, sixteen miles to the south of this spot.

By a late decree the divisions of this important province had been augmented to three; the two northern, bearing their ancient denominations of Calabria Citra and Ultra, and the third, with Reggio for its capital, having assumed that of Calabria Ultra Secunda. A reduction of territory, and an alteration in their mutual boundaries, had been the necessary consequences of this arrangement; and though some local dissatisfaction must have

arisen from it, the general welfare of the country has been consulted, especially in the southern portion, which has acquired an importance it never before possessed.

After leaving the Fiumenica and the immediate sea-shore, I went over some beautifully wooded ground under the village of Crocoli: here a castellated mansion, now the station of some Doganieri, embosomed in trees, and refreshed by abundant streams, formed one of those singular and unexpected pictures which are not uncommon in these regions. The Crimissan Promontory, now Capo dell' Alice, projects into the sea; and the path I followed cuts across it through a succession of highly cultivated farms or Masserias, dependent on two handsome villas, which gave an animation to the scene which I had long been unused to. In a garden belonging to one of these, and near a small tavern, I made my morning meal, which was much improved by the addition of some salad and excellent fruit, gratuitously tendered by the cultivators of the soil.

Crimissa, the principal among the many cities founded by Philoctetes and his followers on this coast, and recorded as the seat of his residence, is supposed to have occupied the site of the present Cirò, a small town situated on an insulated hill, three of the sides of which were successively visible in the winding progress of this day's journey. The name of Paternum was afterwards given to Crimissa; and appears on the Antonine Itinerary, as it does also at a subsequent period, as united to the see of Tempsa. It is evident that Swinburne was not aware of this identity when he placed Paternum at Terra Vecchia, a village on one of the crags which overhang Cariati.

Stephanus mentions a river of the name of Crimisa, which must have been the Fiumenica. The promontory itself was decorated with a temple built by Philoctetes after his wanderings; wherein he had suspended the bow and arrows of Hercules, and dedicated the shrine and offering to Apollo Alæus.

Ancient authors inform us, that among the several chiefs who had united their hostile arms against Troy, few returned to their hereditary dominions; and many who did, were compelled, through domestic treason or foreign usurpation, to seek other shores, and found other kingdoms. The names of Diomedes, Idomeneus, and Philoctetes, stand foremost among those who sought an asylum in the southern extremity of Italy, then called Ausonia or Œnotria. The first of these heroes colonized Daunia, which comprizes the extent of coast from Mount Garganus to Barletta, and is now termed Capitanata. The Cretan wanderers formed settlements in various parts of the Iapygian Promontory, or Terra d' Otranto; and the last founded cities in this part of Calabria. The intermediate portions of these regions, so embellished by nature and favoured by climate, boasted of names equally distinguished in fabulous history; but tradition is here so involved with the marvels of mythological fiction, and so unassisted by authentic documents, that we scarcely dare to fix upon any particular source of information, or quote with security any author who has treated upon the subject. The days of Pythagoras, who is supposed to have been cotemporary with Servius Tullius, those of Zaleucus and Charondas, who witnessed the destruction of Sybaris, are recent, if compared with the era of which I now speak; and when we are told, that as early as the epoch of the

Trojan war, this country already possessed establishments and colonies of still more remote antiquity, whether attributable to Œnotrus, Tyrrhenus, Italus, or Ausonius, we cannot help being actuated with a wish to give up further investigation as liable only to involve us in deeper obscurity. It must at the same time be observed, that the authors who have given us any information on the subject generally agree on the main points.

The poet Lycophron is one of those who has enumerated almost every one of the colonies founded by the Greeks on this coast; and this circumstance, as well as his long residence at Rhegium, now Reggio, with Lycus, who had adopted him as his son, has been of some weight in calling forth the respect and faith of Italian antiquaries. Without deviating too much from these impressions, one may venture to observe, that though he frequently mentions places and names recorded by no other author, the enigmatic rhapsodies of his Cassandra, like a thunder-storm in the night, only scatter light to increase the gloom. After saying that Crathis shall gaze upon the tomb of Philoctetes,

> "where Patareus enshrin'd
> Commands th' Alæan fane high thron'd, and rolls
> His watery war, Nevæthus to the main,"

the poet adds,

> "by Macella shall
> The natives raise a temple o'er his tomb."

Now if, as has generally been supposed, and Romanelli has taken considerable pains to prove, Macella, or Macalla, is the same as the Bruttian Petilia, now Strongoli, we must feel somewhat em-

barrassed to reconcile the scene of Philoctetes' death with its position; for, although the licence granted to poetry may perhaps overlook the space of ten miles, which intervenes between the temple of Apollo Alæus, on the Crimissan Cape, and Petilia, we scarcely can extend the same indulgence to the extent of fifty miles, the distance which separates this spot from the Crathis, or to the interval between the Crathis and the Nevæthus, which is still greater.

But to return to the son of Pœan: besides Crimissa and Petilia, he was said to have founded other cities, among which Chone, Pumentum, Vertinæ, and Calasarna, are enumerated by Strabo, on the authority of Apollodorus. These have been placed by Barrio, and other native writers, more inland, at Casabona, Cerenzia, Verzine, and Campana.

Stephanus mentions a city anterior to the age of Philoctetes, built by the Œnotrians, and named Brystacia, which appears to have existed near the present Umbriatico, an episcopal town, thirteen miles to the west of Capo dell' Alice, behind Cirò.

The road which I resumed after our midday's rest soon turned from the line of the shore at almost a right angle, and wound through mountains, on one of which, the little town of Melissa was perched most picturesquely. We forded the little river Lipuda, whose banks were celebrated for the sepulchre of Areta, wife of Alcinous, and soon after began to climb the long and tiresome ascent to Strongoli, an episcopal town of 5000 souls, where one of its opulent inhabitants received me for the night in a comfortable and clean house.

Strongoli is ascertained to be the ancient Petilia, as I have

before observed, founded by Philoctetes. Strabo, in mentioning this place, with this tradition attached to it, calls it the capital of Lucania, and has thereby created an irreconcilable source of contention among the learned cohorts of geographers and antiquaries. Baron Antonini seems, however, to have settled these disputes, by discovering a ruined city on the mountains of La Stella on the Tyrrhenian sea, with claims to the name of Petilia, authenticated in the shape of an inscription, and where the local position between Pæstum and Velia is perfectly suited to that of the capital of Lucania. The strongest evidence, however, in its favour is deduced from a passage in Plutarch, who mentions that Spartacus, after his defeat by M. Crassus, near the Lucanian marsh, which could not be far from Pæstum, had retreated to the mountains of Petilia, which therefore could not be those that rise above the Ionian sea.

The present town of Strongoli, situated three miles from the coast, on a high, precipitous, and barren elevation, resembles most of those which I had seen for several days; but in point of size, opulence, and consequence, it is infinitely superior to Cariati, though bearing the marks of hostile delapidation in its principal edifices, more especially the castle of the prince, which has been reduced to an uninhabitable state.

The cathedral is large and handsome. Just outside of its door stands a square stone altar, on which are engraved two Roman inscriptions: the first, which is short, and covers only one part of the stone, is a dedication to M. Meconius, by the municipium of Petilia, in token of respect. The second, which occupies two of the remaining faces of the altar, is infinitely longer, and not

uninteresting, as it records the will of a citizen, probably the same M. Meconius, who leaves to the Augustal college of the Petilian republic a sum of money and a vineyard. The former gift is to be laid out in the purchase of certain candelabras holding two lights, which are to be used at a particular public festival, at the celebration of which, the wine produced by the said vineyard, called Cædicium, is to be drank. There are various other details in this inscription, which is better cut, though in smaller letters, than most Latin examples, and has been published by Marafiotti, and other antiquarians.

The view from a platform near this church is more extensive than beautiful. The high range of the Apennines, called, from the forests that cover them, La Sila, forms the bounding line on one side, and below them the eye follows the naked waste beyond Cotrone, to the Lacinian promontory, near Capo delle Colonne. Mount Clibanus is seen rising more inland, between the towns of Cutro and Santa Severina. This last is the ancient Siberena, extolled by Pliny for the excellence of its wines.

A path, stony and fatiguing to the horses, led from Strongoli to the valley, or rather plain, of the Neto, which is flat and entirely destitute of trees. A cassino, belonging to the Prince of Strongoli, about a mile from the sea, is pleasantly situated on a little eminence near the spot where we crossed the river.

The sight of a broad and rapid stream, with fine cattle lingering in its clear but shallow current, is always an agreeable object; and indeed proved the only one of that description which I met in the course of that day's journey, as the extensive vale is flat, and bare of every thing except stubble. A few farm-houses are scattered over its surface; and the track which followed the sea

shore was frequently obstructed by large salt pools, not always of easy passage.

The Neto, which I have already had occasion to mention, is the ancient Neæthus, a name derived from an event recorded by Strabo, who relates that some female Trojan captives, who had been carried away by the Greeks, wearied with the endless navigation and wanderings they had gone through, availed themselves of the temporary absence of their conquerors, to set fire to their ships, which were anchored at the mouth of this river. This deed obliged them, encouraged moreover by the apparent fertility of the soil, to settle in these plains.

I have already mentioned that Lycophron places this event, or one exactly similar, on the banks of the Crathis, nor shall I attempt to decide if he confounds or divides them: but it is evident that this tradition suggested to Virgil the incident so beautifully narrated in the fifth book of the Æneid.

Barrio mentions the Neto as running at equal distances from Strongoli and Cotrone, six miles from each; but it is ten from the former, and about eight from the last town, which, as I approached it, seemed to rise out of the sea, surrounded by strong walls, and secured by a well fortified citadel.

A portion of poorly cultivated ground rises about a mile in the rear of it, and the river Esaro, which I crossed over a stone bridge, runs into the sea immediately under its walls. The current of this stream, choked with weeds, is at present scarcely perceptible, and probably contributes greatly to the malaria with which the modern town is afflicted, but it was navigable in its flourishing days, and divided the ancient city into two distinct portions.

CHAPTER XIII.

Cotrone ... Its present State ... Lacinian Promontory, and Remains of the Temple of Juno ... Sila or Brettian Forest ... Summer Inhabitants of this mountainous Tract ... Town of Cutro ... Andali and Cropani ... Rivers, Tacina, Crocchio, Simmari, anciently navigable ... Passo del Trocchio ... Personal Appearance of the Calabrian Peasants ... River Corace or Crotalus ... Narrowness of the Peninsula ... Tiriolo.

The testimonies of several ancient authors concur in assigning the first rank among the illustrious cities of Magna Græcia to Croton, which, as late as the descent of Pyrrhus, measured 12,000 paces in circuit. The salubrity of its atmosphere was supposed to exert so peculiar an influence on the race which inhabited it, that they seemed superior in corporeal beauty and strength to the rest of mankind: for no country produced so many powerful athletæ or beautiful women. The name of Milo, the wrestler, would alone have given it celebrity, even if we had not known that seven combatants who gained the prizes of the Stadium in one of the Olympic games were Crotoniates; while the selection which Zeuxis was enabled to make to direct the composition of his picture of Juno, fully justifies the fame which its women enjoyed for the softer majesty of beauty. We have, moreover, a list of philosophers and eminent physicians, who were natives of this city, and, lastly, Pythagoras himself, though not

born here, chose it for his residence, and immortalized its name by founding his school within its walls.

Strabo asserts, that the air was so wholesome, that no epidemic disorder was ever known to have existed within its precincts, and that its territory had never been visited by earthquakes.

I need not observe, that in the modern representative of this city, philosophers or wrestlers would be equally difficult to find; that even physicians are not much more common; that the Pythagorean system is scarcely known by name; that the town barely measures the circumference of one mile; that its climate is pestilential in summer, and that earthquakes have more than once been experienced; so that, in every respect, except the beauty of the females, which, though perhaps not adequate to furnish seven specimens of a Deity, is certainly observable, it presents a deplorable contrast to all which formed its ancient boast.

Whether we adopt the authority of Strabo, Ovid, and Solinus, who make the deformed Myscellus the founder of Croton; that of Ephorus, who says that it was already colonized by Iapygians; or the tradition of Heraclides Ponticus, who attributes its foundation to a hero of the same name; we must admit its origin to be of very remote date. Mazzocchi pretends that, like Cortona, it was called Korta, the city, as Rome was denominated Urbs, to denote its importance.

We may look upon the period of its victory over the Sybarites as that of its highest prosperity, and date the beginning of its decline from the defeat which it suffered from the arms of the Locrians on the banks of the Sagra: the number of the conquerors

did not exceed 10,000, a force so strangely disproportioned to that of 130,000 vanquished Crotoniates, that the event gave rise to an adage used to enforce any incredible report—

ἀληθεστερα τῶν επι Σαγρα.

Though diminished in population, and much fallen in power, the Crotoniates still maintained their rank among the principal states of Magna Grecia till after the attacks it suffered from Dionysius, and subsequently from Pyrrhus, when we find the city reduced to half its original size, and the Æsarus, which had divided it, flowing without its limits: later still, the combined forces of the Carthaginians and Bruttians having taken possession of it, the inhabitants were thereby compelled to quit their native walls, and implore a place of refuge from their ancient foes the Locrians, after which period we may consider Croton as obliterated from the list of states.

The present population amounts to 5000, among whom are counted some ancient and very rich families, who carry on a lucrative traffic in grain and cattle, the nature of the country being adapted to no other branch of commerce. The Vale of the Neto, which extends far inland, is renowned for the excellence of its pastures; and the low clayey hills which surround Cotrone in all directions, produce very fine wheat.

The town itself has some straight and wide streets, with spacious houses; this circumstance, and the regularity and solidity of its fortifications, give it an aspect of more importance than that of any which I had lately seen; but it looks deserted, and the usual quantity of shreds of black cloth, bits of leather, wisps

of straw, and other objects classified more under the denomination of litter than dirt, are every where visible. The castle and batteries are well constructed; they front the sea, and are separated from the town by a ditch and drawbridge: a sufficient garrison, and an adequate quantity of artillery and ammunition, would place this on the scale of a very respectable fortress. The harbour (the only one between Taranto and the extreme point of Italy), is too shallow to admit men of war: it is protected from the north wind by a mole; but the way to it from the interior of the city is extremely tedious and inconvenient to the inhabitants, who are forced to go out of it by a single gate, and then entirely round the castle before they reach the water, which, nevertheless, washes the walls.

Three altars or pedestals, with Latin dedicatory inscriptions, are the only remains of antiquity which I could find at Cotrone; two of these are placed within the precincts of the citadel, and the third stands near a small church; this last is quite illegible; and I was somewhat entertained on hearing it pointed out to me as Greek, merely on that account.

In its present state, Cotrone, as the reader may observe, offers little or nothing to arrest the attention of the traveller: not only all vestiges of its ancient splendour are erased, but even the local charms which Theocritus so sweetly described have now vanished, if they ever existed. This poet has placed the scene of some of his idyls in the immediate vicinity of Croton; but we look in vain for those natural beauties which his verses bring to our expectation: Mount Latymnus may, perhaps, exist among some of the lower eminences which border the Esaro, and its companion

Physcus may rise on the shores of the Nevæthus, but their umbrageous recesses have disappeared, for the want of shade and verdure is one of the most striking deficiencies of the country.

I must, however, observe, that the banks of the Esaro produce in quantity the sweet pea in a wild state, but adorned with a greater variety of colour, and a stronger fragrance than any I ever saw cultivated in our gardens.

The surrounding country, comprising all that portion which forms the Lacinian promontory, and now distinguished by the name of Il Marchesato, probably from the title once possessed by the Ruffo family, owners of this territory, may be looked upon as the ugliest tract of land in all Calabria.

I devoted the latter part of the day, which I passed at Cotrone, to the examination of the Lacinian promontory, now called Capo Nau, or Capo delle Colonne, on which the famous temple of Juno was situated. This sanctuary might vie in days of yore with the celebrated shrine of the Ephesian Diana, or stand upon a parallel with that of Loretto in more modern times. Pilgrims from all parts of Italy and Greece flocked to it in crowds to admire the impressive style of its architecture, the magnificence of its interior ornaments, and the number of flocks sacred to the goddess, who fed unguarded by shepherds in the ancient groves surrounding the holy edifice. Neither Pyrrhus nor Hannibal ventured to profane its treasures; while the last was so pleased with the situation of the temple, that he passed a whole summer near its precincts. I took a boat from Cotrone, and coasting the bare ridge of uncultivated shore which runs between the town and cape, landed on the rocks forming its extremity; the ground rises abruptly, but

to no very great height, immediately over them, and from its smooth surface springs in solitary grandeur a single Doric column, which has stood the storms of more than twenty centuries, and exhibits in its weather-beaten form the last and silent remnant of the well-proportioned peristyle surrounding the shrine of the goddess. I was informed, that other fragments of the columns were to be discerned in the sea; if so, I presume the destruction of the temple may be attributed to earthquake. I could not see them.

The remaining column, which is about twenty-six feet high, and five feet three inches in diameter at its base, appears to have been the second of a row of six which formed the eastern portico, as a straight line of foundation which still exists in a parallel line with that of the lateral columns, appears to have belonged to the wall enclosing the cell behind them.

Baron Riedesel, who saw these ruins in 1767, ventures to give the exact dimensions of the edifice, and makes them more considerable than those of any other temple of antiquity: but it is evident that he mistook some walls of Roman construction for those of the cell. These are placed at more than a hundred yards distant from the column, and this circumstance alone would militate against his position, even if the opus reticulatum which covers them did not at once stamp their origin as belonging to a much less remote period than that of the temple.

Upon no sounder grounds, these ruins are called by the inhabitants the school of Pythagoras: some heaps of rubbish bearing the faint character of similar architecture, lie close to the water-side under the temple; and various portions of the pavement, composed of large square grey stones, of the same quality as those

of the pillar itself, exist around it; but the upper courses have been carried away, and leave the column apparently raised on a pedestal. The remainder of the pavement, and the materials which formed the peribolus of the temple, were all used either in the formation of the modern mole at Cotrone, or in the erection of the bishop's palace.

This promontory, by Lycophron called Storthyngon, but more usually denominated Lacinian by ancient writers, is very narrow at its extremity, but widens considerably as it recedes. Two ruined watch-towers, and three forsaken villas, testify that it was inhabited at no very distant period; but the facility of attacks from Algerine boats, and the desolate nature of the situation, have long since left them untenanted: though a small bay, formed by the curvatures on each side of the cape, still affords a place of shelter to the boats when the opposite breezes prevail.

Some ancient authors have mentioned various little islands in the vicinity of this spot, to which the names Tyris, Eranusa, Meloessa, and Dioscoron, had been given; some have confounded them with the Syrenusæ in the Tyrrhenian sea; while others have added a fifth, describing it to be that mentioned by Homer as the abode of Calypso.

Romanelli has supposed that they might once have existed on the southern side of the promontory, but at present not a vestige of them is to be traced. Swinburne, indeed, says that he visited a rock dignified by the name of Calypso's island, but that was near Cape Rizzuto, at least twelve miles further southward.

From Cotrone, the centrical ridge of the Apennines, which

runs longitudinally along the extremity of Italy, is seen to acquire an elevation which renders it subject to a temperature essentially different from that which prevails in the neighbouring plains. This mountainous tract, as wild and impracticable as the Alpine regions of Switzerland, is covered with a range of forests distinguished ever since the days of Strabo by the name of Syla; an appellation, Mazzocchi, with his usual partiality to oriental roots, derives from the Hebrew *Eshel*, a grove, from which he also deduces the Latin *Silva*.

This portion of the peninsula, beginning a little to the south of Cosenza, and extending nearly to the extremity of Calabria, included a space of above eighty miles in length, and was also called the Brettian forest from the name of its first inhabitants, of whose primitive settlement in this part of the world, no authenticated tradition has reached us. These tribes lived in a state of uncivilized barbarism, which endured for the lapse of many centuries, and resisted the effects of the slight communication they occasionally had with the Greeks, who had colonised the seashores: in fact, this communication consisted merely in predatory inroads on the more fertile territory of these polished neighbours, whom they regarded with a jealous and suspicious eye as intruders on their native domains. These last seldom, if ever, retaliated by following the savages into the impracticable and gloomy recesses of a region which, however advantageous to the security, and adequate to the wants of a rude and warlike population, offered no temptations to a comparatively enlightened and polished race, familiar with the benefits arising from commerce and navigation, and practised in the exercise of agriculture.

The Brettians were consequently for a considerable space of time confined within the fastnesses and shelter of their native rocks and forests; but strengthened by the continuance of independence, and the increase of population, we soon find them bold and powerful enough to drive back the Lucanians behind the river Lao, which now forms the boundary between Calabria and Basilicata; and encouraged by this success, they very soon extended the limits of their domains to the sea-shore itself, occupying thereby the whole western division of lower Italy.

Diodorus Siculus asserts, that the ancestors of this people were a set of criminals and vagabonds of all kinds, who escaped into the woods and mountains of the interior; and after supporting themselves by robbery and depredations, by degrees became powerful enough to seize upon some of the towns on the coast, such as Terina, Thurium, and Hipponium, and finally became a numerous and formidable nation. He adds, that the name they bore denoted the source from which they sprang; Bruttii meaning, in the language of the country, fugitives, captives, or servants. This opinion, so congenial with the contempt and hatred borne by the Greeks towards all barbarous nations, was adopted by Strabo and several other authors; and even the modern inhabitants of these regions have been, on this score, most illiberally reproached with the baseness of their origin. There are sufficient reasons, however, for disputing the truth of this assertion, which, after all, is of little consequence, as Diodorus himself, with great inconsistency, mentions the massacre of the Sybarites near the Traeis by this savage people, whom he already calls Bruttii; adding, that this event happened in the eighty-sixth Olympiad, that is,

eighty-nine years previous to their defection from the Lucanians, which he previously fixes upon as the epoch of their origin as a nation. We may therefore be authorised to look upon them with some probability as aborigines, and confine to the more modern Calabrians the boast of such ancient and honourable descent.

The extent of the Sila seems to be generally comprized in the space which occupies the centre of the peninsula in its broadest part: Cosenza and Strongoli may be considered as its western and eastern limits, and Longobucco and Catanzaro as its northern and southern extremities.

This mountainous and elevated tract of country may still be considered as one extensive forest, composed of every kind of large timber trees. The oak, elm, sweet chesnut, and beech, grow on the lower sides of the hills; while pines and firs darken their higher peaks, which in many parts are covered with eternal snow.

It also contains large portions of pasture land, irrigated by rills of the purest and coolest water; and to these the flocks, which form the standard riches of the landed proprietors, are driven to graze during the summer months. Few towns, or even hamlets, are found in its most centrical parts; but houses for the masters and huts for the shepherds are constructed in the midst of these alpine solitudes, and afford them suitable habitations during the residence they make there, which is regulated by the late or early approach of winter. A few gardens, producing the fruits and vegetables of the northern climates, furnish additional means of subsistence to those afforded by the live stock and the salted and dry provisions requisite in abodes so remote from markets or

towns. When the first symptoms of the return of hard weather manifest themselves, these colonies begin to prepare for a removal to a more genial climate: every thing is packed up, the cattle collected, and not a single article left within the walls of the houses; these are carefully closed, so as to give no admission to the snow which frequently buries them during the whole winter to the depth of several feet, and every living being puts itself in motion towards the plain. During my stay at Cotrone I witnessed the passage of one of the most opulent of these emigrating landholders through that town on his way to the Sila. He was married to the daughter of the gentleman in whose house I lodged, and they both stopped for one night on their road from Isola, a small episcopal town situated eight miles distant behind the Lacinian Promontory, which was their habitual residence. The husband, a good looking, stout young man, in a dress very like that of our English farmers, seemed delighted at the prospect of the journey, and anticipated the advantages which his cattle would derive from a sojourn in the mountains, as well as the amusements which awaited him in the shape of fishing and shooting. The perspective of a few months' residence appeared by no means to afford so bright a prospect to his wife, an extremely pretty woman, apparently much devoted to her children, but at the same time regretting the luxuries and polished society of Isola.

The flocks had begun their progress the preceding day, and formed no part of the singular picture exhibited by the collection of horses, mules, and asses, carrying furniture of every description; household goods, kitchen utensils, barrels of wine, sacks of

flour and wheat; hen coops well filled with live inmates, and a suitable accompaniment of dogs, cats, and pigs.

The young family was numerous, and the train of nurses and female attendants proportioned to it; while mule-drivers, menial servants, and a respectable band of well armed *guardiani*, together with the spiritual director of this little colony, closed the procession, which recalled to my imagination the days of patriarchal simplicity.

I left Cotrone after dinner on the 11th of June, as the rare occurrence of tolerable resting-places obliged me to divide my journey in a very unequal manner, and I had only to go as far as Cutro, a small town ten miles distant: in doing this I cut off the projection formed by the Lacinian Promontory and the three succeeding capes; which Strabo has named the three Iapygian promontories. He quotes Ephorus, an ancient historian, to prove that the Iapygians had inhabited this coast previously to their colonizing the other peninsula to which they affixed their name; but that these three points had never lost it. They are now called Capo della Nave, Capo Rizzuto, and Capo delle Castelle.

The road towards Cutro for some distance keeps close to the course of the Esaro, dwindled to a stagnant ditch. The country, like all that round Cotrone, is composed of low round hills, divided into patches of corn land and wild pasture; the former yielding abundant occupation to numerous reapers, but the latter already burnt up, and deserted by the cattle which it feeds during the winter and early spring. Cutro is placed on a high flat, twelve miles from the sea, and has an extensive but dreary view along

the Gulf of Squillace, bounded by Cape Stilo. This town, which has no walls, contains 2000 inhabitants; its streets are tolerably wide, but present no good houses, and the principal church is mean: the whole conveys an incorrect impression of depopulation and poverty, as it has a good market for cattle, grain, and pulse of all kinds, but little wine. I lodged at the house of the justice of the peace, to which the military commandant of Cotrone himself had conducted me, and where I found one of the cleanest beds I had seen since I quitted Naples.

This tract of country had, not long before my visit, been infested by a gang of banditti; which, though small in number, had, under the able command of a celebrated chief, called Vito Caligiuri, exercised its successful ravages with impunity.

The richest inhabitant of Cotrone and his eldest son had been carried off by them the preceding year: they had allowed the former to go home, securely relying on the workings of paternal affection for the payment of his son's ransom, which was bargained for at 17,000 ducats, and punctually discharged. This young man accompanied me on this day's journey, but he seemed unwilling to enter into any details respecting an event which, however interesting to the curiosity of a stranger, could only bring painful recollections to himself. At present the band was dispersed, and its leader wandering in the Sila; but his mistress, *la sua donna*, a very pretty girl, had been taken and confined in the citadel of Cotrone, where I had the curiosity to visit her. A few days after my passage, Vito, with only three companions, contrived to seize an agent of government employed in superintending the felling of timber in the mountains, and demanded as the price of his release

the sum of 1200 ducats, and the liberty of his beloved; but my departure from the province prevented my learning the final result of the negotiation.

On quitting Cutro, a tedious descent brought me to the sea-shore, with Capo delle Castelle on my left, under a few houses and a watch-tower, called Il Steccato. On reaching the foot of the hill, we met a large herd of horned cattle, guarded by immense dogs, apparently of the same breed as those which I had seen in Apulia, plodding slowly towards the Sila. The country improved very much in appearance; the flat belt through which my road ran, parallel with the line of coast, was richly cultivated, and enlivened by several cassinos and farm-houses, whose inhabitants were busily employed in reaping, and carrying in the fruits of their labour. I crossed several rapid and clear streams, running from the first ridge of mountains on my right, on which the towns of Andali and Cropani were seen. This range was too far from the sea, and consequently too indistinct in its details to add greatly to the beauty of the landscape; but still, the change from that of the preceding day was grateful to the eye, and I hailed the re-appearance of olive groves with joy. The first stream I crossed was the Tacina, anciently the Targines, which divided the Scyletic region from that of the Crotoniates. This river, as well as the Arocha, which follows, under the modern name of Crocchio, were navigable, if we may believe Pliny, who adds to them the Semirus, now Simmari, which I passed a little later.

If it be difficult to suppose the Siris, Metapontus, and Bradanus, practicable to vessels of the smallest size, what a much

wider stretch of imagination is required to consider such streamlets as these as ever having been navigable. Their equally narrow and shallow pebbly beds afford no evidence of the accumulation of the soil necessary to account for such complete alterations. I believe, however, that Pliny is the only author who quotes them as such; and the caution with which his authority is usually admitted, may in this instance acquire double force.

My day's journey was likely to be longer than usual, and as I knew it would lead through no town, I willingly availed myself of the first opportunity of baiting, which presented itself at a small farm-house, the manager of which very kindly pressed me to stop, and regaled me with fried fish, eggs, ham, curds, cheese, excellent cherries, and a very good light wine, for which he would accept of no remuneration.

This place was called Passo del Trocchio; and the rest which I made there enabled me to remark the difference observable between the Calabrian peasants, and those of the remainder of the kingdom. This distinction is not in favour of the former, who certainly in point of expression, feature, or stature, are by no means equal to the others. The outline of the face is generally more African; the complexion either a pale olive, or a highly tinted copper colour; the hair sometimes perfectly straight, but oftener frizzed like that of negroes, but universally coarse and black. Their stature is low, nor did they, though straight, strike me as well made; but it is true, that the dress they wear is very ill calculated to show their persons to any advantage: the loose and long jacket, descending far below the limits of the natural waist, the wide hose full of plaits, and the ill-cut gaiters, made of

coarse cloth, and fastened on with pieces of cord, are accoutrements which would be unbecoming to any form. Those of the females, from the shortness and extreme fulness of the petticoat, were more easily accessible to observation, and it is but justice to allow, that it found little to disapprove of; but premature old age, and the traces of hard labour, obliterated, even at a very early period, all that constitutes the softness and attraction of a feminine face. The men's dresses were all composed of a rusty black cloth; those of the women of a dingy scarlet. The expression of the eye is that of melancholy, qualified by a certain cast of wildness, but by no means characterised by severity, or even harshness. Both sexes invariably were distinguished by the surprising regularity and dazzling whiteness of their teeth.

My attention was called from these observations on the natives of the province, to another production of the same, deemed by my host much more worthy of admiration. This was a horse of the breed called Riccio, or curled. The species is now become rare enough to have obtained a value its peculiarity does not otherwise entirely justify. The animal differs in nothing from the Calabrese race, which is small, but handsome, spirited, and sure-footed, except in the growth of the hair; this, where smooth and short, is waved so as to look like scales, and, where bushy and long, assumes a tufted and frizzled appearance, far from conducive, in my humble opinion, to the general beauty of the animal. This kind of horse is supposed to be descended from a breed introduced from Spain, or more probably Africa; and now, much degenerated, is confined to this part of Calabria. The colt, which was here exhibited, was of a bright blood bay colour, and possessed suf-

ficient other merits, in point of shape and action, to call forth my admiration, and thereby afford to his master an apparently satisfactory compensation for the hospitality he had exercised towards me.

At the distance of twenty-six miles from Cutro, after crossing the Simmari above mentioned, the Alli, and another insignificant stream, I caught a view of Catanzaro, on some hills four miles inland to the right, but it was soon after lost to the eye; and we passed by its marina, or port, consisting of some good cassinos, intermixed with huts and gardens carefully cultivated, before which a few boats were hauled up on the beach close to the mouth of the river Corace, anciently the *Crotalus*, near which Romanelli places the site of the town of Amphissium. The space extending from the mouth of the Corace on this shore, to that of the Lamato, in the gulf of St. Euphemia, on the western coast, does not exceed twenty miles. I was assured that these two rivers, which are neither of them deficient in water, approach so near each other, that a canal through the mountains from which they derive their sources might be cut at no very great expense, and effect a communication between the two seas. The idea is not new, for Strabo assures us that Dionysius had formed the project of erecting a wall, which should cross the whole Isthmus, under pretence of defending the lower extremity of the peninsula from the attacks of the Lucanians and other natives, looked upon as barbarians; but in reality to impede all communication with the cities of Magna Grecia situated beyond it, of which he meditated the conquest. Pliny says that he proposed to cut through it, and thereby secure its dominion to Sicily. It is not probable that

the scheme, which would be advantageous to navigation and inland commerce, will be attempted. The distance, it is true, is but short; but the chain of mountains which intervenes is very high, and must present considerable obstacles to its execution.

The peculiar situation of Tiriolo, a small town, situated on one of the highest peaks, is aptly described by Mazzella, who says, in his *Descrizione del Regno*, that the rain which falls on the roofs of one of its houses runs on one side into the Ionian, and on the other into the Tuscan sea.

A very curious bronze inscription was found about a century since at Tiriolo; it records a decree published in order to repress the excesses practised during the celebration of the Bacchanalian feasts, and is expressly ordered to be enforced in Agro Teurano, from which the modern name has probably originated. Several remains of antiquity have also been found there, as well as a considerable quantity of coins of all the cities of Magna Grecia, which circumstance, added to its centrical position, might lead to the conjecture that it was the seat of some great annual market or fair.

CHAPTER XIV.

Norman or Suabian edifice ... Castra Hannibalis ... Coscia di Stallati ... Monte Moscia ... Squillace, the ancient Scylletium ... Cassiodorus ... Stallati ... Montauro ... Gasparina ... Ruined convent of St. Anna ... Valley of S. Vito, formerly a lake ... Change of vegetation ... La Serra ... River Ancinale ... Monastery of S. Stefano del Bosco ... S. Bruno ... Effects of the earthquake in 1783.

A LITTLE beyond the Corace, at a spot called Roccella, or Roccelletta, I found a large building composed of ancient bright red bricks. The form of this edifice has puzzled the Calabrian antiquarians; but no tradition is attached to it. Swinburne and Riedesel have been led by the style of the architecture, and the nature of its materials, to ascribe it to the Norman or Suabian princes. Its plan is oblong, with two semicircular projections at each angle of its eastern front. A range of very narrow arched windows runs along the whole length of the lateral walls, which are of considerable elevation. These apertures follow the same line in the two turrets, being placed somewhat above half the height of the edifice, and I am more inclined to think it was a church than a castle. The entrances, which are disproportionately small, are situated one on each side, and near them a considerable chasm, probably caused by the particular direction of the operation of an earthquake, is apparent in both walls. The

materials have fallen into the inner area, and have filled it with rubbish, among which the openings of several subterranean arches are visible. This ruin, imposing from its magnitude, though uninteresting in its details, stands on a flat, in a line with the sea-shore, and about half a mile distant from it. Indian corn occupied the fields around, and several heaps of brick-work arose from its waving surface.

Romanelli has here placed the site of the Castra Hannibalis, or station where the Carthaginian general posted his ships, and where consequently some kind of port must have existed: the narrowness of the peninsula, observed by Solinus in his mention of this spot, and the distance of thirty-six miles from the Lacinian promontory, as marked in the Peutingerian tables, concur in giving probability to this supposition.

I was approaching the town of Squillace, and a country house, belonging to a native of this place, who was my particular friend, was to be the conclusion of my day's journey. A magnificent grove of olive-trees, together with some fields and gardens, abundantly fertilized by rills drawn from a neighbouring stream, indicated the vicinity of the mansion, which soon after showed itself, pleasantly situated among some trees on an eminence, under a high and rugged cliff, which, crowned by the little town of Stallati, boldly projects into the sea, so as to preclude all continuation of road, or even path, round its base.

A quarter of an hour brought me to the door, and in the presence of my friend, with whom I remained here four days in that state of agreeable idleness, which the suspension of a fatiguing journey is apt to make so enjoyable, and which in this instance

was converted into real pleasure by the obliging attentions and services of friendship. This respite from a more active life, under the increased heat of the weather, and the attraction of my present abode, occasioned my deferring to visit, until I had no longer an opportunity, the town of Catanzaro, only ten miles distant, which, as the capital of Calabria Ultra, was perhaps entitled to a little more curiosity on my part.

I was informed that this city, though containing 12,000 inhabitants, and possessing every advantage requisite to such a population, offered little worthy of notice in point of antiquity of date, beauty of situation, or local interest; and as the object most constantly referred to as the worthiest of admiration was an ex-college of Jesuits, I considered myself authorized to indulge the feelings of indifference excited by this description. The house which I inhabited, besides the pleasure afforded by the society of my friend, and that of his inmates and family, possessed a charm perfectly novel in Italy, for it was removed from all other habitations, and therefore realized the only idea which an Englishman can form of a country residence. There was no other dwelling within two miles, and its peculiar solitary, but not lonely situation, was as new as it was delightful.

Surrounded by gardens and some cultivated ground, but unenclosed by fences or walls, it was accessible on all sides, and a walk of ten minutes might bring one to the sandy banks of the little river Pellene, which throws itself into the sea just under the mansion, or to the wildest recesses of the Monte Moscia, the promontory, which rears its myrtle-covered crags above the roof of the dwelling-house. The town of Squillace, placed on an

almost inaccessible rock, at present contains only 2000 inhabitants, having suffered considerably from the effects of the great earthquake of 1783, which may be said to have altered the face of the whole of Calabria Ultra, and extended its ravages as far north as Cosenza. Squillace is an episcopal see of some antiquity, and boasts as remote an origin as any of the cities of Magna Grecia, its first foundation being attributed to the Œnotrians, previous to its recolonization by the Athenians under Mnestheus, as recorded by Strabo, who adds that its ancient name was Scylletium, though it was called in his days Scylacium. If any doubts remained of its claims to Greek extraction, an inscription in that language, found at Squillace some years back, would remove them. This monument commemorates the names of the candidates for the prize in the Lampadic games, which were established here as well as at Athens and Neapolis, and mentions besides the Archon who presided at them, and the college of the Ephebi, all indisputable proofs of its Attic origin. The gulf which stretches from the Lacinian to the Cocinthum promontory, now Capo di Stilo, was termed Scylletican from the name of the city, and has retained the same denomination in its modern form to this day.

Riedesel has expressed some doubts of the identity of the present with the ancient Squillace, because the neighbouring shore has none of those formidable rocks which Virgil alludes to by the epithet *Navifragum*, and Swinburne is also at a loss how to account for the appellation: but a more minute examination of the base of Mount Moscia, on which Squillace and Stallati are placed, would have proved, that although no hidden dangers await

the navigator, the difficulty of weathering the succession of rocks rising perpendicularly out of the sea to the height of some thousand feet, and the total impossibility of saving either vessel or crew which might be dashed against them, fully warrant the poet's threatening description. The smooth shore extending from the Lacinian, is, in fact, abruptly terminated by this bluff headland, which might reasonably be assigned as a boundary to the bay of Squillace. It is impossible, except in the most perfect calm, to approach the terrific overhanging cliffs and deep caves which form a base of two miles round it: while within their dark recesses, innumerable broods of rock pigeons build their nests, and afford excellent and inexhaustible sport. Beyond this promontory, near a village called Soverato, there are a few Roman ruins at a spot called Paliporto.

Cassiodorus, who presents in the person of an author, philosopher, and statesman, an union of learning, virtues, and ability, unparalleled in the barbarous age which gave him birth, not only was a native of Squillace, but resided several years near it in a house built by himself, and which he describes as a kind of cœnobium or monastery. In the minute and pleasing account he has left of this retreat, and the particular features of its local position which he enumerates, my friend's habitation had with justice been acknowledged to occupy this identical spot, and certainly derived no inconsiderable interest from the circumstance.

The gentle undulations of the ground, the fantastic ravines of Monte Moscia, forming in the rainy season the bed of so many cascades, the sandy beach where the clear and rapid stream mingles with the sea, the adjoining little lake formed by a branch

of this river, the artificial piscatory of which some remains are yet visible, and the bubbling fountains rising on the hill, and to which he had given the name of Arethusa, are all painted with a simplicity of colouring, and exactness of detail, calculated to give singular charms to the perusal of his work. The fount, however, no longer possesses the marvellous peculiarities which he dwells upon with so much admiration; its sympathetic waters have ceased to sparkle in sudden eddies on the approach of any one labouring under the effects of anger or sorrow, as they have forgot to suspend their course, and offer the soothing spectacle of an unruffled surface to the placid and contented visitor; the rill now runs evenly, but copiously, in perfect indifference to the passions of those who approach towards or taste its waters.

At La Coscia di Stallati, such is the modern name of this spot, I was advised to alter the course of my intended route, and persuaded to quit the Ionian for the Tyrrhenian shore, by crossing over the mountains that rise between them, described as more practicable than the continuation of the way along the coast, where bad roads, and worse accommodation, would render it as irksome as the absence of interesting objects would make it dull. I must moreover have trusted entirely to chance for hospitality and even food, and although I had never found such confidence misplaced, I yielded in this instance to the suggestions of my friend, who felt satisfied in the thought of being able to secure me good lodgings and beds for the three succeeding days, and quitted him on the 17th of June, with one of his own aides-de-camp, who kindly accompanied me as far as a village called S. Vito, where I was to sleep.

The escort of gendarmes, five in number, who had attended me ever since I had left Lecce, took leave of me at La Coscia, as I did not feel authorised to retain them any longer, although with full power of doing so, as delegated to me by the captain-general, who, foreseeing that my route lay through districts unprovided with military assistance of any kind, had deputed these men to accompany me, and left the disposal of them at my own discretion. This corps, which had been established by the French upon the same footing as in their own country, is certainly the most useful of any in time of peace, and although employed in offices which must necessarily be partially obnoxious to the lower orders, it is as universally respected as it is deserving. The gendarmes are scattered along the principal roads of the kingdom in small divisions termed brigades, of five each, generally situated at the distance of one post from each other, so as to facilitate communication, and enable them to act in concert if required. A portion of them are dismounted, but are not organized exactly on the same principles, and by no means regarded in the same light. The others are employed as couriers, escorts, police officers, or thief takers; they are also entrusted with the enforcement of the civil jurisdiction, and sometimes invested even with much higher powers. The nature of their service releases them from the continued dependence imposed on the rest of the military, at the same time that it entails greater responsibility on the individual. Their daily stipend is deemed sufficient to secure provision for each man and horse, so that lodging for both is the only obligation they have a right to call for from the inhabitants, and this is regulated by the syndic immediately on their arrival. I hope they

left me with a feeling of good will, equal to that which I experienced at parting from them; for it was impossible not to regret five individuals, who during twenty-three days' journey had never expressed a sentiment of lassitude or impatience, or ever shown the slightest want of attention, and had always exhibited countenances beaming with good humour and satisfaction.

Their place was supplied the first day by seven foot soldiers from the detachment stationed at Catanzaro, and, accompanied by these, I took leave of my friend, who was himself on the eve of returning to Naples: indeed my visit alone had protracted his stay at his country house beyond the period which generally leaves it empty, in consequence of the commencing malaria. My general scepticism on this subject began to give way at La Coscia, where, after a stay of two days, I experienced sensations of morbid uneasiness and oppression, as undescribable as they were unusual, and which appeared daily to increase; but were removed, as if by magic, by the time I had reached the elevated village of Stallati, considerably above the level of the place I had left. My horses, too, had suffered; but, in common with those of my friend, they seemed to partake in the general relief afforded by the change of situation, as they were quite free from complaints the following day, though I can scarcely attribute their illness to the same causes which affected me.

Stallati is like all other Calabrian villages; but the view from it was magnificent, and I could distinctly catch the upper part of that deep valley through which the Lamato winds its course to the gulf of St. Eufemia. The road continued to rise, and some parts of it were rough and bad; one ascent, between the

villages of Montauro and Gasparina, was frightfully steep, and not the less formidable from being entirely paved with broad slippery stones. Montauro is one degree better than Stallati, but Gasparina is much superior to either. Between these, at the foot of the above-mentioned acclivity, is a copious fountain, gushing through five pipes into a long trough, which I found surrounded by women, washing apparently the foul linen of all the neighbouring villages.

On a rising ground to the left of this fountain, in a most commanding situation, are the ruins of a Carthusian monastery, called St. Anna, bearing, through the style of its architecture, much more the appearance of a castle than a monastery: It probably had been the former. Tradition ascribes its foundation to Roger, Count of Sicily, who formed many of these establishments in this part of Calabria. It has been untenanted since the earthquake of 1783, which destroyed all its interior, though the outside walls, notwithstanding the large perpendicular fissures which have divided them, have remained upright, as well as the massy turrets which strengthen each angle.

The face of the country, and the nature of its productions, wore an altered aspect: the grain, which near the sea had been cut some days, was quite green in these elevated regions; small grass fields, as fresh as English meadows, inclosed by quick hedges, were frequent; the higher mountains were clothed with fine oaks, some of which were also scattered in the little dells; the olive became scarce and stunted, and various sweet chestnut trees, the first I had seen in Calabria, began to appear. The whole

appearance of the land very much resembled some parts of Herefordshire, but the presence of the vine and the olive opposed the illusion.

The descent from Gasparina afforded a view of the villages of Palermiti and Olivadi, and brought us into a contracted, well-cultivated valley, watered by numerous brooks, which, descending from the contiguous hills, collect in a little stream, contributing to fertilize and beautify the tract through which it flows, from west to east, in the direction of the dale itself, until it finally falls into the sea near Soverato. It forces its way out of the valley through the chasms worn by time in a wall, which formerly entirely closed it up at that extremity, and which is said to have owed its origin to Count Roger, for the purpose of damming up the waters, thereby collected in a lake. It was too late in the day, and I was too far distant from this wall, called Muro rotto, to bestow upon its masonry and materials the degree of investigation which might have enabled me to enlarge upon the validity of this conjecture; but the shape and fertility of the valley are favourable to its truth. Having entered from a ravine in the side of it, I was now approaching the opposite end.

St. Vito, containing 2500 inhabitants, arose on a gentle slope, reminding me forcibly of many Swiss villages, most of the houses being of wood, with an open gallery in front, overhung with vines. I was received in a house which, from its size and the style of its ornaments and furniture, bespoke superior taste as well as opulence, and presented a singular contrast to all those that surrounded it. Among other unexpected luxuries, an excellent

piano-forte, and all the music of the most fashionable operas in vogue at Naples, struck me with the greatest surprise. In the midst of the multitude of bows, smiles, and complimentary formulas, that attend the first introduction of a stranger, my English horse, which was waiting at the door of the stable till the interior should be rendered fit for his reception, took fright at a blow given him by a boy, and ran out into the street; a Turkish sword, which had inadvertently been left hanging to the pommel of the saddle, increased his terror by goading his flank every time he moved, and the consequence was his escape in a brisk canter, which soon was converted to full speed by the continued strokes of the sabre, through the narrow lanes of a Calabrian village, filled with a crowded population, including, as usual, the ordinary proportion of children, dogs, and pigs; he contrived, however, to go through, or jump over these, without injuring a single individual among them, and galloped along a narrow path, between two fields of Indian wheat, into one of which he turned; from thence into some vineyards; afterwards into some meadows, and lastly into a little grove of young trees, one of which having caught in its boughs the instrument of his alarm, forced it off the saddle, on which he stopped, after a course of about four miles. My servant, who had followed him on another horse, found him browsing on the edge of the stream, and brought him back some time after dark; but the interval was one of painful suspense, only to be understood by those whose passion for horses would prompt them to retain possession of an old favourite in all the difficulties through which he must pass before arriving at this southern extremity of Europe. I almost hesitate to own the feelings

with which I regarded this animal and an English terrier, forming another of my party; the anxiety under which I laboured, when I saw the spirit of the former excited almost to madness by the torments inflicted by myriads of insects; or when I beheld the latter vainly seeking shelter from the intense mid-day sun, in an attempt to creep under every little plant which cast an unrefreshing shadow on the burning sand.

The following morning I took leave of the officer who had come to St. Vito with me, and, attended by ten legionarii, or privates of the civic guard belonging to the town, I continued my route, leaving the little village of Chiaravalle on a high situation on my left. The elevation I had already reached allowed me to continue this day's journey through a road unmarked by any great inequalities, though surrounded by immense mountains. The vegetation, the views, and even the climate were altered: the wind was strong and cool, while frequent but short showers of rain obliged me to seek shelter under the magnificent chestnuts and oaks, which every where offered their wide-spreading foliage; the quick-hedges divided fields cultivated with flax, or surrounded cherry orchards in full bearing; vines were scarce and single, but the lanes, frequently overflown by numberless rippling brooks, were bordered by holly, sweetbriar, and woodbine, and their banks purple with wild heartsease; while every little shady recess was enlivened by the splendid scarlet of the abundantly productive wild strawberry. The small town of Cardinale, on my right, formed a pleasing object in a prospect of which the character was so little varied that the recurrence every now and then of a solitary shed, constructed with planks and covered with tiles, appeared a

relief to its sameness: these are erected for the purpose of affording shelter to the cattle, which require such protection during the severe winter of these elevated regions.

About three miles from La Serra, where I was to sleep, we went through two villages, contiguous to each other, Simbario and Spatola; but they had nothing to particularize them, and I arrived at my resting-place early. Its situation, which had been represented to me as very romantic, was somewhat disappointing; as, though placed, as its name indicates, in the midst of high mountains, and at about an equal distance from each sea, it stands on a flat, not unlike an English common; and the heights that surround it, though sufficient to shut out all view, and clothed with pine and oak woods, offer nothing very picturesque in their form or character. Many streams run through and about it; the principal of which, called the Ancinale, falls into the sea near the town of Satriano, below Soverato: this appears to have been the Cæcinus, recorded by Pliny as one of the navigable rivers on the eastern coast.

The town of La Serra is composed of straggling, irregular houses, almost all constructed of wood, and not rising above one story: they are generally elevated a few feet above the level of the street, and accessible by a flight of wooden steps; the ceilings as well as the floors are also boarded; and the sash-windows, sliding laterally on the outside of the building, were the first of the kind I saw in Italy. The temperature is rarely warm except in the middle of the day; the vine grows, and with some care and encouragement produces eatable grapes, but the winter sets in too early to allow them to acquire sufficient strength for making wine,

while almonds and apricots never arrive at eatable maturity. The inhabitants, 4500 in number, almost all follow the professions of blacksmiths and carpenters, and evince considerable skill and neatness of workmanship. Every other house contains a forge, and the whole presents a cheerful and pleasing picture of industry.

The town boasts of three or four neat small churches, but their aspect is much disfigured by the wooden belfries which stand before them; and have, since the earthquake, succeeded to all the towers or steeples overthrown by its operation. I saw them here for the first time, a circumstance probably contributing to the disagreeable impression they produced. They are mere scaffoldings of rough timber, sometimes boarded round, but always blackened with smoke, probably to resist the effects of the weather. The bells are suspended to the highest transverse beams, and are tolled, as usual, by means of a rope from below.

The interior of one of these edifices had lately been embellished with ornaments of stucco of very delicate and highly-finished execution, in a simple and refined taste. Here also were placed four marble medallions of saints of very superior sculpture, brought from the monastery of St. Stefano del Bosco, once the wonder and pride of these sequestered glades, but now a sad monument of the awful visitations to which they have been subject. This convent was not only the most ancient of the Carthusian establishments in the kingdom, having been founded by St. Bruno himself, but claimed still higher distinction in having received his last breath, and become the depositary of his mortal remains. This singular personage is said to have been converted from mundane pursuits by a miracle, perhaps the most terrific of all

those that swell the legendary annals of monkish history, and which has been so impressively recorded by the pencil of Le Sueur; he then wandered over Europe, founding religious communities in most of its kingdoms, until he sought a lasting repose in this its most southern extremity. Tradition says, that Roger, first King of the Two Sicilies, while hunting, found S. Bruno on this spot in an hermitage, which he inhabited with a few of his companions, and that he granted to his order the possession of extensive domains, and that jurisdiction over them, which in later ages rendered this establishment one of the richest and most powerful in the kingdom. Its exterior form was rather calculated to inspire respect than devotion; as the remaining walls and turrets, which are probably coeval with the foundation, can testify: these last were furnished in later years with artillery and guards, and the numbers of the inmates, including the servants, labourers, and dependants on the community, which amounted to 300, were sufficient to form a garrison adequate to the defence of the monastery. The monks were eighty in number, and their yearly revenues were valued at little less than 100,000 ducats. The munificence of religious monarchs had enriched this convent with every ornament which the excellence of art or costliness of material could supply; and every succeeding abbot sought to commemorate his name by some useful or beneficial addition to its possessions; but a single convulsion of nature annihilated this splendid accumulation of riches, and a fabric which had grown in size and magnificence during seven auspicious centuries, was levelled to the earth in less than three minutes.

The earthquake, which took place on the 5th of February,

1783, seemed to confine its ruinous effects to the valleys, and flanks of the mountains, and, from its particular line of direction, was more detrimental to large towns than any which followed; for the habitations seated on the higher regions, although they had severely felt, and even been partially damaged, had not been overthrown by it; a second shock, however, occurred two days afterwards, and completed the work of destruction. The Carthusian monks were employed in the ceremonial of receiving their superior, at that moment returned from a journey, when the hollow sound of internal fermentation, which usually rather accompanies than precedes the bursting forth of exterior violence, barely allowed a moment for escape through the cloisters. A long tract of fine turf, by no means uncommon in the high flats of these mountains, extends from the town to the gates of the convent. An old dependant, who accompanied me on the spot, described in a simple but impressive manner the scene which he had himself witnessed. The fathers, he said, partly through fear, partly through the difficulty of maintaining an upright position, upon a surface which heaved like the waves of the sea, had all fallen prostrate the instant they were out of immediate danger; a short but dreadful interval succeeded, during which nought was heard but shrieks of terror uttered by those who fled, the agonizing groans of those who deemed escape impracticable, and the crash of materials, rent into detached masses, falling against each other to the ground. When the monks ventured to raise their eyes towards the walls, which had witnessed many years of their peaceful existence, and within the precincts of which they had hoped to terminate their career in pious inactivity, a dense cloud

of dust was rising from the midst, as smoke from a furnace, but the proud monument of their order had passed away like the breath of their nostrils; in the words of my guide, "had left but its name behind." This assertion, however, somewhat exceeds the truth, for the prior's apartment, the kitchen, part of the cloisters, and the body of the church are still extant; although the last is filled up to half its height with the fragments of the side-arches, the cupola, and all the ornamental parts, among which the stony limbs of saints, broken altars, sepulchral inscriptions, and innumerable slabs of the finest coloured marbles, are piled in heaps, and totally impede all passage over them. Some part of the convent had been sufficiently reinstated after the catastrophe to allow of the continuation of the establishment on a reduced scale; but the suppression of monastic institutions under the French finally annihilated what remained of St. Stefano, and it has since been tenanted by a few artisans, who have converted the large courts into timber magazines. The tomb of the founder-saint, once the principal object of veneration and curiosity, was entirely destroyed, and its remains buried under a shapeless mass of materials, which, much to the discredit of Calabrian devotion, have never to my knowledge been removed. A miraculous spring, which bubbled up from under the sepulchre, and formed a little lake in one of the courts, where a variety of aquatic birds were kept, now oozes through the interstices of the broken fragments, and slowly trickling among the flags and rushes waving over it, is soon lost again in the yawning chasms which open on every side. I vainly endeavoured to learn if any efforts had ever been made to rescue from their degraded situation the

sainted relics which once had hallowed as well as enriched this spot; but on this subject I never could obtain any satisfactory information.

I returned to La Serra through a village called Spineto, which is divided from it by a branch of the Ancinale, and on the following morning quitted the latter, making a short journey of five miles only, to a collection of wooden huts, among which are a few larger edifices, dignified with the name of houses; the whole constituting an establishment called La Mongiana, where the different branches of iron founding are carried on under the auspices of government, for the purposes of furnishing arms and artillery to the Neapolitan army. The officer who presided over it received me in his house, and I passed the remainder of the day in visiting the various departments confided to his superintendence.

CHAPTER XV.

La Mongiana ... Gulf of Gioia ... Feroleto ... Olive Groves ... Casalnovo ... Singular Effects of the Earthquake at Terranova and Oppido ... Aspromonte ... Gerace ... Ancient Locris.

The population of La Mongiana amounts to about 300 persons, of which the half consists of workmen or agents employed in the foundery. The remainder are muleteers, wood-cutters, and labourers, equally dependant on the establishment for their subsistence, though not kept in regular pay. The situation of this little colony is on the acclivity of a hill, just at the mouth of a narrow dell, through which a rivulet, formed by the junction of all the rills which run from the higher grounds, precipitates itself among huge blocks of granite, picturesquely overshadowed by brushwood. The country around is uncultivated, but between the huts the soil is laid out in narrow slips, producing grain and vegetables sufficient for the community. The climate appears even colder than at La Serra, as the wheat was quite green, and the strawberries in the commandant's garden only just beginning to ripen. The little streams which turn the several wheels requisite to the mechanical operations of the manufacture abound with small trout, which are caught by intoxicating them by means of a yellow root

thrown in great quantities into the water; but this has frequently the bad consequence of giving them a bitter flavour. The neighbouring woods abound with foxes, martens, stoats, weasels, polecats and squirrels, and dormice in great number. A peasant offered me for sale a young wolf fifteen days old.

The minute account of an iron foundery can scarcely be interesting to an English reader, I shall therefore omit the details of this establishment; which, it is but justice to observe, appears to be conducted with sufficient zeal and intelligence to render it highly advantageous to the government: an increase of funds would probably place it on a footing of respectability fully adequate to the purpose for which it was established, for this at present I am scarcely inclined to believe to be the case. The ore is brought from the mine at Stilo, six miles distant, where another foundery exists. The charcoal is supplied by the forests of beech extending over these mountains. But the want of a good road to the sea-shore must prove the most effectual disadvantage, as il Pizzo, the nearest port, is distant two and twenty miles, and the track is such as to admit of no conveyance more commodious than a pack-saddle or panniers on a mule's back. I was very hospitably treated by the commandant, whose house resembled a Welsh cottage, and whose garden exhibited the greatest quantity of roses I ever beheld collected in one spot, while the adjoining thickets were alive with nightingales, warbling without intermission the whole night.

I set off early the following morning, in a drizzling rain, which, however, soon abated, leaving the sky cloudy, but the air refreshed. My path lay over a kind of moor, with small patches of beech-wood; and subsequently descended gradually for about

two hours. From the steeper edge of one of the hills, I caught a glimpse of the Western or Tyrrhene sea; and beyond the southernmost point of the gulf of Gioia some hills arose, which I imagined might be part of the island of Sicily, in which conjecture I was not mistaken: after this the descent became more rapid, or at times dangerously steep. Several small towns, beautifully situated between the extensive plain of Gioia or Monteleone and the higher mountains, showed themselves, emerging from the woody declivities around their base, and every step which brought me nearer to those regions displayed the operations of a more genial temperature. The gloomy pines, feathering beech, and spreading oak, had shaded my progress for the three last days, over tracts of the finest turf, or through divisions of green wheat; but now the grain was golden and heavy, the vine re-appeared, succeeded by the olive, while myrtles in full bloom, and orange-trees loaded with green fruit, greeted my return to these smiling plains. A transition of this kind, which in one short hour appears to convey the traveller from the wilds of Switzerland to the smooth luxuriant valleys of Asia Minor, is peculiar to almost all mountainous countries under a southern latitude; it impresses a charm as cheering to the animal spirits as its influence is sensible on the physical frame, and I experienced both in their full power on descending to this beautiful tract.

I stopped to bait at a miserable village called Feroleto, which, though surrounded by all that constitutes fertility, scarcely afforded a small quantity of Indian corn for my horses, and a few ripe olives and bread for myself. It contains about 600 souls, and is built of unbaked bricks, laid on rows of broken tiles.

Some sulphureous springs rise very near it, while even the drinkable water strongly participates in the same flavour.

After leaving Feroleto, we crossed the river Metromo, and journeyed through a most beautiful country, well and variously cultivated, but abounding chiefly in olives, which form its principal riches. The tree that bears this valuable fruit assumes a form and shape in this part of Europe totally different from that which I was used to: instead of the knotted hollow trunk, and spreading boughs, fantastically twisted at no great distance from the root, I beheld tall, straight stems, growing to an immense height, and extending smooth branches at equal distances from each other, and always at a considerable elevation from the ground. These, rising in regular rows, and casting a solemn shade over a surface entirely covered with high fern, through which paths are cut, present an aspect the most singular and pleasing. The fern is mowed almost every year, as it would otherwise absorb too much moisture from the roots of the olive-trees, which penetrate to no very great depth into the earth. The ground is also ploughed in furrows, for the purpose of collecting and retaining as much water as possible; but it is never cultivated, as in many other olive countries. The soil is light, and of a very deep red colour, which it imparts to the rain pools that form in the hollows, and thereby acquire the semblance of blood. Through these groves I travelled with little intermission the remainder of the day, catching at intervals transient views of some of the towns placed on the skirts of the mountains; among these Galatro, Polistena, and S. Giorgio, with its fine castle, were the most considerable.

About two hours before sunset we suddenly entered a straggling town, which I found to be Casalnovo. I had to go through the whole of it before I reached the house belonging to the Prince of Gerace, whose agent had been apprized of my arrival. This habitation was one of the few of any size in the place, as the remainder, being all low and built of wood, have a very mean appearance. It had also the advantage of being situated at the upper extremity of the town, just under the range of hills, and thereby afforded a magnificent prospect over the whole of the spacious valley which borders the gulf of Gioia, anciently Sinus Bruttius; bounded to the south by the point of Palmi, and to the north by Cape Vaticano. In front the Lipari Isles broke the uniformity of the sea-line, and the sun was setting exactly behind Stromboli, the most elevated of their number. This large vale, sometimes improperly called the plain of Monteleone, at a distance bears the semblance of a vast flat, but is in fact broken into a variety of surface. It shares the fate of all those situated in these latitudes; for few, out of the numerous towns and villages which enliven it, are exempt from malaria: amongst the latter Casalnovo, from its proximity to the mountains, is noted for the coolness and salubrity of its atmosphere. To these advantages of situation it adds fertility of soil, producing an abundant variety of vegetables and fruits, while the hills, forming its background, afford excellent pasture. From these several brooks descend, and work some overshot mills, which, from their particular mode of construction, are very picturesque objects. These streams, so beneficial to cultivation in warm climates, are afterwards regulated in their course so as to allow each proprietor a proportionate allowance of water to his

land in the course of every week, and the responsibility of this distribution is confided to overseers or deputies, elected by the inhabitants themselves.

On the 5th of February, 1783, a day indelibly stamped upon the recollection of every older native of this plain, all the towns and villages situated within its circuit were overthrown by the terrific shock, which extended far into Upper Calabria on one side, and reached to Sicily on the other. The habitations situated on the upper skirts of the mountains suffered less, but offered perhaps more remarkable phenomena in the partial and singular effects they experienced. At Casalnovo every edifice was cast to the earth, a cross and fountain alone remaining in their original position, to stimulate devotion, or excite gratitude.

The Princess of Gerace, mother to the lady in whose house I was, and heiress of domains which, extending from one sea to the other, obtained for her the appellation of Queen of Calabria, perished, together with the majority of the inhabitants of Casalnovo, where she was only staying a few days, having come thither on business from her usual residence, at the town of Gerace, situated upon the eastern side of the mountains towards the Ionian sea.

Terranova, another possession of this lamented individual, was one of those spots which in its destruction exhibited some of the most singular effects of the earthquake; and, as the traces still exist, I was taken to see it. I found a village formed of one straight street, containing 700 inhabitants, placed in the midst of ruins which were those of a town of 13,000 souls. These present to the eye masses of masonry of immense size, scattered in all directions, and frequently retaining the forms they originally possessed,

but inverted or transposed in the most extraordinary manner. A house, situated 300 paces from a little river that runs in the ravine under Terranova, was slipped by the motion of the earth close to the edge of it, and though the roof and a portion of its walls fell in by the force of the shock, two of its inmates crept out unhurt. Another most singular feature in the ruins of Terranova is presented by one of the watch-towers of the baronial castle, which was precipitated off its base down the side of the declivity, and to this day exists in almost an entire state, with its battlements downwards. The ground sank so much in some places that the circular shaft of a well, which was once entirely concealed by the soil, now rises to the height of six feet above the surface: its immobility during the universal commotion is attributed to the rock on which it is probably founded. Similar peculiarities were observed in the destruction of Oppido, a considerable town, considered by Cluverius as placed on the site of the ancient Mamertium.

Terranova in its present state occupies one of the most lovely situations which it is possible to imagine, and the scars, if I may so call them, which the earthquake has impressed on the face of nature, are far from producing a detrimental effect on its general aspect. The luxuriance of vegetation peculiar to all the rents and chasms produced by this extraordinary convulsion, is not the least remarkable circumstance attending it; and the changes which were perceptible in the course of the neighbouring streams, their total failure in some places, and their unexpected appearance in others, may perhaps rank amongst its more immediate causes.

After all that has been written, I need scarcely enlarge upon

this subject, or attempt to give an account of the deplorable event which overturned the finest country in Europe; but I shall occasionally recur to it in the course of my passage through the scenes of its ravages, which are still so evident.

Sir W. Hamilton thinks that the centre or focus of the earthquake may be placed at Oppido, above mentioned; and that a radius of two and twenty miles from this point would inscribe a circle including within its boundary all the cities and villages subjected to entire overthrow, while one of seventy-two would comprise the furthest range of its less destructive effects, in proportionate diminution of violence. This opinion is in unison with the notion of the natives, who look upon Aspromonte as containing the elements of desolation, and believe that all the earthquakes which have so often laid waste this peninsula have proceeded from its centre. They call it the parent in whose bosom they are organized, and whence they go out into active operation. This mountain, one of the highest in Calabria, and known to the ancients by the various names of Apennini Sylva, Saltus Rheginus, and Rheginus Vertex, rises immediately behind Oppido, and intervenes between that town and the most southern shore of Italy.

Three particular days, the 5th and 7th of February, and the 28th of March, of the year 1783, are recorded as the periods of the most severe efforts of the convulsion; but six successive weeks, from the first of these dates, would perhaps be more correctly assigned to the continued internal fever, marked, during that period, by not less that a thousand distinct shocks: these were neither periodical, or attended by any particular symptoms in the state of the temperature. The summer of the preceding year had

been remarkably hot, and followed by violent and continued rains till the month of January. The winter was rather more severe than usual, as may be inferred from the frost on the night of the 5th and 6th of February. It has been observed that this month and the following have in these regions been marked by the recurrence of four several earthquakes of more than ordinary violence.

A thick fog succeeded the spring, and seemed suspended over all Calabria for some months, obscuring its shores from navigators, and only indicating their proximity by its existence, so unusual in these latitudes. It is difficult to imagine a more extraordinary picture than the appearance of this portion of Italy, during the first few months which followed this awful visitation, by which an extent of territory, exceeding 140 miles, was more or less laid waste, and which can only be assimilated to the dissolution of the human energies and frame under the activity of operation of a violent poison. Here the finest works of nature, and the improvements they had received from the industry of man, were swept away by the same terrible agency which hurled mountains from their bases, and checked rivers in their speed. The convulsion extended from sea to sea, and the wreck throughout was universal. The wretched survivors fled from the few buildings which might have afforded shelter, while they only threatened destruction; and either wandered round the ruins which had overwhelmed the bodies of their friends and relatives, or, mutilated and disabled, lay in hopeless apathy among their vineyards and fields, now affording neither fruit or vegetation. These, as well as the necessaries of life, which the fertility of soil and benignity of climate render so abundant in these provinces, were

involved in the general destruction; mills and magazines were annihilated; the wine and oil which could be saved had suffered such singular and offensive alterations as to render them useless, and even the water was not drinkable. All domestic animals seemed struck with an instinct of terror, which suspended their faculties, while even the wilder species appeared deprived of their native shyness and ferocity. The stillness of the air was remarkable, and contributed to render more appalling the deep-seated thunder which rumbled in the recesses of the earth, and every fresh throe was responded by the apprehensive lamentations of the human, or the howls and screams of the brute creation.

An epidemical disorder, produced by the stagnation of water, the want or bad quality of food, and the exposure to night air, filled the measure of misery up to the very brim, and left the unfortunate victims of such accumulated calamities no hope but that of a speedy termination of their woes in the apprehended dissolution of the world itself, which they looked upon as awfully impending; nor is it surprising that such an opinion should take possession of minds weakened by continued suspense, and terrified by appearances so supernatural, that they might be looked upon as the last convulsive agonies of expiring nature.

Thirty-five years had elapsed since the occurrence of this dire calamity, and, during the ten first which succeeded it, the paternal solicitude of the sovereign, and the attention of his government, had united in beneficent efforts to restore prosperity to this afflicted province; but the political vicissitudes to which it afterwards was exposed, have probably retarded the improvements which should have been the result of those measures. As it is,

the industry of man, combined with the natural fertility of the soil and mildness of climate, have greatly remedied the evils it has suffered, especially in all parts open to cultivation; but, even without being acquainted with the exact nature of these evils, it is impossible not to perceive, even in a transient examination, that this country has undergone some alterations as tremendous as they are indelible. All the houses are now called Baraccas, from being built of wood on a slight foundation of stones: between the timbers which compose the frame, somewhat resembling a cage, bricks, laths, and stucco are used, so that the exterior still preserves the appearance of stone; and it is calculated that these materials might yield, without endangering the safety of the inhabitants, as long as the wood work remained entire. They seldom rise beyond the height of one story, and this circumstance, with the total want of architectural ornaments, render their aspect mean and unsatisfactory.

There appear to be more perennial streams on this, than on the eastern shore; and I could not help noticing, that where any fiumaras, or dry beds of torrents, were seen, they were entirely deficient in the quantity of oleanders which distinguish those which extend towards the Ionian. Yet this last coast, except in this particular, is much more barren in its aspect, and by no means exhibits the luxuriant vegetation and stately timber which enriches the western plains; but the fruits it produces are larger, and advance towards maturity in much quicker progression, while their flavour decides their superiority.

After remaining one day at Casalnovo, I availed myself of its vicinity to the town of Gerace, the representative of the ancient

Locris, to visit one of the most interesting spots in Magna Grecia; and my wishes met with every encouragement from the agent of the prince, to whose superintendence this portion of the estates was submitted, as well as that which runs from Casalnovo to the sea-shore at Gioia. The road from Casalnovo to Gerace is directly over the chain of the Apennines which runs through all Calabria; it begins to ascend immediately after quitting the town, and soon became so bad, that I could not sufficiently congratulate myself that I had not visited Gerace first, and thereby incurred the necessity of travelling over this tract, which seemed almost impassable even to the well-practised mules of the country. In other respects nothing could be more beautiful than this ride, extending about sixteen miles, through the finest forests and amongst the most magnificent rocks I ever saw. The trees, especially the chestnuts, are of immense size; and some of the ravines are so narrow, that it would be no difficult matter to cross them on the upper boughs of the trees which grow out of them, so thickly are they interwoven. The highest elevation of this range displays an oblong plain covered with the finest turf, now enamelled with wild strawberries; and from several small knolls that spring from it, the two seas are discernible. An observation which I had previously made, with regard to their respective colours, was here corroborated by immediate comparison. The tint of the Ionian is a whitish blue, lighter in shade, but much less clear than the waters of the Tyrrhenian, whose emerald hue and singular transparency add considerable beauty to the shores they bathe.

The descent on the eastern side of the mountains is much steeper, and more impracticably stony, than that towards Casal-

novo; so much so, that I thought it prudent to alight from my mule. The sides of the hill are parched and barren, and the few strips of corn land that show themselves are placed apparently in positions of most difficult access; but the features and outline of the mountains are bolder and more fantastic than the western range.

The houses which compose the little village of Agnana were the first habitations we saw since we quitted Casalnovo; but soon after the town of Gerace appeared, in a situation strongly resembling that of Strongoli; and we descended for more than two hours before beginning to reascend to enter its gates. It now contains only 4000 souls, including the population of two suburbs placed below it, though it was once a place of some consequence, but had been declining gradually even before the earthquake, of which the disastrous marks are visible in every portion of its extent. The ruins of its castle, demolished at an anterior period, show it to have been a fortress of great magnitude and considerable strength. It is reputed to have been built by the Saracens; and is said to have been capacious enough to contain a garrison of 18,000 men, which must have outnumbered the population of the city itself, though the space it covers is reckoned sufficient for the reception of 20,000 inhabitants. Gerace probably dates its origin from the seventh or eighth century, when all these regions were still under the dominion of the Greek empire: it has by some been supposed to stand on the site of the ancient Locris; but it is more likely that it sprang from its decay, though situated five miles from the sea, which there is every reason to believe bathed the walls of the ancient city. The cathedral has suffered

so much damage from the effects of the earthquake, as to be rendered useless for public worship; but contains several fine marble columns, which divided the aisles, and were left standing when the arches they supported and the roof were thrown down by the concussion. They had been all brought from the ancient ruins, but do not bear the marks of more remote antiquity than the age of Augustus. Their height is inconsiderable, and they are all of one piece of white marble, except three of granite, verd antique, and coarse red limestone. They are fluted, and most of their flutings are filled from the middle downwards. The capitals are of different materials, and from the inferiority of their workmanship, as well as the bad taste which they display, appear of a much more recent date.

An outward gate and tower show that the architecture of this church was a handsome Gothic; but the interior had been renovated, and probably presented a much less picturesque aspect at the period of its destruction than it does now. The cupola, a subsequent addition, in falling, broke through the pavement into the subterranean part of the edifice, and has thereby divided the nave from the choir by a deep chasm full of broken materials, totally cutting off all approach to the great altar. This last, placed under an arched vault strong enough to have withstood the force of the destructive shocks which assailed it, remains untouched, and displays in an unaltered state the ornaments which covered it at the time of the earthquake. A few sepulchral monuments, of considerable antiquity, and not despicable execution, add solemnity to the singular appearance exhibited by these modern ruins. A portion of the crypt remains inviolate; and a

new entrance having been opened to it from without, divine service is celebrated within its walls, for it is considered no less sacred than the cathedral above.

I lodged in the grand vicar's house adjoining, and there found assembled all the most distinguished persons of the town, who were eager to do the honours of it by giving me the most satisfactory details respecting the remains of the ancient Locris; which, they were aware, had been the principal incitement to my visit to Gerace. As I had arrived early, I had immediately proposed inspecting them, but was induced to defer so doing for two or three hours, till dinner was over, and the heat should be abated. This repast, as usual, did not make its appearance as speedily as it was announced, and was prolonged to an unusual length; however there still remained time enough, after its close, to enable me to execute my intention, when I discovered in all the company the most undisguised opposition to my wishes. Some said it was still too hot, others that it would be dark by the time I got there; one objected to the insalubrity of the evening air, another urged the danger of such an excursion at so late an hour; while the generality agreed in the impossibility of my walking, and the equal impracticability of obtaining a horse. After losing a quarter of an hour in fruitless endeavours to explain or soften my determination, I made my bow, and without further altercation took my hat, and made the best of my way out of the house, and subsequently out of the city-gate, from whence the descent being rapid, and the path perfectly clear, I gained the site of the ruins some time before my too friendly opponents could overtake me with mules, horses, armed guardians, and a Cicerone, who was deemed necessary to

give me an insight into the origin of Locris, and to explain why so few vestiges of it are to be found. Those which yet exist bear, too evidently, the marks of Roman construction: of these several piles of masonry are scattered over the flat on which the lower portion of the city stood; and an immense quantity of tiles, bricks, and pottery is visible among the Indian wheat, with which the whole is planted. Many tombs have been found and opened near this spot, and do not display a character more remote; but a row of large stones, in a neighbouring olive-ground, appear very like the peribolus of a Grecian temple. Unfortunately, the owner of this land is more anxious to secure the produce of his trees than to investigate what they cover, and is consequently particularly unwilling that any further excavations should be made to check their fruitfulness.

The foundation of a long wall, constructed of large pieces of tufa, running in a straight line from the sea up the nearest eminence, might induce one to imagine that it led to the citadel; which, like all those appertaining to Greek cities, was probably placed above. This conjecture was corroborated by the existence of some ruins at a place called Castelluccio on this hill. The inscriptions which have been found are all in Latin, while the coins of Locris are also not uncommon in this spot, and are generally accompanied by others of Roman date.

The situation was very well chosen for a large city, and the evening view of its ruins was far from uninteresting. Several small towns and villages are scattered along the coast in very picturesque nooks; the most distant, within sight to the north, is La Roccella, a fief of the Carafa family, carrying the title of

Prince, as Bruzzano, to the south, invests them with the rank of Duke. The former was Romechium, mentioned by Ovid, not far distant from Castel Vetere, a place of much greater renown under the name of Kaul, or Caulon, and capital of a district which separated the Crotoniate from the Locrian territories. On the banks of the Sagra, now the Alaro, which runs near that town, the Crotoniates were defeated by the Locrians, and the extraordinary disproportion of numbers between the conquerors and vanquished gave no less celebrity to that event than the marvellous communication of its intelligence at the Olympic games, on the same day that it occurred. Near La Roccella is Siderno, a small town, celebrated, as well as Gerace itself, for the excellent quality of its fruits. Just above Locris rises the village and castle of Condojanni, from which a stream runs into the sea, in a parallel line with the wall above mentioned. Beyond this, to the south, is the larger town, of Ardore; further still those of Bovalino and Bianco; and the prospect is terminated by Cape Bruzzano, formerly the Zephyrian promontory, under which the emigrants from the Greek Locris formed a temporary establishment for three years, which gave to their original name the addition of *Epizephyrian*, to distinguish them from the Ozoli, Opuntian, and Epicnemidian Locrians, residing on the continent of Greece. It is impossible to assign any certain date to this event, as the authors who mention it differ in their opinion with regard to the founders of this colony; Strabo attributing their origin to an emigration of Greek Locrians, under the guidance of a certain Evanthus, a little after the foundation of Croton and Syracuse; and Virgil and Ovid to the Oilean Ajax. The geographer describes the city as built upon

a hill, which he calls *Esopis*, and extending as far as the port then attached to it. Livy also mentions the last when he gives an account of the surrender of the city of Locris to the Carthaginians, and the conditions annexed to its capitulation. We have another proof of the existence of this port in the auxiliary fleet furnished by the Locrians to the Romans in the first Punic war, and which assisted to carry into Sicily the troops under the command of Appius Claudius.

Locris vied with the other cities of Magna Grecia in the magnificence of its buildings, and the riches of its inhabitants. The immense treasures accumulated in the temple of Proserpine attracted the notice and cupidity of Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, Hamilcar, the Carthaginian, and Q. Pleminius, the Roman general. Nor was Locris less distinguished by the number of illustrious men to which it gave birth: the name of Zaleucus as a legislator, and that of Timæus as a philosopher as well as mathematician, were celebrated throughout Greece; and those of Eunomus and Euthymus are recorded by tradition as brilliant, though perhaps less authentic. The first was the most exquisite musician of his time, and when one of the strings of his lyre broke, a *cicada*, or grasshopper, supplied its place: a statue, representing this event, transmitted it to the recollection of posterity. Euthymus was an *athleta*, or wrestler, and acquired immortal fame by a successful struggle with an evil genius, who infested the neighbourhood of the city of Tempsa, and subjected its inhabitants to the mortifying yearly tribute of the fairest of their virgins. The existence of this hero was terminated by an event to the full as extraordinary as that which had illustrated it; for Ælian says,

that on his arrival on the banks of the river Caicinus, he disappeared from all mortal eyes, and was never again beheld on earth.

This river is looked upon by Pausanias as the line of separation between the Rhegian and Locrian territory, beyond which the grasshoppers were mute, though loudly garrulous to the north of it. Strabo relates the same prodigy of the river Halex, which, from its vicinity to the other stream, has probably been confounded with it; and which, under the scarcely altered name of Alece, runs into the sea about thirty miles to the south-east of Reggio. This author has entered upon a serious inquiry into the causes of this wonder, which he attributes to the peculiar dryness of the soil. I shall not follow his example, but confine my observations to the most unqualified testimony in favour of the vocal powers of the Locrian grasshoppers, which to this day would prove adequate, though not very melodious, substitutes for most stringed instruments.

I returned to Gerace by one of those moonlights which are known only in these latitudes, and which no pen or pencil can pourtray. My path lay along some corn-fields, in which the natives were employed in the last labours of the harvest, and I was not a little surprised to find myself saluted with a volley of opprobrious epithets and abusive language, uttered in the most threatening voice, and accompanied by the most insulting gestures. This extraordinary custom is of the most remote antiquity, and observed towards all strangers during the harvest and vintage seasons; those who are apprised of it will keep their temper as well as their presence of mind, as the loss of either would not

only serve as a signal for louder invectives, but prolong a contest in which success would be as hopeless as undesirable.

Among the many excellent wines which Calabria produces, and which only require a little more diffusion throughout Europe to secure the reputation they merit, those of Gerace rank pre-eminent: they consist of several different qualities, but the most esteemed is a white sweet sort, commonly called, like many others of the same nature, *vino Greco*.

CHAPTER XVI.

River Petrace... Ancient Metaurus... Portus Orestis... Tauriana... Palmi... Bagnara ... Scilla... Silk Works... Dangerous Road... Entrance to the Faro... Villa S. Giovanni... Passage to Sicily... Return to Calabria.

I RETURNED to Casalnovo from Gerace, and left the former place on the 24th of June, taking a direction across the plain towards the sea. My road for a long while lay, as usual, through extensive olive-groves, all belonging to the Gerace family, whose agent accompanied me as far as the river Petrace, here considerably augmented by the waters of the Marro, mentioned before, as flowing under Terranova, and swoln moreover by the rain of the preceding night, so as to render the wooden bridge over which I crossed it, an object of the utmost necessity. This river, called indifferently by the two names above-mentioned, is the Metaurus of the ancients, which flowed into the sea near a city of the same name, probably occupying the situation of the present town of Gioia. A tradition, recorded by Suidas, makes the poet Stesichorus a native of this town, whence he passed to Himera in Sicily, which is generally supposed to have given him birth.

Ancient authors have attributed to the waters of this river the virtues of restoring Orestes to health and reason after his long and painful wanderings. The oracle had bid him hope for

no remedy till he should bathe in a river formed by seven tributary streams. Varro gives us the names of these sources of the Metaurus, and a small port on the coast was named Portus Orestis, in allusion to this circumstance. The latter is now called Porto Ravagoso, and not very far from it are some ruins, supposed to be those of Tauriana, a city mentioned by Pliny and Pomponius Mela, which continued to flourish in the time of Christianity, for Roger, Count of Sicily and Calabria, united its see with that of Vibona, and transferred them to the new city of Mileto, which he had built and enriched. It is not one of the least pleasures attending the travelling over this country, that the numerous beauties shed by nature so bounteously over its surface receive additional splendour from an association with mythology or history: every insignificant recess has been immortalized in poetic numbers, each stream is recorded by some classic passage, and the smallest creek is illustrated by geographers and historians.

I followed the course of the Petrace for some time, under the hills, which form the southern boundary of the valley of Monteleone, as it is improperly called, and which soon after I began to ascend. The town of Seminara was placed on these, to my left. It was once a flourishing city, but the earthquake not only destroyed the greatest part of its habitations, but, by altering the course of some streams, and checking the progress of others, has caused the formation of several stagnant pools, and thereby infected the air with the most detrimental miasmata. It now only contains 2000 inhabitants. The first appearance of the town of Palme, situated on a commanding eminence at the mouth of the Faro, was very striking; and I found, after I had entered it, and

alighted at the house of the Sott' Intendente, that a near inspection would only bring out new beauties. Like Taormina, which I had not then visited, I must consider Palme as placed in a situation as difficult for human imagination to conceive, as it is beyond the power of pencil to pourtray. It is raised on a considerable shelf of level ground, resting on a high range of rocks rising perpendicularly from the sea, but communicating with it by a narrow winding path leading to the Marina, which consists of a little inconvenient creek, with a few fishermen's huts. The boats belonging to these are hauled upon the rocks, which rise in clusters at the foot of the higher steep, and against which these frail barks would otherwise be dashed to pieces by the fury of the south-west wind. A mountain stream, turning several mills, follows the sinuosities of this descent to the sea. Olive grounds, orange trees, and cultivated gardens, occupy the flat and surround the town, above which a pyramidal cliff rears its gray peaks through the chestnut woods which clothe its sides. The space between the town and the edge of the rocks is prolonged in the shape of a promontory, and is the site of a watch-tower. The Lipari islands present themselves in front, and the view on each side is equally beautiful; that to the right commands the whole Gulf of Gioia as far as Cape Vaticano, while the other extends to the entrance of the Faro, and includes the Calabrian coast, with Scilla and Bagnara, as far as the Punta del Pezzo. On the Sicilian shore the point of the Faro is seen, with that of Melazzo beyond; while within the straits, Messina may be distinguished; and, lastly, Ætna towers majestically in the

distance, and, piercing a girdle of clouds, breathes a thin stream of vapour in the upper atmosphere.

The town of Palme is of all those which suffered by the earthquake the first I had seen rebuilt in a manner that recalled its ancient splendour: the houses were mostly of stone, of a tolerable height, their architecture solid and in good taste; and the regularity observed in its reconstruction adds much to the respectability, if not grandeur, of its appearance. It now contains 7000 inhabitants, and appears in a tolerably flourishing condition. An abundant fountain, situated in the centre of the principal square, represents a large palm tree, probably in allusion to the name of the city. The water arises through its upper branches, and is afterwards ejected from the mouths of four dolphins sculptured on the stem of the tree, into as many large troughs, which are accessible to the public. This is the only structure that withstood the shock which overthrew the whole town.

Sir W. Hamilton mentions the impression produced upon him by a woman who some weeks after the fatal catastrophe was sitting in silent suspense, with her eyes fixed on the ruins of her house, which some labourers were cautiously removing, with the hope of finding the mutilated remains of her only child.

Palme is only twelve miles from Casalnovo; so my journey was easy, and in every respect widely different from that which awaited me on the following day, when I had hoped to reach Reggio. The first part of the road from Palme to Bagnara was tolerably good, through olive groves and chestnut woods; but on regaining the edge of the rocks bordering the sea, the

descent to Bagnara was steep and dangerous from its slipperiness. This town contains 2000 souls, and has some good houses close to the shore: it probably was the ancient Portus Balarus. Several streams descending from the mountains in little cataracts, throw themselves into the sea at this spot; and Count Stohlberg has dignified them with the appellation of Cascade of Cratais. This river is recorded by Homer as having received its name from a nymph whom he calls the mother of Scylla; but the brook which appears to answer the local position of the ancient one is the Solano, which joins the sea three miles further to the south. On crossing the streams of Bagnara a young woman of the most extraordinary beauty arrested my attention, and fully confirmed the assertion of Mazzella, who says, "*Quivi ci aspetta la Bagnara, dove le donne per la loro bellezza e leggiadria pajono tante ninfe.*" The steepness of the road, and its difficulty just at that spot, where the loose stones in the torrent rendered the footing very insecure, made it impossible to stop; and the transient glance to which I was compelled to limit my admiration, probably heightened the effect of the apparition which called it forth; but I can with truth aver, that nothing in human shape ever approached so nearly to all the ideas we are wont to form to ourselves of a supernatural being. Regularity of feature was combined with brilliancy of complexion, expression of countenance, and exquisite symmetry as well as gracefulness of form; her dark blue eyes glowed in softened radiance beneath straight black eyebrows, and her smooth low forehead was shaded by a profusion of light brown hair. Her teeth were no less perfect than the smile of goodness which disclosed them; while her cheeks

bloomed in all the freshness of the most brilliant health. The reader will probably reflect upon the impossibility of so many beauties unfolding themselves in so short a space of time: I will therefore only state my impression, that the same portion of Europe which has presented to my observation the most varied succession of natural beauties and physical advantages, has also possessed the most perfect specimen of human loveliness.

From Bagnara I followed the sea-shore, through a deep sand, along which huge rocks, fallen from the impending cliff, proved the most formidable impediments to our progress. At a small village, called Favazzina, consisting of a few houses, mills, and gardens, the road, if it may so be called, ascends the steep side of the mountain to fall again upon the town of Scilla, which presents itself to the eye in the most picturesque manner. It is built on terraces that rise above each other from the sea-shore, and stretches on each side of a small promontory, embellished as well as strengthened by a castle, placed upon its extremity. This was formerly the habitation of the Prince of Scilla, but now converted into a modern fortress, and occupied by a small garrison. Below the bluff truncated cliff, which abruptly terminates this projection, another rock of much less elevation extends its fantastically formed masses towards the opposite coast of Sicily, and may, when lashed by foaming waves, present a threatening aspect to small vessels venturing too near it; but now, surrounded by numberless fishing boats, scarcely heaved by the gentle undulations of a perfectly transparent sea, it presented a marked but not unpleasing feature in the general beauty of the scenery.

It would be an useless task to enter into an inquiry with regard

to the physical causes which have stripped this celebrated rock of all its terrors: among these, the frequent recurrence of earthquakes alone would sufficiently account for such alterations in its form and magnitude as may have greatly diminished the dangers which it used to present to navigators. If the modern Scilla stands on the site of the ancient, that of Charybdis must necessarily have changed its position, as this last is now pointed out to the traveller just outside of the port of Messina, and therefore at least fourteen miles from the perils which are represented as exactly facing it. I am more inclined to suppose that Cape Pelorus, now the point of the Faro, extended much further towards the north-east, and thereby placing Scilla at the immediate entrance, and the narrowest part of the straits, rendered the passage through them hazardous in bad weather. A strong northern breeze generally sets into the channel during the whole summer, and at such times of the day when it meets the return of the tide it creates a considerable agitation in the waves. This circumstance, and the variations and uncertainties of the different currents near the cape, may have constituted the dangers that awaited the ships which sought to avoid those of the Calabrian shore, by steering too near the opposite point.

The houses of Scilla are regular and well built, but the pavement is alarmingly slippery for horses, and forced me to alight as I ranged through the zig-zag streets which lead from the lower to the upper extremity of the town, where I found the only stable pointed out to me as public. The inhabitants of this town, amounting to 5000, are remarkable for their good looks, cleanliness, and industrious habits. The men are good mariners, and

principally employed in fishing, or some of the labours attending the fabrication of silk; and the various occupations afforded to the female part of the population, by the latter article, give life and picturesque effect to every habitation on this coast, where it forms the principal and almost only branch of industry. It is not uncommon to see the boilers and winders established under the spreading trellis, shaded by vines, which form the entrance to most of the gardens, while lively groups of beautiful girls rend the air with the wild but inharmonious chants, which are equally unvarying in all the south of Europe. I never saw any town so well provided with fountains as Scilla, for it exhibited one every three minutes as I passed along the streets.

While my horses rested, I was kindly received in the house of the agent of the Prince of Scilla, whose wife, in less than ten minutes, placed before me a meal rendered most palatable by the fatigue and heat of the morning's journey. It consisted of eggs, macaroni, pesce spada, fresh almonds, water melons, cherries, strawberries, with excellent wine cooled by the snow of Aspromonte. The pesce spada, or sword-fish, called *xiphios* by the Greeks, is taken here in as great abundance as in the days of Strabo, who has left us a description of the mode of fishing for it, which might answer for that of the present day. It resembles sturgeon, but is somewhat drier; and, like thunny, the different parts vary in flavour and even substance, and are consequently held in very unequal degrees of estimation.

Among the many tremendous events produced in the progression of the earthquake in 1783, no one is so awful or impressive as that which sealed the doom of 4000 individuals, collected in

one spot with their feudal lord, around whom, as a father and protector, they had collected in the hour of peril. The reader will, I trust, forgive my directing his attention for the last time to a spectacle of death and destruction, which, I believe, has few parallels in the annals of physical history.

The shock which all this portion of the Calabrian coast experienced on the morning of the 5th of February had been highly detrimental to the town of Scilla, and levelled with the dust most of the houses situated on the upper range. The castle had also suffered considerable damage; it was the residence of the Prince, whom advanced age and infirmities had rendered almost indifferent to the fate which appeared to threaten his existence, in common with that of the whole population. He had determined to await the event before the crucifix in his chapel, but was persuaded to leave the walls of a mansion which appeared scarcely able to resist further concussion, and seek his safety in flight towards the mountains, where he possessed a magnificent residence called La Melia; but the road that led out of the town was so encumbered with the ruins of the buildings which had been overthrown, that it was resolved to defer his departure until the following day, and a temporary and apparently secure asylum was sought on the strand of one of the two small bays, which are separated by the castle, and form harbours for the fishing-boats. To the largest of these, on the southern side of the promontory, this nobleman retired, and prepared to pass the night in a felucca, which had been hauled up on the sand, with all the other vessels belonging to the place; serving as receptacles for the remains of property or household goods saved by the unfortunate owners out of their fallen habita-

tions. Here all the surviving individuals had assembled, and, after a day of terror, hoped to pass a few hours of comparative ease and tranquillity. The Ave Maria had been said, in which the feudal despot and all his vassals, now reduced to one common level of humiliation by the visitations they apprehended, had joined with all the fervour of penitence and fear. The cries of motherless babes, and the lamentations of childless parents, had subsided with the commotions of the earth; while grief, terror, and even despair, lost their power of excitement, and all had sunk under the languor of bodily as well as mental exhaustion. Not a breath of air disturbed the stillness of the atmosphere; not the slightest ripple was audible on the surface of the sea: it seemed as if the elements, mankind, and nature herself, had wasted their energies, and yielded to the necessity of repose.

At about half-past seven, a distant but loud crash proclaimed some new disaster, and awakened to a fearful state of suspense all the silent sufferers. A powerful recurrence of the morning's shocks had severed a large portion of Mount Baci, which forms the next promontory towards the south, and dashed its shivered mass into the sea. The darkness precluded an immediate communication of this event to the trembling population on the sands, and also shrouded from their knowledge the anticipation of its consequences. They were roused by the earthquake; but, extended on the beach, and out of the reach of all buildings, they thought themselves comparatively secure from real danger. A low rustling noise soon was heard, and gradually but rapidly increased to the roar of the most impetuous hurricane. The waters of the whole canal, impelled by the pressure of the fallen mountain, in a single

wave had rushed with irresistible force over the opposite point of the Faro, which it entirely inundated. Thrown back towards the Calabrian coast, it passed with impetuosity over the shore of Scilla; and, in its retreat to the bosom of the deep, swept from its surface every individual who had thought to find safety in the bareness of its sands. One abhorrent shriek uttered by the united voices of 4000 beings, thus snatched to eternity, re-echoed from the mountains; and the tremendous wave returning a second and last time, rose to the elevation of the highest houses that yet remained entire, and buried many of them in masses of mud and sand, leaving on their flat roofs, and among the branches of the trees which grew out of the impending rocks, the mangled bodies of the victims it had destroyed. But these were not many; for the mass, including the Prince of Scilla, were never seen or heard of more.

The latter part of this day's journey lay over a track, for road I cannot call it, which, in all that can produce fatigue to the animal and danger to the rider, by far surpassed every thing of the kind that I had yet encountered. It is in fact nothing more than a foot-path, worn in the side of the perpendicular cliffs, which extend between Scilla and Cannitello, and but in few places wide enough to admit two horses. It follows the various levels of the projecting masses of rock, sometimes descending to the sea-shore, and at others rising to some thousand feet above it; but in all parts alarmingly steep, and so rugged with sharp pointed stones as to cut the horses' legs in the most serious manner. It is provided with no fence or guard of any kind, so that the slightest false step or start may precipitate the traveller into the

sea, or dash him to pieces in his way down the precipice. I was obliged to dismount; and, proceeding with difficulty along these dangerous steeps, with the burning rays of the western sun full in my face, I was compelled to make over the safety of my horse to his own instinct, during a painful progress of at least five miles, which brought me to a large battery on a flat, from whence the French, who had erected it, could with ease throw shells and shot across this narrowest part of the straits upon the works erected by the English or Sicilians on the Faro. This point, the ancient Pelorus, is scarcely more than a sand-bank, with a tower, a few houses, and two salt lakes upon it. From this spot the eye catches the more distant point of Melazzo, and follows the Sicilian line of coast within the canal, beyond Messina itself, apparently brought almost under the feet of the spectator.

The descent from this fort was both tedious and laborious for our horses, but by no means so dangerous as the former part of our road, and led to a fiumara, beyond which is the small straggling village called Porticello, followed by a larger one of Cannitello. Here the country changes its aspect. The high range of mountains sinks to gently shelving slopes, most luxuriantly cultivated to their highest extremity. The shore is enlivened with houses, cassinos, and fishing huts, while numerous boats, and an active, industrious population give movement and variety to the picture. Just beyond the following Punta del Pezzo is the beautiful village of Villa S. Giovanni, where I was induced to stop for the night by the lateness of the hour, excluding all hope of reaching Reggio by day-light, and the want of repose, but too severely experienced by our whole cavalcade.

Sketched by the Hon.K.Craven.

Engraved by Chas.Heath.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE FARO OF MESSINA.

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I rested at the house of one of the richest inhabitants of this place, who has established a very extensive and successful silk manufactory. The superintendence is principally confided to his daughters. This place is ten miles from Reggio, along, as I was assured, a most excellent road; but as my object was at that time to reach Sicily, with as little delay as circumstances might admit of, I determined to cross the straits at this spot, and defer my visit to Reggio until my return. Accordingly, the next morning I embarked my horses, not without some difficulty; and, favoured by the wind and current, reached the Sicilian shore in the space of half an hour, and landed near a church, called Sant' Agata, about four miles above Messina.

After remaining a few days at Messina, I proceeded to Palermo, and subsequently made the tour of nearly the whole island; but as the interesting researches which it offers to travellers of all descriptions have been so repeatedly laid before the public within the last ten years, it would be presumptuous, and certainly useless, to swell the list of Sicilian travels by an account of mine; and I shall confine myself to state, that, having returned to Messina about the middle of August, I crossed over from that town to Reggio, on the morning of the 18th of that month, in company with the Intendente of this town, who very kindly received me into his house.

CHAPTER XVII.

Reggio, its environs, productions, inhabitants... Fiumara di Muro... La Melia... Solano ...Piano della Corona... Return to Casalnovo... Greek and Albanian Colonies ...Rivers Metromo and Mesima... Rosarno... Laureana... Mileto.

Disproportioned as the cities of Messina and Reggio are to one another with regard to magnitude, population, and commerce, there exists a spirit of rivalship between their inhabitants, which does honour to the patriotism of both; and I had full scope for observing it in all the most trifling details during the navigation across the straits. The cities not being placed exactly facing each other, the distance between them is about eight miles, though the channel is by no means so wide in this part.

The break of dawn over the high peaks of Aspromonte was beautiful; and the large boat that conveyed me presented a spectacle as entertaining as the surrounding scenery was magnificent, being filled by some of the principal families of Reggio, returning home just after a ball, at which most of the individuals that composed them had been dancing all night. In tarnished tinsel and faded flowers many of the young ladies slept, but the elder portion of the party amused themselves in discussing the merits, or criticising the defects, which a few days' visit to Messina, and the fêtes which had enlivened it, had enabled them

to discover. They all agreed, that the town was larger, and even better built, than their own; that the shops had the advantage of being supplied with English goods; that the magnificence of the port was indisputable; and that the equipages were more numerous: but that while Reggio would in time probably equal the size of Messina, its air was much cooler and more healthy, its water infinitely superior, its situation in every respect preferable, and above all, its inhabitants were better educated, more hospitable, and certainly better looking. From the number of pretty faces around me, I was inclined to agree with the last assertion, and am not willing to dispute the moral superiority they claimed; but as far as the individual merits of the cities are concerned, the decision must be in favour of Messina.

The environs of Reggio are celebrated for their various beauties; and there is no doubt that the quantities of orange gardens which surround the town to some distance, and through which a very good carriage road is cut, contribute to render its immediate vicinity very pleasing: but the mountains beyond these are neither considerable in height nor varied in form; and being besides deficient in verdure and cultivation, scarcely add any beauty to the coast; while those that rise above Messina are magnificent. It must be admitted, that from this same cause the view from Reggio is finer than that from the Sicilian shore; but it is difficult to conceive a spectacle more enchanting than the aspect of Messina and the neighbouring coast, lighted by the rays of the morning sun.

The foundation of Reggio has been attributed to a colony of Greeks from Chalcis in Eubœa; though more modern authors

have placed it as far back as a certain Aschenaz, the reputed son of Gomer. In the days of Strabo it still retained, with Naples and Taranto, the customs, habits, and language of the Greeks; while all the rest of the peninsula had yielded to, and adopted the institutions of their Latin conquerors.

The etymology of its name has been derived from a Greek word which signifies to rend or tear asunder, from the supposition that some tremendous physical concussion had once divided this part of Italy from the remaining portion which now constitutes Sicily, and thereby opened the straits which unite the Tuscan and Ionian seas. Strabo repeats this upon the authority of Æschylus, though he doubts whether its name was not imposed by the Samnites, to signify, according to the Latin language, its imposing grandeur and extent; but he more probably means the Lucanians, who once possessed the whole line of the Bruttian or western coast, from Paestum to this spot.

Of its importance and magnificence we have the most unequivocal testimonials from several authors; and we find that it acted a prominent part in many of the wars carried on under the Roman republic. The Aquilian road, which terminated at the Rhegian column, at a short distance from the gates, afforded a link of communication between its extensive maritime trade, and the inland commerce which it carried on with the interior cities of the peninsula, and with the metropolis itself. Previous to its becoming a Roman municipium its territory extended from the river Halex, on the Lucanian confines, to the banks of the Metaurus, its boundary from that of Tauriana. The walls, supposed to be coeval with the original foundation, were rased to the

ground by Dionysius the elder, and afterwards rebuilt with the same solidity, only to suffer a similar fate from the earthquake that preceded the social war.

In modern times it was entirely destroyed by the catastrophe of 1783, and the official accounts of this calamity, drawn up by order of the Neapolitan government, state that the buildings of this city had been so repeatedly assailed by slighter shocks, for three preceding years, that their final destruction must be attributed as much to these previous causes, as to the violence of the last concussion. It is not until within very few years that it has began to recover from the effects of this devastation, which is still visible in all the unfinished streets, and some of the ancient masses of structure. The plan of the town is regular, and when completed will greatly contribute to its interior commodiousness and beauty. The attention of government has lately been more particularly directed to the restoration of Reggio to that importance and prosperity which its situation and the nature of its productions give it a right to claim. Its accession to the elevation of capital of a third Calabria, and the advantages inherent to that distinction, have greatly promoted its advancement in every department which can augment its consequence and welfare. Perhaps the mere completion of a good public carriage-road from Naples to this extremity of the kingdom would have answered all the beneficial intentions of the rulers, which are ably seconded by the Intendente of the place, who seems animated with the most sincere desire of advancing Reggio to a higher consequence than it ever before enjoyed, and who adds to these laudable feelings the intelligence and activity which alone turns them to a good account.

The port of the ancient city exists no longer. Thucydides says, that the Athenian fleet sent to attack Sicily was not allowed by the Rhegians to anchor there, but provided with all the necessary supplies in a harbour under the Rhegian promontory, a little more to the southward: this is also no longer visible, though the point is recognized at Cape Pellaro.

The small vessels belonging to the modern Reggio anchor about half a mile higher up to the north, opposite a village called Pentimele, where a slight curvature in the line of shore affords them an insecure shelter against certain winds. The town itself is built on a gentle declivity, between which and the sea a wide road, called, as usual, the Marina, is constructed. The principal street runs parallel with this through the centre of the city in its whole length, and those that intersect it at right angles are wide, and, when finished, will undoubtedly render it one of the handsomest cities in the kingdom. There is much running water in and about it. Looking to the sea a fountain, furnished with a semicircular covered colonnade, affords a cool promenade and place of evening resort to idlers and loungers. If a hole is excavated in any part of the strand, it is immediately filled with excellent sweet water, perfectly fit to drink, but generally used by the poorer women for washing.

During a drive with the Intendente in the immediate vicinity of Reggio, I was present at a serious commotion which took place among the inhabitants of a straggling village called La Sbarra, in consequence of a deficiency in the periodical supply of water destined for the purposes of irrigation. The threatening countenances and gestures of the male part of this little population, who

surrounded the carriage which they had stopped, and the tears and lamentations of the females, might have led one to suppose that famine, pestilence, or earthquakes were apprehended on their part, and I was a long while before I could be made to understand the importance of the calamity for which they claimed redress. The fact was, that all the streams which fertilized their territory were under the direction of the inhabitants of a village called St. Agata, through which they flowed, at some distance on the mountains above; and it appeared that in consequence of some disagreement between the two populations this means of annoyance was resorted to as likely to be effectually felt by the whole community; and as this was the second day which witnessed the recurrence of it, the damage incurred by the Indian wheat, beans, and even orange gardens, would perhaps be irretrievable at this season of the year, when repeated irrigation is absolutely necessary to the very existence of these different plants. The Intendente was obliged to send a deputy, accompanied by some gensdarmes, to enforce the restitution of these necessary rights; but my departure the following morning prevented my learning how early this was obtained.

The fabrication of silk, and the exports arising from the culture of oranges and lemons, form the principal commercial resources of Reggio. All trees belonging to this class come under the denomination of *agrume* in the kingdom of Naples, and this part of it seems gifted by soil or climate to yield not only the finest, but the greatest variety; and their produce assumes a diversity of shapes and substances, from the fresh fruit to the most volatile essence: the strong acid of the lemon, the pulpy luxuriance of the ripe orange, the perfume of the bergamot, the delicious

flavour of the mela rosa, are all turned to a profitable account; and even the plants themselves, which bear these fruits, are sent for, when in an infant state, from all parts of the kingdom which admit of their propagation. All the curious in this department of horticulture stock their gardens with seedlings from Reggio, and frequently go to a considerable expense to procure fruits whose only merit consists in the strange deformity of their outward shape, sometimes assuming the semblance of faces, hands, toes, and even less seemly parts of the human body. The quantity of grapes, and the size of the clusters hanging from the vines, which are very abundant in the vicinity of Reggio, would appear to promise an equally productive vintage; but there is not much wine made, and still less oil.

The inhabitants are very sociable and lively, and as they are mostly in easy circumstances, the town, with the additional advantage of a very pretty theatre, is by no means an unpleasant residence, notwithstanding its distance from the capital, while the climate and air are undoubtedly the finest in the whole continental portion of the realm. The view from the beach on either side is very beautiful, as Mount Ætna on the left must always be an imposing feature in the landscape, and the two points of the opposite coasts, which shut up the entrance of the Faro to the north, give it the appearance of a fresh water lake between two ranges of magnificent mountains.

I had determined, whatever might be the result, never again to retrace my footsteps over the perilous path which had brought me from Bagnara to Villa San Giovanni; and was advised to try an inland road, which, though sometimes unsafe with respect to

robbers, was somewhat shorter, and at any rate more practicable. I accordingly quitted Reggio on the 20th of August; and accompanied by two legionarii on foot, furnished to me by the Intendente, I took my way along the sea-shore, though it was cut off from my sight by the orange groves through which I passed. These continued for four miles after I quitted the town, interspersed with flat-roofed houses, each of which was embellished by a porch shaded by vines the most luxuriant I ever beheld. The grapes hung from them in clusters so large and frequent, that I should appear guilty of exaggeration were I to describe their singular effect. They were all of that long-pointed shape peculiar to the south, but which, though much esteemed by the natives for immediate eating, I by no means consider equal in juiciness and flavour to many other commoner species.

After passing through the villages of Gallico and La Catona, I quitted the carriage road which extends as far as Villa S. Giovanni, and taking a more inland direction, went through a strange dilapidated place called Fiumara di Muro, with a ruined castle; and began to climb the mountains by a steep and rugged path, forming a tedious ascent to a high plain covered with fern, a few copse woods, and some patches of Indian corn. This is called Piano della Melia; and on it a solitary hut points out the probable site of a town, or perhaps station, known only in the Antonine Itinerary by the name of Malleæ.

Near this spot a fountain of the coldest and purest water is the only existing vestige of a magnificent country house belonging to the princes of Scilla, which was destroyed by the same shock that converted Calabria Ultra into one mass of ruin. This was

not the first time that I had observed that fountains are very apt to escape the destructive effects of that concussion so fatal in its operations to the edifices of a larger and apparently more durable construction.

The army under Murat was encamped between this fountain and the sea during the demonstration of invasion which he thought proper to display while the English were at Messina, and the whole forces were supplied with water from this single spring.

A precipitous ravine, clothed with magnificent oak and other timber trees, brought us down to a lower glen, traversed by all the streams which pour into it from the heights above and flow towards Scilla and the sea. At the extremity of the vista of wooded rocks ranging on each side of it, I caught a glimpse of the opening of the straits, the tower of the Faro, and the point of Melazzo beyond it. In the same manner, during the subsequent part of this day's journey, I was occasionally delighted with similar views, breaking suddenly on the attention through the masses of forest and mountain scenery, which formed the most appropriate foreground to them.

I stopped to bait at a wretched village called Solano, where the wooden houses composing it were so poor and dirty, that I preferred eating my dinner by the side of the public fountain, surrounded by the staring and ragged natives of the place, than to enter any one of their smoke-dried habitations. They appeared gentle and civil, but have a bad name among their neighbours, who assert that this place, notwithstanding its limited population, produces a greater yearly number of malefactors than any other in all Calabria. A pass in the mountains, just beyond Solano, and

named from it, is proverbial in the province for the robberies and murders committed within its precincts. The road through this defile is in fact nothing more than the bed of a torrent descending into a kind of abyss full of pines, of an aspect more gloomy and terrific than a subterranean passage, and undoubtedly most favourable to those scenes of rapine and bloodshed. The ascent from it is so steep, that I more than once thought it impossible for my horse to effect it; and on attaining its summit I found myself once again on the extensive plain between Palme and Bagnara, over which I had passed two months before, but which I now crossed at a greater distance from the sea. It is called Piano della Corona; and on leaving it I entered the open olive grounds that rise above the former town, where I soon after arrived, and remained for the night.

The contrast presented between the Calabrian and Sicilian mountains, which, from recent observation, I had this day an opportunity of estimating more accurately, was entirely in favour of the first. Sicily boasts of some situations, so extraordinary in their effect, that nothing in any other country can bear a comparison with them; but, as a whole, it yields the palm of picturesque beauty to the southern extremity of Italy, which, more particularly in its interior recesses, combines every attribute of Salvator Rosa's romantic compositions, with the softer graces and glowing brilliancy which charm us in the paintings of Claude. I also found a great difference in the climate, as the thermometer at Reggio stood five degrees lower than at Messina, and in the mountains it fell to seventy-five.

I reached Casalnovo the following day, (the 21st), where the

night was so cool, that I closed my window for the first time since I had quitted Naples. From Palme to this last place I followed the road I have already described, deviating from the straight line to Monteleone, which lay nearer to the shore, for the sake of fulfilling a promise I had made of returning to Casalnovo.

This portion of the kingdom has preserved many traces of the Greek language in the names of several of its villages and towns, though the date to which they may be referred may admit of some dispute. Colonies from Epirus, Albania, and even some parts of the Morea, were founded at different periods of the Neapolitan history; but none of these are very remote; and though they are scattered in every part of the kingdom, and still preserve their language, and some of their institutions, the appellations they bear have frequently no relation to their Romaic origin, whereas, in this part of Calabria, which by no means offers more frequent instances of the existence of those tribes, the number of Greek names is very remarkable, as may be exemplified by Pentedattolo, Pentimele, Valanidi, Malanisi, Lagonadi near Reggio, Paracorio, Sinopoli, Pedavoli, Zurgonadi, in the mountains; or Varapoda, Iatrinoli, Maropati, and Polistena, in the plains. The river that runs near the latter town is called Ieropotamo, and many others bear names of similar unequivocal derivation.

Several Neapolitan authors have believed, and endeavoured to prove, that these are the identical denominations conferred on these places at the most flourishing period of the little republics of Magna Græcia and Brettia; and in the same manner the inhabitants of Bova, on the most southern shore of Calabria, have been looked upon as the lineal descendants of the Locrians or

Rhegians. I would fain admit the plausibility of these positions, which have for their foundation a feeling as natural as it is excusable; but I am induced to believe that the names in question cannot be traced to a more remote æra than that of the lower Greek empire, previous, it is true, to the invasions of the Saracens, or the settlements of the Normans, and consequently infinitely more ancient than the establishment of the Epirote and Morean colonies, but as distantly removed from those which emigrated in the classic ages of ancient Greece.

The Morea, and great part of Epirus, or Albania, were subject to the sway of a portion of the dynasty of Anjou; but it does not appear that any considerable emigrations took place until some time after, for the first is supposed to have occurred during the reign of Alfonso of Aragon, and the second under the guidance of the famous Scanderberg, in the year 1461. These established themselves in Capitanata. After the death of Scanderberg, his son, George Castrioto, being driven out of his hereditary dominions by the Turks, took refuge in the kingdom of Naples, where considerable estates had been granted to his father, and where his sister Irene married the Prince of Bisignano, of the Sanseverino family, one of the most powerful barons of the realm. The Albanians, who had in great numbers followed the fortunes of the brother, received protection and assistance from the sister, whose marriage rendered her mistress of vast possessions in both Calabrias, where these colonists founded no less than thirty-four villages. The fourth emigration took place under Charles V., in 1534, and consisted of almost the whole population of the city of Corone, in the Morea, a portion of which settled in Capitanata

and Basilicata, while the remainder fixed their residence in Naples, and were allowed the free exercise of their religion in the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, founded for this purpose by Thomas Paleologus, a descendant of the imperial line. Above a hundred years elapsed after this period, before another set of colonists from Maina, in the Morea, settled at Barile, in Basilicata; and a sixth emigration, which peopled Villa Badessa, in Abruzzo Ulteriore, took place in the year 1744, under Charles III. of Bourbon, father of the present monarch, who encouraged the establishment of the last of these colonies at Brindisi, about thirty years since, with the hope, which has not been realised, of repeopling the town of Brindisi.

From this statement it will appear, that to Albania or Epirus is to be referred the origin of the most ancient and populous among these settlements. The original natives of the soil, who are ignorant of both the Albanian and Romaic dialects, confound them as one language, and look upon the tribes who speak it as the descendants of an undivided race, known by the names of Albanians, Greeks, or Coronei. They represent them in the light of barbarians, equally jealous of their territory and their women, strongly united among themselves, but indifferent, if not hostile, to all intercourse with their neighbours. This unsocial disposition renders it difficult to gain any very satisfactory account of their customs and manners; but they are allowed to possess bravery, and a spirit of independence, which is exemplified by an obstinate resistance to all incroachments on their property, though unaccompanied by a disposition to interfere with that of others. Their industry and laborious habits are also admitted, as well as the

comparative state of ease which these secure to them. Many retain the dress, and all have preserved the language, of their ancestors. To these and other peculiar arrangements of domestic economy, they have adhered with a perseverance more lasting than their fidelity to their ancient form of religion, which has been abandoned for the rites of the Roman catholic church. The number of villages founded and inhabited by these colonists is computed at more than fifty in the whole kingdom, and their united population at 51,800 individuals.

I found the inhabitants of Casalnovo, where I only stopped one night, in a state of considerable anxiety, on account of an epidemical distemper, or epizooty, among the cattle, which was said to have originated in Upper Italy, and to have found its way through Abruzzo and Apulia into the southern provinces, where it was now raging. It showed itself by a swelling of the limbs, and an ulcer under the tongue of the animal, which soon degenerating into a noisome wound, ended in mortification. Regulations somewhat similar to those observed in the time of plague were consequently enforced throughout the province, to secure the healthy cattle from infection; and as there was some reason to apprehend that the flesh of the beasts who died through the effects of this disease had communicated a malady of a similar nature to those who had inadvertently eaten of it, no beef was allowed to be sold during its existence, except in such towns where the animal, previous to being killed, might undergo a strict examination by a committee appointed for that express purpose. These precautions, and the remedies which were soon discovered as efficacious when applied in the early stages of the disease, soon checked its progress, but

not till it had committed a serious damage, in a country so well stocked with cattle.

I left Casalnovo on the 26th of August, attended by four keepers, or *guardiani*, belonging to the establishment of the Gerace estates. These people, who are generally bred up from their infancy in the service of the family, fulfil duties nearly resembling those of an English gamekeeper, but are at the same time invested with powers more extended, and functions of a more confidential nature. They wear an uniform, are well armed and mounted, and take it by turns to make the round of the domain; carry messages and instructions to the inferior agents dispersed in the various farms; convoy the transportation of goods or produce, and sometimes become the bearers of considerable sums of money. These various callings render the choice of the individuals who follow them a matter of some consequence, and they generally devote their whole life to them, rising in rank and pay according to their services and seniority.

I journeyed, as usual, through a succession of olive-groves, which shaded me from the sun, but afforded me no protection against the subtle red dust which rose from the soil. An interval of two months had produced effects most detrimental to the fruit of these trees, which is of so particular a conformation as to be susceptible of a variety of injuries, proceeding from weather and atmosphere: the crop, indeed, is considered of so precarious a nature, as likely to fail twice in the course of three years; the flowers are liable to early destruction from cold dry winds, or too much damp; and even after the fruit is set, and far advanced towards maturity, it may suffer from untimely rains; or, in this

province, from a species of blight, the usual accompaniment of a south-west wind, which is supposed to bring over deleterious vapours from Mount Etna: these settle on the olive in the form of a glutinous fluid, which soon rots it off the branch.

About six miles from Casalnovo I crossed the Metromo, and an hour afterwards the Mesima; these two rivers unite their waters near the town of Laureana, and flow into the sea below that of Rosarno. I passed between these two places, which rose on each hand from among luxuriant groves in the most picturesque manner. They are noted for the opposite qualities of their air, which renders Laureana as desirable a residence as Rosarno is the contrary. It is probable that the river Mesima is the Medama of the ancients, near which a town of considerable magnitude and importance is recorded by Scilax, Strabo, and Pliny. After crossing it, I began to ascend the range of hills forming the northern boundary of the vale of Gioia, and which in point of beauty and fertility are far inferior to those that rise on the opposite side. On this chain of hills, but nearer the sea, Nicotera is situated, a town of whose ancient existence no tradition more remote has reached us than the mention of its name in the Itinerary of Antonine; but it appears again in the early annals of ecclesiastic history.

I stopped to bait at a miserable village called S. Gioaniello, very near Melito, which is small, and presents nothing remarkable, and it dates its origin from the destruction of the more ancient town by the earthquake of 1783. The site of the latter occupies an insulated hill, and displays the same lamentable vestiges of magnificence and grandeur which are visible at S. Stefano del

Bosco, the great Benedictine convent at Soriano, and the cathedral of Gerace.

Roger, Count of Sicily, must undoubtedly be looked to as the founder of Mileto, and his predilection alone to this offspring of his creation is a sufficient authority for combating the efforts which some native writers have made to obtain for it an origin more remote. This prince not only beautified and enlarged it at the expense of the neighbouring Hipponium, or Vibo Valentia, but transferred the episcopal see, united to that of Tauriana, to the new city. Here his piety and munificence were displayed in the construction of the cathedral dedicated to S. Nicolo, and again in an object of still greater admiration, in the erection of the Abbey of the Holy Trinity, adorned with eighteen marble columns, brought from the celebrated temple of Proserpine at Hipponium, which appears to have been entire at that period. The birth of that son who afterwards united the conquests of the Norman princes into a kingdom, of which he was the first monarch, took place at Mileto, where the elder Roger ended his days, and was, with his wife Adelaide, buried in the church belonging to the monastery which he had erected.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Monteleone... Il Pizzo... Death of Murat... Gulf of St. Eufemia... Rivers Angitola and Lamato... Nicastro... Maida... Monte Reventino... Soveria... River Savuto, ancient Ocynarus... Terina.

Monteleone, which was my resting-place, is about five miles distant from Mileto; it is placed in an airy commanding situation, which, with its fine old castle, gives it an aspect of imposing grandeur and consequence from without. A nearer investigation is, however, not so favourable, as the streets are neither straight or well paved, and the houses mostly low and of wood. It has also the air of being unpeopled; and has indeed, in this respect, suffered considerably since the title of capital, and the advantages derived from it, have been transferred to Catanzaro, from motives of policy upon which it would be tedious and uninteresting to enlarge. Its local position, however, between the two finest and richest plains in the kingdom, and at no great distance from the sea, with which it communicates by a very good carriage road, must always secure to it the continuance of a certain degree of prosperity and importance.

The plain which extends along the shore of the Gulf of Gioia is called in the province Piana di Monteleone; but this denomination appears improper. Monteleone, from its ele-

vated situation, is seen from most parts of this valley, and looks in the other direction over the expanse stretching between capes Zambrone and Suvero, known to English writers as the Vale of Maida.

Monteleone contains from 9000 to 10,000 inhabitants. I was led all over it during the short space of time that elapsed from my arrival to the first hour of darkness; and, as usual, compelled to admire much that was not worth looking at, and pass over many objects more worthy of admiration. There are a few very good pictures in the churches; among which, one by Baccio di Rosa made me regret that the declining light was insufficient to do justice to its beauties. I was hurried from it to be shown a pictorial performance of certainly less merit, though highly curious, from having been executed by General Regnier; it was in a temporary theatre, which had been fitted up by the French army in its leisure from more active employment. It seems that all hands were anxious in contributing to its embellishment, and the commander in chief had condescended to paint the fronts of the boxes. This officer, as well as his opponent, Sir John Stuart, had successively resided in the house where I was received; and it was somewhat curious to hear my host and his family give an account of these distinguished personages with a mixture of praise and censure which did honour to their impartiality. It was indeed as difficult to decide which of their two characters had excited the highest degree of estimation, as it was easy to discover that which had impressed the strongest feeling of dread.

The situation of Monteleone is allowed by most antiquarians to be the same with that of Hipponium, a city whose Greek name

was changed into the Latin Vibo Valentia, or Vibona. Strabo attributes its foundation to the Locrians, from whom it was wrested by the Bruttii, who afterwards yielded it to the Romans. Athenæus extols the magnificence and taste displayed in the habitations of Hipponium, and more particularly the mosaic pavements with which they were adorned. Among its other claims to celebrity were a grove of rare and beautiful trees and shrubs, planted by Gelo of Syracuse, who had given it the name of Amalthæa's horn; an emporium or market, founded by Agathocles; and the famous temple of Proserpine, the columns of which were removed to Mileto. The spot was held sacred to this goddess from the tradition of her being wont to frequent its vicinity for the sake of the wild flowers it produced in abundance. In less remote times Cicero made Vibona his temporary residence, during his banishment from Rome, as we learn from several of his letters to Atticus.

On the sea-shore, a few miles from Monteleone, at a spot called Bivona, probably a corruption of the ancient name, are still shown some walls, miscalled Cyclopian; they are considered to be constructions belonging to the ancient port. Not far from this are three small rocks, appearing to answer to the description of the Ithacesian Islands mentioned by Pliny. The peculiar delicacy of the thunny fish on this shore is as celebrated in these days as in those of Athenæus.

I was informed at Monteleone, that the brigand Caligiuri, whom I mentioned when speaking of Cotrone, two months before, as wandering alone in the mountains, had now collected a formidable band, and was carrying on his depredations in the plain

of Maida; but as intelligence had just arrived of his having within two days passed over the mountains to the eastern coast, I was allowed to depart from Monteleone, escorted by a single gendarme, and took the road to il Pizzo, a sea-port town five miles distant.

Another carriage road leads to Tropea, a town on the coast, seventeen miles from Monteleone. Tropea is called the Montpelier of the Neapolitan dominions, from the amenity of its situation, and the salubrity of the air.

The descent to il Pizzo from the high grounds through which the great road from Monteleone is conducted is so long and steep, that I can scarcely imagine how any vehicles are ever conveyed to its summit, for the slippery pavement with which it is furnished may smooth, but can hardly lessen the difficulties. The terraces rising above one another along this bank, are cultivated in the form of gardens; and the numberless streams falling from the higher to the lower, afford advantages which are fully illustrated in the size of the vegetables and the excellence of the fruits.

Il Pizzo is supposed to stand on the site of the ancient Napetia mentioned by Strabo. Its present inhabitants, 5000 in number, are almost all fishermen and mariners, and are reckoned an industrious but somewhat turbulent race, for I frequently heard at other places on the coast the reproach of being of Pizzo addressed to its natives on the slightest altercation; *Tu sei del Pizzo, e questo basta!*

The road from Monteleone to Nicastro, where I was to sleep, does not run through il Pizzo, but I was induced to deviate from it to visit a spot which had obtained an interest from an event closely connected with the political history of this

country, and not indifferent to that of Europe at large. Joachim Murat, in the autumn of 1815, landed at il Pizzo with a few followers, and was arrested by its inhabitants, whom he had in vain stimulated to join him, thrown into a prison, condemned to be shot by a military commission in virtue of a law which he himself had promulgated, and executed four days after his ill-advised arrival.

When Murat repaired to the public square of il Pizzo, and harangued the astonished multitude, calling upon them to recognize him as their lawful sovereign, and distributing the proclamations to the same effect which he had brought with him, the people listened to him with mute surprise, and slunk away one by one to their habitations, which they cautiously, but without delay, shut up; leaving him and his adherents to ponder on the inauspicious commencement of their enterprise.

The town of Monteleone, which he had embellished, and raised to the rank of a provincial capital, was supposed to be well affected towards him; it was only seven miles distant, and thither he immediately resolved to proceed, to try his better fortune. Most of the territory surrounding il Pizzo, and a great portion of the town itself, belongs to the Duke of Infantado; and his agent or steward resident there possessed that kind of influence which, notwithstanding the abolition of feudal rights, must always be attached to the person of a considerable landed proprietor; and he exerted it in this instance in raising the population to a sense of the danger to be apprehended from suffering the ex-king to continue his progress unmolested. Without pretending to point out the particular feelings which were supposed to have actuated this individual, I shall only advert to the treatment of his employer,

the Duke of Infantado, and the indignities offered that personage during the early period of the occupation of Spain by the French, at the time that Murat was governor of Madrid.

After a momentary delay, this person, attended by a sufficient number of the inhabitants of il Pizzo, strong in arms and determination, pursued the intruder with such promptitude as to gain considerably upon him before he had reached the summit of the steep acclivity above mentioned. Finding himself thus resolutely followed, and exposed to the shots which were fired by his pursuers, he considered it more advisable to seek the boats which had brought his small party; and despairing of fighting his way through the superior numbers, which thus unexpectedly attacked him, he threw himself from off the road, into the deep and rocky ravine which borders it, and through whose rugged and almost impracticable declivities he sought a nearer way to the shore. In this precipitous retreat he was accompanied by his own little troop, and followed by the townspeople and their leader; but found on his arrival at the beach, that the vessels which had brought him and his party had, through mistake, fear, or treachery, put to sea again. He jumped into a fishing-boat, and was endeavouring to push it off from the shingles, when his opponents having overtaken him, and a shot from them having wounded one of his companions, he held up a white handkerchief, in token of surrender, and was led, or rather hurried to the little fort, dignified with the name of castle, and forming the citadel of il Pizzo. In his way there he suffered, from the mob which collected, the most injurious treatment; and it is even said that a woman, who conceived herself aggrieved in the loss of one of her sons, executed

as a bandit, probably most deservedly, through his orders some years before, tore off one of the whiskers from his cheek, in a fit of revenge upon the presumed author of her misfortune.

He was at first thrust into a wretched cell, where he passed the night, but was removed to a more decent apartment, and furnished with every immediate article of necessity, through the order of the commandant of the division, who arrived from Monteleone early the next morning. A telegraphic despatch communicated the intelligence of his descent to Naples, and the same mode of conveyance brought back the order to proceed immediately on his judgment. He had landed on the 8th of October, and on the 13th, the court having pronounced sentence, he was executed, after having confessed himself, and written to his wife.

The fortress in which he was shut up is of very small dimensions; on a platform which extends over the first story, two parallel walls form a kind of uncovered corridor of about twelve paces in length, terminating in a parapet towards the sea. He stood with his back against this, and having himself given the signal, received the fire of the soldiers placed at the opposite extremity, and fell with his head against the door of a room in which all the officers who had accompanied him were at the time confined. His body was immediately buried in the principal church in the town, an edifice towards the restoration of which he had, in a former passage through Calabria, given 2000 ducats. The vault which contains his remains is marked by some boards let into the pavement.

On the policy which dictated the adoption of this measure, the justice observed in the forms of the sentence, or the imperious

necessity which prompted its immediate execution, I shall forbear to comment. State expediency is a motive of such extended yet undefined latitude, that it is difficult to assign any boundaries to it: in the present instance the horrors of civil war, with all the uncertainty of its duration, and the consequent sufferings of many thousands, were prevented by the death of a single individual; and I apprehend that the subdued nature of the feelings which this event gave rise to in the metropolis, was actuated by a consideration of this kind. It is evident that the temporary success that had attended Napoleon's enterprise in France some months before had blinded a mind always more sanguine than calculating, and urged it to what must be looked upon as an act of frantic desperation.

I have more than once heard him express his conviction that he should receive his death by a musket shot, but he had probably anticipated it in the field of battle. It is just possible to suppose that the mysterious fatality which subjected him to a fate so different on the coast of Calabria, may have awakened in the bitterness of his last reflections the scene and recollection of the summary judgment and execution over which he presided within the walls of Vincennes.

It required all the charms of nature in their most powerful array to banish from my mind the impression produced by the sight of the humble sepulchre of him whom I had beheld revelling in the full wantonness of absolute power but eight months before he descended to it in ignominy.

The splendour of Murat's court, perhaps the most brilliant in Europe at the period I allude to, as greatly exceeded the rank he

held among other sovereigns, as the appointment and numbers of his troops were disproportioned to the resources and population of the kingdom; and both were characteristic of that indiscriminately profuse disposition which could reward the merits of an opera dancer upon the same scale of liberality with the services of a general or a minister of state.

His wife, with the same high notions of magnificence, was by no means so injudiciously generous, and had they not both too blindly followed a system of deceit, which, though sometimes successfully adapted to subordinate political negotiations, cannot be applied with equal advantage to all times and exigencies, they might perhaps have preserved some remnants of that station to which fortune had exalted them, or at least have descended to the level of mediocrity by less perilous gradations.

A celebrated statesman said of some intriguing diplomatist, "*Il croit qu'il trompe parcequ'il ment;*" and this conviction seemed nowhere so strongly rooted as in the habits of these individuals.

On the evening that saw the departure of Joachim from the walls of Naples, which he was destined never again to behold, he ordered the publication of a constitution, dated six weeks before; and at the moment he was entering the carriage of one of his attendants, for the purpose of secret escape, Madame Murat was gravely announcing to his confidential friends and advisers his determination to collect the few scattered troops still left in the capital, and make one last effort to arrest the progress of the enemy. When, a fortnight previous to this, the defeat of the Neapolitan troops at Macerata was already known in the metropolis, a bulletin, said to be written with a pencil by Murat's own

hand on the field of battle, announced a complete victory, and the capture of several pieces of cannon.

At the time that the Austrians were already in full march towards Naples, the queen regent, as she was called, reviewed the civic guard with extraordinary grace and spirit, and assured them that a few more days would liberate them from all the hardships and dangers attached to the discharge of their functions; and the last minutes she passed in the palace were employed in graciously requesting some favourites to attend her breakfast the following morning, an injunction which was followed by her immediate removal to the ship from which she never again stepped on the Neapolitan shore.

The aspect presented by the interior of the royal residence on this day was as extraordinary as it was novel to a spectator, accustomed to see it only in its gala trim. The courts were full of servants tumultuously demanding the arrears of their wages, and taking earnest of future payment in the seizure of the horses belonging to the establishment. The long corridors and galleries, untenanted by guards and liveried menials, presented no obstacles to the few visitors whom interest or curiosity attracted towards the closing scene of this drama. The kingly apartment itself, still adorned with the ponderous spoils of Herculaneum and Pompeii, relieved by Lyons embroidery and India muslins, was obstructed by large packing-cases, and its mosaic pavements soiled by the dirty footsteps of porters and carriers, and strewed with wisps of hay or paper shavings. The ladies in waiting, accoutred in the usual costly garb of attendance, were gnawing a few chicken bones, the scanty remains of the day's single meal; and, lastly,

the indefatigable occupier of the tenement, decked out in all the elegance and *recherche* of the last Paris fashions, and preserving the careless smile of assumed complacency, strangely contrasted with haggard eyes and care-worn cheeks, was variously employed in packing up jewels, distributing money, dictating letters, and receiving or dismissing visitors with all the minute distinction of courtly etiquette.

The road which leads from il Pizzo to the river Angitola was through vineyards, gardens, and olive-groves, along a natural platform, which commands a view of the whole gulf of St. Eufemia, and the mountains which form its northern boundary. This was the ancient Sinus Terineus, called also Lameticus, Hipponiates, Vibonensis, or Napetinus, from different cities situated within its circuit. Its form gives it juster claims to the appellation of a bay than any of the numerous bends which mark the coast, excepting that which contains the capital. Its extent may be reckoned at twenty miles from cape to cape in a straight line; but the depth of the valley which borders it does not exceed eight miles, forming, as I before observed, the narrowest part of the peninsula. A zig-zag road led down from the southern eminences to the river Angitola, which preserves its ancient name, and runs at their base. From the banks of its clear but shallow waters, I took an oblique direction towards Nicastro, placed on the opposite side of the plain, which is by no means so populous or productive as that of Gioia. The soil is evidently rich and fertile, but common wheat and Indian corn are the only produce raised by human industry, and these appear in no very great quantities; all the remainder of the valley consists of marsh

land, some excellent pasture, and thickets of lentisk, interspersed with cork trees, whose boughs give shelter to innumerable flocks of turtle-doves. The ruins of a few dilapidated cassinos, memorials of the earthquake, appear occasionally; but the only habitation I passed was a tavern, called Fondaco del Fico. The faces of the inmates fully justified the reproach of malaria, which is attached to the whole valley, of which the desolate, wild, but beautiful aspect, is very striking.

At two hours' distance from the Angitola I crossed the Lamato, anciently Lametes, divided into three wide branches. The road, though sandy, is quite good enough for a carriage, as is usually the case in all the large valleys; but the bridges necessary to render it practicable for carriages in the winter require a degree of expense which has probably hitherto proved the principal obstacle towards the completion of that branch of public accommodation, best calculated to promote the internal welfare of the country. Other reasons are, however, assigned by the inhabitants, who have more than once willingly furnished the sums necessary to the construction of the high road, which, being undertaken by government, has remained uncommenced, or but partially carried on from year to year. This vicious system had, however, been abandoned at the period I travelled, and the regulation of these useful labours being placed under the administration of the districts through which they were to be carried, I was given to understand that they were in a train to be forthwith carried into entire execution.

After the Lamato, the road gradually ascends through some fine olive groves, and led me to Nicastro, situated upon the lower

Sketched by the Hon. K. Craven.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

MAIDA FROM NICASTRO.

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range of Mount Reventino, one of the most picturesque mountains I ever saw. S. Biaggio and St. Eufemia are placed on nearly the same line nearer the sea. The former is celebrated for its baths of sulphureous hot waters, while the last, now a wretched village of 200 inhabitants, is the representative of one of the most respectable towns in the province, swallowed up in the earthquake of 1638, of which Father Kircher, who beheld its destruction, gives a most singular and impressive account.

The little town of Maida rises on an insulated elevation detached from the hills, which face Nicastro on the southern extremity of the valley, and forms a most pleasing addition to the clear tranquillity of the prospect. It is said to be well built, and to contain several ancient noble families. The battle to which it gave a name was fought at some distance; but it was the first to receive the victorious troops. It seems the universal opinion that if after that engagement they had marched towards Naples, the remainder of the kingdom would have risen in favour of its ancient sovereign, and the political affairs of Italy would probably have assumed a position they were destined never to acquire.

The inland range which separates the Gulfs of St. Eufemia and Squillace is much lower than any other portion of the Calabrian branch of Apennines, and probably this fact has countenanced the plausibility of a scheme for uniting the two seas.

Nicastro is a straggling town of 5000 inhabitants, the seat of a bishop, and a Sott' Intendente. Its houses are mean, and all of them roofed with the brightest red tiles, which presented novel, but by no means pleasing objects. A ruined castle on a conical hill, rising from amidst all these modern constructions, appeared much

more in unison with the wildness of the surrounding scene, and the rugged impending peaks of Mount Reventino, one of the highest in the province. In this castle Henry, the eldest son of Frederic the Second, was confined for some time, after having been imprisoned in several parts of the kingdom. The violent and intractable disposition of this prince, which urged him to rebellion and ingratitude, seems to have justified the excessive rigour of a father in most respects already too prone to give way to feelings of revenge. And as the writers of those times, who were all inimical to the house of Suabia, have omitted to cast the reproach of unnatural or unfounded severity on Frederic, among the numberless accusations urged against him, we may safely conjecture that he did not deserve such censure; and that the treatment inflicted on this son was a measure imposed by absolute necessity or self-defence. Henry is said to have ended his miserable days by forcing his horse over a precipice into the Savuto; a river of which the impetuous, deep, and turbid stream may be looked upon as the emblem of his mind.

The fate of this eldest of the sons of Frederic, however dreadful, is almost effaced in the recollection of the destinies of his brothers, most of whom died in the bloom of years by some tragical catastrophe. Conrad, who succeeded his father in the possession of this kingdom, is said to have been poisoned at Lavello, after having ordered his youngest brother, Frederic, while yet an infant, to be strangled. Of the end of Manfred I have already spoken; that of Enzio, or Enzo, was equally deplorable, and more inglorious, as it took place after several years of close imprisonment in the Torrazzo at Bologna, whose inhabitants had

made him prisoner, and carried their animosity towards his father so far, as never to accept a ransom for his release. The fatality which hung over this dynasty appeared to cotemporary authors as the punishment of a father's turbulent ambition justly visited in the misfortunes of his descendants. The children of Manfred died of wretchedness and want in the Castel del' Uovo at Naples; those of Frederic of Antioch perished in torments through the vindictive cruelty of Charles of Anjou; and the death of Conradine may be considered as one of the most affecting incidents presented by modern history.

I left Nicastro on the morning of the 23rd of August; but my departure was retarded for a couple of hours by a thunder-storm, accompanied by a deluge of rain, which filling every gully and ravine of Mount Reventino, converted them into temporary cataracts of singular variety and beauty. The dark clouds that rolled along the indented summits of this magnificent mountain, and the reverberated echoes of the peals that broke from them, afforded a scene well suited to the nature of the traditionary record by which my host endeavoured to relieve the tedium of delay.

At the time when the family of Marsano possessed the fief of Nicastro, which added the title of Count to the many other hereditary dignities they already boasted, one of its possessors had married a female of the house of Concublet, barons of Arena, a lineage more illustrious even than his own, as derived in a straight line from one of the companions of Robert Guiscard. The Lord of Nicastro and his consort had for many years led an existence of uninterrupted happiness, in the full splendour of feudal grandeur; they were beloved by their vassals, respected by the

neighbouring barons, and blest with a numerous offspring. He was of a social hospitable disposition, and addicted to the pleasures of the chase; while the countess divided her time between the cares due to her family and household, the exercise of charity, the pursuits of study, and a strict observance of all acts of piety and religion. The winter season had set in with a rigour hitherto unknown in these latitudes; and though the Vale of St. Eufemia was verdant in olive and cork trees, the mountain forests were leafless, and the peaks of Reventino white with snow. The charities which the countess exercised at all times were now distributed with increased benevolence and liberality; while her husband gave particular injunctions to his gamekeepers and guards to watch over the cattle belonging to such of his vassals whose habitations were, from their lonesome or elevated situation, more exposed to attacks from the wolves, infesting the pine woods, and now rendered doubly ferocious by hunger and cold.

The keepers were out during the whole of the long winter nights, and on each successive morning brought to their master an account of operations so congenial to his pursuits and taste. One day they returned later than usual, with a terrific detail of their nocturnal rambles; and the boldest and most robust among them related, that having been accidentally separated from his companions, he found himself exposed to the most imminent peril through the attacks of three wolves, of more than ordinary strength and ferocity, which required all his experience and activity to elude; and which would probably have proved fatal to him, had not the arrival of the rest of his band put the infuriated animals to flight. Before this, however, he had engaged in single

combat with one of them, whose foot he had cut off by a stroke of his cutlass, and brought home in his game bag. The count rewarded him for his bravery, and eagerly required a sight of this trophy. The keeper obeyed; and the bag being turned inside out, produced, instead of a wolf's shaggy paw, a delicate white hand, apparently chopped off at the wrist. The domestics shrunk back in amazement, which was only equalled by the count's horror, when, on a nearer investigation, he descried on one of the slender fingers an emerald ring. He snatched it up hastily, and thrusting it into his bosom, rushed towards the apartment of his wife, whom, being indisposed, he had not seen since the preceding evening. He found her yet in bed, and apparently in a state of greater suffering than the foregoing day; but she received him with her usual complacency, and extended her hand to press his with conjugal affection. Observing no ring on it, he hastily inquired what had become of the emerald he had given to her some time before. She hesitatingly replied, that she usually wore it on her left hand, which he observed she kept carefully concealed under the pillows; these he eagerly threw from the bed; and tearing off a linen handkerchief which was twisted round her wrist, exposed to the affrighted gaze of her attendants a mutilated limb, deprived of its extremity. It is needless to add, that the countess was one of those unfortunate beings who paid the penalty of association with the powers of darkness by a periodical metamorphosis into a brute form, under which she was condemned to wander at certain periods of the moon*. The

* I have since found an exactly similar incident (recorded as having happened in the Vosges) in a book called Le Dictionnaire Infernal.

belief in this particular branch of popular superstition is common to all countries much infested with wolves, and has probably given rise to the peculiar mania called by Vossius Lycanthropia.

The ascent from Nicastro, tedious and difficult as it probably is at most times, was now rendered almost impracticable from the effects of the morning rain; nor did the track I followed exhibit any symptoms of improvement till I passed Petrania, a large, flourishing village, situated on the higher range, three miles above Nicastro, whose richer inhabitants frequently make it their summer residence in preference to the latter, which is deemed not sufficiently removed from the deleterious influence of the vapours arising from the plain.

The higher vales, which I now entered, were somewhat scant of cultivation, but abounded with fine timber, and appeared by no means deficient in population, as I went by several small villages, one of which, more considerable, is called il Passaggio. I stopped to bait at another called Soveria, which, though miserable in its appearance, is a station of the gendarmeria, being placed on the high road from Naples to Catanzaro, which, at this period, was completed as far as this spot, and passable for vehicles of every description. Soveria had also another claim to notoriety, as the birthplace of the brigand Caligiuri, whose relatives had either fled or were imprisoned, under suspicion of carrying on communication with him.

From this place I followed the high-road, which is judiciously planned, and carried through the defiles in such gentle winding declivities, as in no place to be laborious to the horses. But the natives prefer the old path, which, cutting fearlessly over hill and

dale in a straight line, shortens the distance by this direction, but occupies more time in the difficulties opposed to the progress of travellers. The country is covered with fine oaks and chestnut trees, scattered over its surface in clumps, of which the luxuriant foliage brought to my recollection the scenery of our English parks.

At about two miles from Soveria the road takes a sudden turn to the left, through a narrow picturesque glen, bordered by high rocks, between whose breaks I could occasionally catch a view of the sea, and a distant glimpse of Stromboli. Soon after I passed the small town of Carpenzano; and three miles further, arrived on the banks of the Savuto. This river, the Ocynarus of Lycophron, is celebrated for the impetuosity of its course, and the depth of its waters: it discharges them into the sea to the north of Nocera, which is supposed to represent the Brettian Terina, a city founded by the Crotoniates, of which nothing remains but its beautiful and no less valuable coins, as it was rased to the ground by Hannibal. It was in sight of Terina that poets placed the sepulchre of Ligea, one of the Syrens, on a rocky island, just visible in these days, and denominated *Pietra della Nave*. A wooden bridge, erected over the Savuto, brought me to the opposite bank, covered with vineyards, through which the ascending road conducted to the town of Rogliano, where I was to pass the night.

CHAPTER XIX.

Rogliano... Cosenza... Rivers Crati and Busento ... Ancient Cities on the Coast... S. Francesco di Paola ... Tarsia ... Castrovillari ... Morano ... Campo Temese... Monte Pollino ... La Rotonda ... River Laino ... Entrance into Basilicata ... Lauria ... Lagonegro ... Val di Diano.

The house wherein I slept at Rogliano was entirely new, and displayed throughout all its arrangements a cleanliness not often to be met with in Italy. It belonged to a young man of considerable property, who had lost his parents during his infancy, and who had now just attained the age of manhood. The domestic economy seemed well regulated, and reflected great credit on a priest, who had been his tutor, and, as his adviser, still continued to exert the influence he had obtained over the mind of his pupil in directing it to the judicious enjoyment of his riches. The aspect of this establishment was totally different from any other which had fallen under my observation in the course of my tour, and formed a grateful contrast with the profuse but embarrassed hospitality of some of the families I had visited. Don Fortunato Maurelli, such was the name of this young Calabrian 'squire, seemed as proud of receiving a foreigner as he was humble in the mode of doing the honours of his new mansion; a function of which, however, he acquitted himself in so pleasing

a manner, that I regretted not having more time to bestow on his society.

Rogliano is a small, well-built town, offering nothing remarkable except a much greater appearance of neatness than usual. It was entirely destroyed in the earthquake of 1638, more destructive in its effects to Upper Calabria than that of 1783, which was scarcely felt in this district, surrounded by corn-land. Its inhabitants are esteemed the best agriculturists in the whole province. The wine they make is reckoned very good, but an unusual perfumed flavour rendered it to my palate far from agreeable.

Amantea, sixteen miles from Rogliano, is the nearest Marina, but the road to it was described as almost impassable. I should imagine, from the description given of the coast between Cape Suvero and the Gulf of Policastro, that no other part of Italy offers so broken and inaccessible a shore, though not divested of population, spreading animation over all its rocky headlands.

After Amantea a long succession of small towns, including Belmonte, Fiumefreddo, S. Lucido, Paola, Foscaldo, Guardia*, Bonifati, Belvedere, Diamante, Scalea, and Maratea, extends to the north: these, though placed at very short intervals from each other, have no communication except by water, as some of the highest mountains in the country descend, and terminate in abrupt promontories, amongst the waves of the Tyrrhene sea. Monte

* I find Guardia mentioned by two authors (previous to the year 1570) as having been peopled by a colony of foreigners (transmontani), who spoke their own and the Latin language. What the former was is not said; but it is added, that having fallen into the profession of the Lutheran heresies, they were all ignominiously put to death—*Suspendio vitam finierunt.*

Cocuzzo is the most remarkable, and is seen from Rogliano, while the adjoining ridges render the communication from the interior scarcely less impracticable than along the line of coast.

My landlord, with a very excusable feeling of pride, conducted me over his premises before he would allow me to leave him the following morning; and, among other live curiosities, showed me a very large young eagle, of a rich brown colour, with yellow legs: it was now nearly full grown, having been taken the preceding year from its nest on a pine-tree in the Sila; an operation which his gamekeeper assured me was attended with considerable danger; as he asserted, that the parent birds, when driven away by the shots fired for that purpose, take up large stones in their talons, which they let fall on those who despoil them of their offspring.

I found the temperature so altered in these elevated regions, that for three hours after daylight, taken up by a ride of nine miles to Cosenza, I suffered from the cold, sensations I had long been a stranger to, and which hardly allowed me to enjoy the beauties of the varying prospect. Belsito, situated so as to exemplify its name, first meets the eye, and is followed by numerous villages, all comprised within the jurisdiction and territory of Cosenza, the capital of Calabria Citra, which, with these additions, is reckoned to possess 40,000 inhabitants; among these Casali Celico is the most remarkable, as the birth-place of the Abbot Joachim, who in the twelfth century, amongst other prophecies, is said to have foretold the reformation, and was revered by the multitude as a person divinely inspired. The road, bordered by white mulberry-trees, winds through a well-cultivated country, retaining none of the features of that I had traversed the preceding

day, except the fine oak and chestnut woods shading the upper masses of the mountains. In these parts of Calabria, corn is not plentiful; the poorer class make bread of chestnuts, which I was assured was very good, and must in taste and texture be preferable to the same article composed of the Indian wheat.

After a gradual descent, the re-appearance of olive-trees announces the vicinity of Cosenza, which being seated in a hollow is not seen from any distance. It is a large town, placed at the confluence of the rivers Crati and Busento, both inconsiderable streams at this spot; but the second claims some celebrity from passing over the place of sepulture of Alaric, the Arian king of the Visigoths, who, after having plundered Rome, and wasted the whole of Italy, relieved the apprehensions of the timid Honorius, and the fears of Sicily, which he menaced, by his sudden death at Cosenza; and was buried, with the spoils and trophies of the empire, by his brother-in-law and successor Adolphus, beneath the bed of this river; from which the water was temporarily withdrawn by slaves, who were afterwards all murdered, to prevent his place of interment being pointed out, and his remains subjected to the indignation of those whom the remembrance of his cruelties might prompt to violate the sanctity of the grave.

Consentia was the capital of the Brettii, and flourished under the Romans: its centrical position at the extremity of the extensive valley, watered by the Crati, must ever have been appropriate to that of a metropolis; but the badness of its air in modern times has greatly contributed to the state of comparative insignificance to which it is now reduced. The vicinity of the above-mentioned rivers seems to afford better foundation for this reproach than is

usually the case in most of the places to which it is attached; but I was nevertheless assured, that only the lower division of the city, more immediately exposed to the vapours exhaling from the waters, deserves it, while the upper portion is free from insalubrity, as are likewise several of the principal habitations and public buildings, rising on the opposite bank of the Crati, and accessible from the other part of the town by two stone bridges. The Tribunale, placed on this hill, is one of the finest edifices in the whole kingdom, and, from a platform before it, the view of the opposite portion of the town is singular and striking. An old castle, now converted into barracks, crowns the summit of the elevation on which the houses are scattered, and the intermediate space is diversified with gardens and luxuriant trees. The town has but one good street, the remainder being narrow and dirty; but the shops are respectable, and the interior presents an appearance of industry and animation. It contains a population of about 9000 persons. The productions are various; namely, silk, wine, rice, hemp, and flax. Of these, the former affords the most lucrative branch of commerce.

I had proposed to rest at Cosenza only a few hours, and continue my journey, as it was yet very early in the day; but a gentleman, who had been apprised of my probable arrival, watched it with so much attention, that I found it impossible to resist accepting the hospitality he offered, especially as he assured me I could find no sleeping-place nearer than Tarsia, twenty-two miles further.

The two rivers which meet at Cosenza form a sharp angle at their junction; the Crati having its source in the Sila, and the

Busento issuing from the high mountains between Cosenza and the nearest sea-town, called S. Lucido, from which it is distant twelve miles. The last seems to be placed on the site of the ancient Tempsa, or Temesa, a city known in the days of Homer, as well as the later age of Lycophron, for its gold and copper mines, which were exhausted in the time of Strabo; and with their failure probably brought on the gradual decline of the city, until Hannibal reduced it to ruin. It however recovered, by means of a Roman colony, and afforded plunder to Verres, and must have retained some vestiges of its former consequence as late as the Christian era, as mention is made of its bishops in the early councils. From Temesa the evil genius took its name which Euthymus the Locrian overcame in a wrestling match, and thereby delivered the inhabitants from the yearly tribute of maiden blood, which this demon imposed upon them. The sacrifice was supposed to have been enjoined in order to expiate the death of Polites, one of the companions of Ulysses, who, having violated a virgin, was stoned to death by the natives; his ghost was, in fact, identified with the above-mentioned devouring spirit. Pausanias, enlarging upon this tradition, mentions having seen a picture, wherein this genius was represented under the most horrid form, of a hideous obscurity of complexion, and clothed in a shaggy wolf's skin. The name Lybas was written under his figure.

Some miles to the north of S. Lucido is Paola, the ancient Patycus, a small town on the coast, but celebrated all over the kingdom for having given birth to the saint in whose special protection it confides. St. Francesco di Paola continues to be

held in the greatest veneration throughout the realm, but more especially in the province and district which gave him birth. He was the founder of the order of the Minims, and setting aside the legendary account of the incredible miracles which he is said to have operated, we may look upon him as an individual well deserving the extraordinary reputation he enjoyed, at a period when purity of mind and regularity of habits always stamped sanctity of character on the person uniting them both in any eminent degree. Perhaps the most remarkable event of St. Francis's life is that which partakes the least of the marvellous: he was called to France by Louis XI., whose growing infirmities and declining age, working on a tyrannical and superstitious mind, made him cling to the fallacy of obtaining a respite from fate, through the intercession of man. Francis of Paola attended his summons, and answered his inquiries with all the simplicity of a hermit. It is difficult to imagine a scene of more impressive moral import, than that exhibited by a powerful monarch and unrelenting tyrant, greeting the arrival of a barefooted monk, and catching with childish avidity every word which dropped from lips accounted divine; endeavouring, by the workings of self-delusion, to convert the consolatory expressions applicable to spiritual hope into promises held out to material existence, and vainly flattering himself that the mediation of sanctified humility might effectually prevail in obtaining from heaven the prolongation of a career of unrepentant iniquity.

The new church now erecting at Naples, in consequence of a royal vow, is dedicated to this saint; and a sculptor of distin-

guished eminence is charged with the execution of a frieze, representing the principal events of the life of St. Francis. It is to be hoped that this particular incident will not escape his genius.

On leaving Cosenza, I followed the course of the Crati: its windings soon led me from the sight of the city, but replaced it with that of a most beautiful country, better cultivated than peopled. A thick line of all sorts of aquatic shrubs borders each bank of the river, beyond which a slip of cultivated ground rises into the first range of hills, also displaying the effects of human industry, but occasionally blended with patches of waste land or thickets. The second chain is higher, and thickly wooded with timber trees. From the right, several little torrents descend and fertilize the flat space in their way to the main stream, which pursues a northern direction for more than twenty miles. The towns of Montalto, Regina, and S. Marco, appear on the left; those of Luzzi and Bisignano rise on the right. The former gives a title to the family of Firrao, and the last to the only existing branch of the Sanseverini. The valley itself contains a few masserias, but no village, on account of the bad air. The produce is chiefly wheat and maize; but there are a few vineyards and some pasture land on the immediate banks of the Crati, which are deep and clayey, while the first ridge of hillocks affords a light sandy soil favourable to the growth of oaks. I this day tasted for the first time the fruit of the wild vine, which is here black, very small, and of exquisite flavour and sweetness. The high road runs on the left bank of the Crathis; but my guide obliged me to keep the right, alleging some imaginary advantage to be gained by deviating from it. Just

below the hill on which Tarsia is situated, we forded the several branches into which it is here divided. The stream was clear and rapid, but in no place exceeding two feet in depth.

Tarsia, Spezzano, and Terranova, are placed on a branch of the Apennines. This range extends from the longitudinal chain towards the east; and, forcing the Crati to assume a similar direction, divides it for some time from another dale, watered by the Esaro and Coscitello, which by their union form the Coscile, the ancient Sybaris. This inland promontory terminates where the ancient Thurium stood, and the two valleys thrown into one expand into the rich and fertile plain already described, under the name of Gadella.

I had wished to sleep at Spezzano, four miles beyond Tarsia, but my host of Cosenza assured me it was so wretched a place that I should find no accommodation, while he could ensure me a very comfortable residence at the latter place, which in its first appearance reminded me forcibly of Amendolara and Cariati. It contains 1200 inhabitants, and gives a title to a branch of the Spinelli family, who possessed the castle of which the ruins are still extant at the extremity of the long street constituting the town.

The reception I here experienced was quite different from any I had yet met with, as the owner of the house, far from wasting his breath in unnecessary compliments, told me I might make what use I pleased of his rooms; but that Spezzano, far from being the miserable place represented to me, afforded not only a good inn, but the luxury of a coffee-house; that I could easily have gone there, or even on as far as Castrovillari; that, however, he would not allow me to want for any thing in his house, where

he had often before been happy to receive foreigners recommended by his friends, though they knew how inconvenient their presence must be to a person with so limited an establishment. He ended by sending me his cook to receive my directions, as well as the no less necessary supply of my money to provide for dinner, and expressing his hopes that the bed would prove to my satisfaction, left me, with an urgent suggestion upon the safety and expediency of departing the next morning at an early hour. In this I followed his advice. The clouds were still hanging upon the summits of the mountains, and the uncertain haziness of the morning's dawn had not cleared off the prospect when I had rejoined the high road, which, after four miles, passed through Spezzano, a clean-looking Albanian village, and then descended into the valley, where I once again found all the ever-green aromatics that had disappeared during my passage through the higher regions.

Cassano arose before me; but after crossing the Esaro I left it to my right, and proceeded to Castrovillari, a town consisting of two distinct portions; the first dirty, ill paved, and irregular, and the second composed of large houses, built in straight rows, along wide streets or spacious squares. I dined at this place, considered to be the ancient Submuranum, and afterwards resumed my route, which soon became more narrowly shut in by wooded mountains of considerable altitude. I had proposed to sleep at Morano, four miles further; but I met the gentleman, for whom I had a letter of recommendation at that place, travelling towards Cosenza: I therefore resolved to prolong my day as far as the more distant town, called La Rotonda.

Morano is placed, like a hundred other towns in Calabria Citra,

on a pyramidical eminence, crowned by a fine Gothic castle. We are accustomed to look upon these kind of edifices as more particularly appropriate to the northern portion of Europe; but I had soon perceived that Calabria contains a much greater number of ruins of this description than any other province of the same extent; as there is scarcely a village that does not present some vestige of these baronial mansions, which, however, had ceased to serve as residences for their possessors long before the abolition of feudal institutions.

Morano, the ancient Muranum, in Lucania, has scarcely undergone any change. It is beautifully situated in a dell, which is sheltered by frequent trees of a large size, casting their broad shadows over an undulated surface of verdure, kept constantly fresh by the various rills which tumble in little cascades from the lower ridge of Mount Pollino, and form the Coscitello. This torrent is here known by the name of Garga; and claims some interest as answering in its local description to the Gorges of Lycophron.

The valley contracts suddenly beyond Morano, and at last ends in a narrow defile called Rocca Prerupata, along the sides of which the modern road is conducted in zigzag lines, with so much judgment, as never to render the ascent too abrupt. This pass is tedious, and leads to the opening of an upland plain of some miles in length, but not very broad, called Campo Temese, or Tenese, and looked upon as one of the most bleak exposed tracts of country in the whole kingdom. It is difficult to conjecture whence it took its present name; for Temesa, from which some authors have derived it, was not only situated in another

region (the Brettian), but at so considerable a distance as to preclude the probability of any connexion between them. Swinburne looks upon this spot as the crater of an ancient volcano.

Some corn, but much more fern, grows over the flat, which is totally unfurnished with trees or shrubs, though the flanks of Mount Pollino, the ancient Apollineus, famed for simples and pasturage, show a scanty covering of sickly beech, scantily intermixed with holly. The snow, which generally falls early, lies during the whole of the winter on this plain, exposed, by the wide opening terminating the opposite extremity from that by which I had entered, to the sweeping impetuosity of the north wind, in its whole extent. Even at the period I passed it, the temperature was very low, and nothing could be more chilly and desolate than its aspect, rendered still more dreary by the approach of darkness. This was so far advanced at the time I issued from the Campo Temese, that I could obtain but an imperfect view of the country beyond, into which I was about to descend. It appeared to be a large plain, losing itself under two high and fantastically shaped peaks, one called La Zacca, and the other, more distant, belonging to Monte Sivino, but both situated in Basilicata.

A tedious declivity brought me to the skirts of La Rotonda, where I arrived two hours after nightfall, having somewhat exceeded the measure of my usual day's journey. There was no inn, but one of my gendarmes rode on for the purpose of securing a lodging in a tradesman's house, where I found the accommodations far exceeding my expectations.

Here I own that I experienced a sensation of unqualified regret at quitting Calabria. Its varied beauties had gained a kind of

magic ascendency over my mind, which I felt would be lasting; and it seemed as if it was impossible that any other tract I might visit in future could produce impressions so pleasing, or so indelible. My opinion on this subject remains unchanged; nor do I hesitate to assert, that in no other part of Europe has the hand of Nature traced so magnificent an outline for the genius or industry of man to work upon, or the efforts of art to improve. If we admit wine, corn, and oil, as the commodities most useful as well as essential to the necessities of the human race, we can scarcely scruple to grant pre-eminence of value to that country which furnishes them all three in the greatest abundance, and goodness of quality. I have already described how peculiarly favourable to the growth of these articles almost every portion of these provinces appears to be; while their peninsular form, and the high mountains stretching along the interior, by affording variety of aspect, diversity of temperature, and great facility of irrigation, render them favourable to the cultivation of plants and fruits indigenous to the most opposite climates of the earth. Among these we must not omit the sugar-cane, which is recorded as having once flourished in many spots on the sea-coast of the southern division of Calabria. Barrio mentions it repeatedly in common with the other ordinary productions of the land, in a manner that proves it to have grown without much care or difficulty, and that its juice was turned to the proper account.

The timber which plentifully covers the Calabrian Apennines is of various kinds, and some of them are perfectly adapted to the purposes of ship-building.

The iron mine at Stilo is, I believe, the only instance in which

the mineral department has attracted the notice of government; but the account furnished by the agents who investigated the devastations of the year 1783 affords satisfactory evidence that the Calabrian mountains contain such variety of metals, as to hold out the prospect of ample success to judicious speculators; a circumstance strongly corroborated by the experience and impression of the natives themselves.

Rock salt of the purest quality is found in several parts of Upper Calabria; while chalk, limestone, potters clay, and building materials, abound in both divisions of the province. The surrounding seas are abundantly stocked with all sorts of fish; the mountain range and the banks of the larger rivers afford excellent pasture for cattle; while the marshes teem with wild fowl, and the forests with game of every description, excepting pheasants, which, if we judge also from Barrio's account, were once extremely numerous, though now more rarely found.

To counterbalance these natural advantages, we cannot but admit the existence of two evils; the want of good ports along the coast, and the ravages of malaria in most of the large valleys; but the former inconvenience would soon be obviated by the establishment of good inland communications, and the latter would in all probability diminish in proportion with the salutary increase of population and introduction of culture. Of the earthquakes we can only say, that it is lamentable to think that their effects have so frequently swept from these fine countries the beauties which so lavishly decorated their surface, and that man should hitherto have so sparingly assisted in their restoration; but it is hoped that it will not be deemed visionary to indulge the prospect

that a better constituted government, wiser laws, and a more general extension of knowledge and industry, might assist towards raising this favoured region to that station to which its physical advantages give it so just a claim; and that if it is not destined to witness the return of those splendid days that shone upon the republics of Magna Grecia, it may at least look forward to being replaced upon a scale of equality with the rest of Italy.

La Rotonda, as its name implies, is built round a sugar-loaf hill of no great elevation, and, with its adjoining Casali, counts a population of about 4000 inhabitants. When the first break of morning displayed the country around it, I perceived that it was extremely well cultivated, abounded with fine trees, and was possessed of the advantage of some clear running streamlets.

About a mile below the town, I came to the clear and rapid river Lao, whose meandering course, by compelling me to cross it twice, replaced me for a short interval of time within the limits of Calabria. This stream is the Laos of the ancients, which divided Lucania from Brettia. The modern boundaries of Calabria and Basilicata follow very nearly the same direction, and it was not the first time I had observed the coincidence between the old and modern divisions. The Lao rises from many springs, near Viggianello, a few miles to the right of the road, and assumes the name it bears on entering the valley of San Martino, which I now traversed. A little to the left it divides the picturesque town of Laino into two portions, and then taking a more southern direction throws itself into the sea about fourteen miles farther, a little beyond Scalea.

Six miles from La Rotonda is Castelluccio, by some supposed

to stand near the site of the Lucanian Thebes, a city already extinct in the days of Cato. Like Laino, it is parted into two divisions; one called Sottana, and the other Soprana, from their relative upper and lower positions. This peculiarity seems prevalent all over this district: it was repeated at the next town, Lauria, which, with its upper appendage, contains 4000 inhabitants. It is more singularly than conveniently situated on the side of a steep mountain, but has the appearance of having suffered from the ravages of war, or physical devastations. Near it I met the first travelling carriage since I had entered Calabria; it was of the kind used by vetturini, and was going to Castrovillari.

The carriage-road leading from the capital towards Calabria had originally not been carried beyond Lago Negro, to which spot the diligences had consequently been limited. The French resumed the work, as I have before observed, and extended it somewhat beyond Cosenza; but still none of the public conveyances go further than Lago Negro, from whence it is necessary for the traveller to proceed with hired horses and vehicles. This may appear one of the strongest proofs of the attachment of the natives to their ancient habits, or show more unequivocally the little occasion existing for such facility of communication. The track of the old road, if such it can be called, is not only visible, but in constant use by travellers on horseback, as well as the mail, which is conveyed in a two-wheeled carriage. It runs in a straighter direction than the new one; but from that very circumstance is infinitely more inconvenient, from going over every steep, and descending to the bed of every torrent it finds in its way: still it was with the greatest difficulty that I could prevail

on my guide and escort to allow me to render my progress a little less laborious by keeping to the smooth winding course of the new road.

There are a great many vineyards round Lauria, and I observed that the plants are trained, as in Campania, from tree to tree; a custom which cannot here be ascribed to the increased mildness of the climate, as the contrary mode is observed in Calabria, where the heat is much greater. Here the fruit was far from ripe, and the wine in general had the disadvantage of being equally rough, weak, and acid, differing as much from the thick generous flavour which distinguishes the produce of Calabria, as it was unlike the rich and soft delicacy peculiar to the Lachryma Christi, Piedimonte, or Monte di Procida, of the Terra di Lavoro.

All this division of the kingdom is much elevated above the sea; I had been almost constantly ascending since I quitted the valley of the Crati, and though the country was far from unproductive, it exhibited striking marks of a colder temperature.

Beyond Lauria, after passing the little village of Bosco, I traversed a narrow bleak defile, which reminded me of the Campo Temese. On the left of this is the town of Rivello; after which the road enters the contracted and winding glen leading to Lago Negro, and is overhung on all sides by darkly wooded mountains, rising into bare and frowning peaks, and almost excluding the cheering influence of the sun. The approach to the more modern portion of the town on this side is by two bridges, constructed over ravines, from amongst the dark and narrowed depths of which I could hear the roar of an invisible torrent; while the situation and surrounding scenery of Lago Negro itself exhibit

Sketched by the Hon. R. Craven.

Engraved by Chas. Heath

LAURIA.

IN THE PROVINCE OF BASILICATA.

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all the attributes of wild but picturesque beauty, though accompanied by an aspect of peculiar gloom and coldness, which no doubt has contributed to the origin of its unpromising name.

Swinburne says, that he saw at the inn of this place some articles of furniture of a most costly quality, though antiquated shape; and I am inclined to believe that the identical objects continued in existence at my passage; as I found a damask bed, high-backed gilt chairs, and several other faded relics of old fashioned magnificence, which the careful keeping of their owners will probably transmit to the observation of the curious who follow me.

I had proposed at Lago Negro to have deviated from the high road, and, taking the direction of Policastro, to have visited the shores of the gulf bearing that name, and afterwards to have prolonged my journey along the coast as far as Pæstum. This excursion would have included all that portion of the kingdom now called the Cilento, a tract very little known, and offering many objects of research in the different positions of several of the Lucanian cities, as well as the interesting remains of Velia, more anciently Hyela, which gave its name to the Eleatic sect of philosophers, and still exhibits in its medals some of the most perfect specimens of ancient art. But this plan was frustrated, partly by the difficulty of obtaining guides acquainted with the paths conducting from Lago Negro to this district, represented as nearly inaccessible on this side, but still more from the impossibility of taking an escort with me, a precaution considered absolutely necessary. I reluctantly gave up the project, by deferring the execution of it to a future opportunity.

Three miles beyond Lago Negro, on crossing a small torrent, I entered the province called Principato Citra, or sometimes Provincia di Salerno, after having travelled little more than twenty-five miles through the portion of Basilicata which approximates to the sea; and, as I have before observed, offers a very limited extent of coast. The face of the country continued the same: it was productive of fine timber, not much cultivated, and watered by numerous brooks, gushing through the frequent ravines intersecting the lateral range of mountains, and uniting in a larger stream, follows the direction of the road, and finally forms the Negro—known to the ancients as the Tanager.

The miserable, black-looking village of Casalnovo is situated about ten miles from Lago Negro, probably on the site of Cæsariana, a city marked in the Antonine Itinerary as placed on the Aquilian road. From the eminence on which it stands a gradual descent brought me to the entrance of the Val di Diano, celebrated among the Neapolitans for its fertility and natural beauties, neither of which struck me forcibly on its first aspect. It is about twenty miles in length, and generally three miles wide, except at the two extremities, where it is considerably contracted. The ridge of mountains on each side is broken into finely-shaped masses, and several towns and villages give them diversity and animation. The intervening space is quite flat, with few habitations, on account of the malaria, proceeding from the pools purposely formed by the natives from the waters of the river, for the purpose of steeping the hemp and flax, which, with wheat, constitute the riches of the whole valley, and in their waving but level surface give it the appearance of having been once a lengthened lake.

CHAPTER XX.

S. Lorenzo di Padula... La Sala... River Negro... Ponte di Campestrino... Mount Alburnus... Lo Scorzo... River Sele... Eboli... Salerno... Ancient Neapolitan Nobility.

On entering the Val di Diano, three considerable towns, Montesano, La Padula, and La Sala, appear on the range of mountains on the right; at their feet, just below the second, stands an edifice, vying in magnitude with the finest convents in Sicily, which it once emulated in riches and magnificence. This is, or rather was, the monastery of San Lorenzo, belonging to the order of St. Bruno. After sharing the fate of almost all the monastic establishments in this kingdom, it was converted into a military hospital by the French, at the time their army was in Calabria, a destination to which its position and size were particularly adapted. There is nothing particular in the architecture; but the masonry is excellent, and every part of the edifice sound and entire. With its outbuildings, gardens, and stables, it covers an immense space of ground, inclosed, agreeable to the custom observed in all Carthusian convents, by high walls. The inner court, or quadrangle, surrounded by cloisters, is three hundred paces square; and the upper corridor, which is furnished with windows, is of such width as to have allowed of its division into wards for the sick soldiers. Of its interior ornaments, the great altar, composed of inlaid

marbles, and two columns covered with a running pattern of gilt vine leaves remain, together with some scarcely discernible old paintings on wood. A sepulchral monument of the founder, one of the house of Sanseverino, has escaped demolition, and a wooden statue of the patron saint had nothing to offer to the cupidity of the spoliators.

I could not help remarking the contrast presented in the remains of this monastery, and those of St. Stefano del Bosco, both establishments belonging to the same order, but exhibiting a singular distinction in the catastrophe which terminated their existence.. The fury of the earthquake in the one had levelled to the ground all its finest monuments; but the valuable materials of which they were composed, scattered in fragments, or piled up in heaps, attested the magnificence of the fabric they once adorned, and the riches of its ancient possessors. Here the solid and entire structure, despoiled of even the smallest ornamental object, and extending its long ranges of bare walls, forcibly depicted the active and unsparing rapacity of the conquerors, who had reduced it to its present denuded state.

This monastery was amply provided with tanks and reservoirs, supplied by the innumerable streams running from the mountains, and which, in the observance of the rules of the Carthusian order enjoining a constant abstinence from meat, must have proved of the first necessity.

The ancient city of Consilinum is supposed to have stood below La Padula, as Marcelliana is said to have existed on the site of La Sala, where I soon after arrived, and halted for the rest of the day and night.

Consilinum is mentioned by Frontinus as a Lucanian city, and Cassiodorus considers it as anterior to Marcelliana. The last was made the centre from which the distances on the Via Aquilia, extending from Capua to Reggio, were measured. A curious inscription found at La Sala, but at present at La Polla, some miles further, records this circumstance: it also gives an account of the improvements made to this way by M. Aquilius, who erected milestones and bridges upon it, and established a large fair or market at this very place. La Sala is a town of 4000 souls, covering the whole side of the mountain. I stopped at an inn situated by the road side, among some farm-houses, forming a kind of suburb, which, though much elevated above the level of the plain, is nevertheless considered as exposed to the malaria infesting the lower grounds. The beauty of the situation, however, induced me to remain here in preference to climbing up the ill-paved streets in search of a more salubrious resting-place.

Numberless little streams gush from the base of all the eastern hills, and running across the valley, contribute to swell the Negro, or Calore, which pursues its course much nearer the western range; while from the latter an insulated eminence projects immediately opposite La Sala, and is crowned with the surrounding walls of the episcopal town of Diano. It is the representative of the ancient Tegianum; and just below it, a bridge of Roman architecture is built over the river. Previous to my leaving Naples, a friend, well acquainted with this road, had been at the trouble of making out a list of every place where, on account of the badness of the air, it was advisable for me not to pass the night. Among these was La Sala; and it happened

unfortunately for his good intentions, that I found myself obliged by fortuitous circumstances to sleep almost invariably at most of the forbidden spots. I would not recommend any traveller by choice to follow my example; but this circumstance, as well as other observations which I was enabled to make on the subject, served to fortify me in the opinion that foreigners are much less liable to the effects of malaria than the inhabitants, not only of these realms, but of other parts of Italy.

One of my servants, a native of the Roman states, who had left Naples with me, after a slight attack of fever at Foggia, was exposed to such a constant recurrence of this disorder, upon almost every occasion of more than ordinary heat and fatigue, that I judged it prudent to send him back by sea from Palermo, rather than subject him to the danger of traversing the valleys of Calabria during the month of August; but my other attendant, who was born in as northern a latitude as myself, never experienced the slightest symptom of indisposition of any kind.

On quitting La Sala, I continued my route along the vale, leaving the little town of Atena, which, with the difference of one letter, retains its ancient denomination. Atina was one of the eight Lucanian prefectures. Remains of its walls, part of an amphitheatre, and numberless inscriptions, identify its position.

On the left side beyond Diano, the villages of S. Rufo, S. Pietro, and S. Arsenio show themselves, while the more considerable town of La Polla appears as if closing up the extremity of the valley. I crossed the Negro to reach the foot of the hill on which the town is pleasantly situated among gardens and vineyards; and, dismounting from my horse, followed the course of

the stream, which, having received the collected waters of the whole plain, assumes the appearance of a deep and wide, though slow moving river. Just beyond the town it forms a semicircular bend, round a rock covered with brush-wood and wild vines, the steep sides of which apparently present an insuperable barrier against its further progress; but, in fact, oozing through some scarcely perceptible apertures in the bottom of the sandy bed, it sinks into the earth, and for the space of two miles preserves a subterranean course under the intervening mountains.

Swinburne imagines that this direction has been given to it by artificial means; and there is no doubt that the last half mile of its present channel is the work of human labour: at the same time, I cannot help thinking this conjecture very questionable. Pliny in all probability alludes to this river, when, without specifying its name, he mentions one that loses itself in this manner in the territory of Atina; for although he certainly states that it does not re-appear for twenty miles, yet the coincidence is so striking in other respects that it is difficult to doubt the identity.

A great portion of the inhabitants of La Polla, all clad in scarlet and blue, were sitting in front of a church as I returned, and gave brilliancy as well as gaiety to the landscape.

After leaving this town, the high road rises considerably towards the pass which terminates the Val di Diano; and after a distance of about three miles begins to descend into the next valley, by means of a zigzag road, carried at a considerable expense along the sides of a declivity of considerable steepness, and supported upon masses of masonry of the best construction.

This magnificent work, bearing the name of Ponte di Campestrino, ends in a bridge of seven arches, which rise perpendicularly from a ravine of immense depth, through which a narrow but impetuous torrent rolls its waters of a bright vitriol colour, to meet those of a stream on the left hand of the road, rapidly flowing through a channel of exactly similar character. Its breadth, unvarying dimensions, and the smoothness of its sides, would lead one to suppose it an artificial work; and if so, it might corroborate Swinburne's surmise with regard to the transmission of the river Negro; but this last breaks out from a large cave, situated about a mile to the left, on a much higher level, and meets the torrent I am speaking of under Auletta. I regretted that the lateness of the hour did not allow of my investigating both these streams more minutely, as, although the country people were clear and unhesitating in their accounts of them, I felt some doubts as to their accuracy, and could not help suspecting that these two might be branches of the Negro, breaking out at different mouths from the sides of the mountains, under which it loses itself.

I could never get any satisfactory intelligence respecting the Ponte di Campestrino, which I was therefore induced to attribute to Charles the Third, father of the present monarch, to whom this kingdom, as well as Spain, owes almost all its most useful improvements; but as Swinburne, so far from mentioning it, on the contrary, remarks the badness of the road as far as Eboli, I conclude its date to be subsequent to his time.

The little town of Caggiano is seen on the right, on a level with the upper part of the Ponte di Campestrino; below it, on the

same side, is that of La Pertosa, giving its name to the cave, dedicated to St. Michael, whence the Negro issues into this glen, which in romantic beauty far exceeds the Val di Diano. The river here assumes quite a different character, and, hurrying in broken cataracts through a rocky bed, passes under Auletta, a small town, embosomed in olive trees, above half a mile above the high road. Its elevated situation does not, however, secure it from the effects of the malaria, which pervades every portion of this district.

I crossed the Negro just below Auletta, after which the valley widens, and admits a view over the meandering course of this river for several miles. It receives the Bianco below the high ridge rising to the north, on which several towns, perched in bleak, exposed situations, are visible; among them Buccino, placed upon the site of the ancient Vulceium, is the most conspicuous.

The high road to Potenza, the capital of Basilicata, branches off in a north-east direction about two miles beyond Auletta, where I began to ascend to a more open but equally beautiful country, separated from the sea by Mount Alburnus. This range screens the plain of Pæstum from the north, and displays in its imposing masses and romantic recesses features as magnificent as any I had observed in the Calabrian Apennines: large forests of beech, oak, and ilex clothe its lower extremities; and the upper ridge, instead of being divided into peaks, appears like one succession of bulwarks, towers, and fortifications, of a pale gray colour, assisting the illusion. Just below these the little towns of Galdo, Terranova, and Sicignano are situated in most extraordinary and almost inaccessible positions. The last contains 4000 inhabitants, and is the ancient Fundus Sicinianus.

I stopped for the night at a spot called Lo Scorso, where several large buildings afford accommodation to the vetturini and carriers coming from the metropolis, who consider this as the termination of their second day's journey. The inn was tolerable, and the environs were beautiful, though wild and desolate. This place, being very high, and entirely exposed to the north, has the reputation of enjoying the purest, but at the same time the coldest air in the province.

On quitting Lo Scorso, I began to descend, and one mile more brought me to a place called La Duchessa, where Mount Alburnus terminating, admits a view of the sea, over Pæstum, and the whole plain of Salerno. The little town of Pastiglione, on the lower range of Alburnus, is only worth mentioning as having once belonged to the famous John of Procida, to whom it gave the title of Baron. The river Sele was now in sight, already swelled by the waters of the Negro; and I soon crossed it over a handsome bridge, the architecture of which, amidst the wild scenery surrounding, has something in its character particularly imposing.

The Sele, anciently Silarus, ranks high among the rivers of this kingdom. Its course, though not so extended as those of the Volturno or Garigliano, is enlarged by numerous tributary streams, giving it a depth and breadth very unusual to the rivers of these southern provinces of Italy. In the flats of Pæstum its influx with the sea marks the site of the temple of Juno Argiva, said to be founded by Jason and the Argonauts, and points out the boundaries of Lucania: there its course is broad, slow, and turbid; but here it rolls a considerable volume of clear and rapid water among the straggling oaks that dip their spreading branches in its

Sketched by the Hon. R. Craven

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

ON THE ROAD NEAR SICHIANO.

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stream. The wilderness of wood composing the forest of Persano, which extends from this bridge towards the sea-shore on the left, forms one of the finest royal preserves for game of all kinds, and is, moreover, embellished by a large mansion, where the sovereign usually passes some time in the spring of every year.

The celebrated temples of Pæstum are situated about five miles from the Sele; and beyond them, further to the south, is the small town of Agropoli, noted for its bad air, and for having anciently become the seat of a large body of Saracens, after their expulsion from the banks of the Garigliano. It was in assisting the Lombard Princes of Salerno to expel these unbelievers that a few Normans first displayed those military talents which raised them so high in the estimation of the inhabitants of these countries, and opened the way for their future possession of them. The barbarians, however, made repeated inroads into the Neapolitan dominions during several successive centuries, and the native writers frequently designate them under the name of *Agareni*, especially in Calabria, a denomination of which I have in vain endeavoured to trace the origin.

Near Eboli, a carriage-road conducts, in a northern direction, to the adjoining province of Principato Ultra. Another leads to Persano, from whence the traveller may go to Pæstum; but this is the longest way from Naples, the usual route turning off from a place called Battipaglia, between Salerno and Eboli; but it is hardly passable after heavy rains.

Eboli is reckoned very unhealthy during the hot months, though situated above the level of the plain. It is surrounded by orange gardens, watered by numerous brooks, rushing down from

the mountains behind it, and ultimately flowing into the Sele. The mildness of the air is proverbial, and the various ways in which this peculiarity of temperature is exemplified by some of the ancient authors of this country, will doubtless appear very strange to the philosophers of the present day. Pontanus, a writer by no means distinguished by any particular bias towards popular credulity, gravely affirms that in his time there were two instances of females at Eboli changing their sex: one of these, he adds, had been married for the space of twelve years, and claimed, on her metamorphosis to the masculine form, the restitution of her marriage portion from her former husband. The case was brought before King Ferdinand the First, who, by a royal decree, compelled him to restore the dower, in order that this singularly constituted person might be enabled to contract a second union with an individual more befitting their changed condition.

From Eboli the road to Salerno runs across the plain, extending along the gulf of that name. It is like all the other flat tracts in the kingdom, well watered, fertile, and unhealthy; but inferior in beauty to the plains of the Crati, St. Eufemia, or Gioia. The habitations chiefly consist in casinos and masserias, few villages of any size being visible; though amongst them Vicenza, about ten miles from Salerno, is supposed to have replaced the ancient Picentia, while the mountainous country bounding the horizon on the right is thickly spotted with towns. Several streams cross the road in their way towards the sea; amongst them the Tusciano is the most considerable.

The temperature was much hotter than that I had been accustomed to for several days; and an impetuous westerly wind was more

effectual in diffusing the clouds of dust, raised by the number of passengers and the flocks of cattle, than in cooling the atmosphere.

Nothing strikes the northern traveller so much as the universal consumption of ice, or rather hardened snow, observable throughout the whole of the Neapolitan states in the summer time. At this spot I found a wretched inn, wholly unprovided with the most necessary articles of accommodation, but abundantly supplied with what to us may seem an unnecessary luxury. In a place where meat and fish may be difficult to obtain, where vegetables are scarce, and even bread uncommon, iced wine or water meets the eye in profusion. The former is generally cooled by the addition of lumps of ice thrown into it from a plateful, which always accompanies the dinner; the water is poured from a bottle of peculiar shape, with a long neck and broad flat base, on which the ice rests while the vessel remains in a wooden bowl of a cylindric form. One of these is brought to every traveller almost immediately after his arrival, as an indispensable requisite; and when it is considered that this article is daily brought from a distance more or less considerable, to the place where it is retailed at a very trifling price, it must be admitted that the want which so imperiously calls for it, in a nation so prone to inactivity and idleness, must be looked upon as one of the most urgent necessities of their nature.

It should be recollected, that, during the summer months, all ranks of Neapolitans seem to be infected with a fever-like thirst, attributable more to the nature of their food than to the heat of the climate. This is quenched by draughts of water, so repeated and so copious as to astonish any Englishman; yet the smallest

quantity of this liquid would be rejected with abhorrence if not perfectly cool. The artificial means resorted to, restore it to a temperature little lower than it possesses within the well or fountain, but which a very short exposure to the exterior atmosphere is certain to remove. I have before remarked the number of taverns or eating houses usually visible on most of the high roads in the vicinity of the metropolis: that leading from Eboli to Salerno displayed more than the usual proportion of these inviting edifices; but notwithstanding their attraction, I pushed on for Salerno, which does not appear till the traveller is within a short distance of its walls, though the high mountains beyond it terminate the perspective with the finest effect.

The two contiguous provinces, called Principato Citra and Ultra, have retained these distinctive appellations from the time of the Lombard Princes, who governed them separately, as sovereigns of Salerno and Benevento, before the latter had fallen under the dominion of the pope. These neighbouring states were frequently involved in warfare with each other, and more than once were united under the dominion of one lord,—a circumstance which never failed to excite the alarm and raise the jealousy and opposition of all the surrounding petty princes, such as the lords of Capua, St. Agatha, Conza, and Sorrento. The sovereigns of Salerno were the last who yielded to the victorious sway of the Normans; and Gisulfo, the last of the Lombard Princes, was brother-in-law to Robert Guiscard, who deprived him of his dominion.

Under the monarchy we find the principality of Salerno sometimes attached to the territory of the crown, and occasionally

furnishing a title to the king's eldest son, and as often granted, like Taranto, in fief to some of the great families, who generally abused this increase of power, by making it subservient to a spirit of ambition or rebellion, which frequently called down a sentence of confiscation and forfeiture on their whole domains. The Colonna, Orsini, and Sanseverini, possessed it by turns, and the two last were deprived of it in the manner above-mentioned: Ferrante Sanseverino, the last Prince of Salerno, in the time of Charles the Fifth, having been compelled to leave the kingdom, and take refuge in France, where his death terminated the line of one of the most ancient of the Neapolitan families.

The province of Principato Citra is one of the finest in the kingdom, and its population remarkable for personal beauty. Its extensive line of sea-coast, and proximity to the metropolis, give an importance and advantage which few other districts can boast of. A good carriage road, running due north through the fine valley of Sanseverino, unites Salerno with Avellino, the capital of the adjoining province, while a distance of twenty-eight miles only separates it from Naples. The modern city, containing 16,000 inhabitants, is by no means well built; and the narrow and dirty streets, running on different levels from the immediate edge of the sea, some way up the mountain, give its interior a gloomy appearance, and afford but inconvenient residences; but its situation is most happy, and a marina or promenade, which skirts its whole length along the shore, has been added by the French rulers, and contributes to render its aspect from the sea extremely imposing. There is no port, though a broken mole, affording

protection to the smallest vessels only, offers the semblance of such an accommodation.

From the north the city is well defended by the mass of mountains rising immediately on that side, and joining an equally high range to the west parallel with the shore: it is, consequently, very mild, but too warm in the summer, in which season a small river runs into the sea at its eastern extremity, and formerly served to water some rice grounds situated in the adjoining flat, which contributed to render its vicinity unhealthy; and this stigma continues to be attached to it, although the causes from which it originated have been removed. The ancient Gothic walls of the city, and a ruined castle, are visible on the olive-covered hill rising above it, though few other remains of that interesting period are in existence; among these the cathedral stands foremost, but its exterior offers little except a very old square tower. The interior court, or quadrangle, is surrounded with columns, said to have been brought from Pæstum by Robert Guiscard, whose son Roger, and grandson William, are buried here, with a number of other distinguished personages; among whom we may count that turbulent and restless Pontiff Gregory the Seventh, who died of disappointment at Salerno in the year 1085. The tomb of the historian Pontanus is also shown, as well as several Roman sarcophagi, converted into Christian sepulchres. In the centre of the court is a large granite patera, or basin, said also to have been brought from Pæstum.

The cathedral is dedicated to the evangelist St. Matthew, whose bones were transported here in the year 950, when Gisulfus was sovereign of the principality. The most remarkable objects

in the interior are two pulpits, composed of that species of mosaic introduced by the Lower Greeks, and which, though considered faulty in point of taste, produces a gaudy, but splendid effect: these are probably the finest specimens of this species of work existing. The crypt, or subterraneous church, containing the remains of the evangelist, is highly ornamented with inlaid marbles, and displays, also, the sepulchre of Margaret of Durazzo, Queen of Naples, mother of Ladislas and Joan the Second, a princess little known in history, but whose ambition, capacity, and courage place her character among the most celebrated women of those ages, although it was deficient in all the gentler qualities and milder virtues which should adorn her sex. She died at a place called Aqua della Mele, near San Severino, where she had retired to avoid the plague.

The cathedral boasts of few paintings, but contains some images of miraculous notoriety, particularly the crucifix that bowed its head in token of forgiveness to Peter Baloardo, an eminent physician and magician, whose adventures have formed the ground work of a German romance called the Sorcerer.

There is a very good theatre at Salerno, and it is in every respect one of the most flourishing cities in the kingdom. The fair, which is held every autumn, draws numberless visitors from the capital, and offers a scene of equal attraction to the commercial speculator, or the votary of dissipation.

The nobility of Salerno is very respectable and ancient, as it was one of those few provincial towns which boasted of a *Sedile*, or register, established for the purpose of enrolling the names of the nobles, and thereby transmitting them to posterity. Naples

itself possessed four of these until the last year of the preceding century; and their destruction, though followed by the substitution of a similar institution under the name of *il Libro d'Oro*, is considered as one of the severest blows struck against a body whose antiquity was not one of its least distinctions. It is singular enough that this attack should have been directed against it, not by the levelling spirit of republican invaders, but through the inadvised resentment of an absolute sovereign, who thus at once cut off the brightest ornaments and the surest support of his throne. These Sedili possessed privileges and jurisdiction in the metropolis, which usage and respect for ancient customs had in some measure confirmed, especially as they tended to dignify and substantiate the municipal powers of the capital; among these the right of capitulating with a besieging army, through the medium of negotiators chosen from these respectable bodies, was recognized and resorted to on the entrance of the victorious French forces in 1799. The subsequent events, connected as they are with the history of the most distinguished of our naval commanders, are unfortunately too well known in this country to require their painful recapitulation. The destruction of the Sedili was one of those sweeping measures which, with a view to chastise a part, annihilated the whole; and a minister, intelligent, active, and in general well disposed towards the country at large, appeared ready to assist or advise a blow directed against that portion of it, which was imagined to be adverse to him, and for whose wrongs he was therefore not likely to experience either sympathy or compassion. It should be observed, however, that the Neapolitan nobility had seen themselves, previously to this event,

and even before the French revolution, exposed to inroads upon their antiquated feudal jurisdictions. These changes, however they might alarm their ignorance or wound their pride, nothing but the most illiberal and blinded prejudices could oppose. The power of inflicting capital punishment on their vassals had long since been abolished; but that of imprisoning them continued to exist, as well as the absurd monopoly of mills, ovens, and dove-cotes; the odious exemption from certain impositions and taxes; the manorial rights over commons and townships; and the arbitrary exaction of tithes on woodlands and other more valuable properties, entailing law-suits, that extended from generation to generation, between the feudal lord and the local municipal authorities: these had been gradually curtailed, with what degree of justice it is difficult to decide; but the territorial influence continued to attach the serf to his baron, and in a country so totally deficient of the advantages derived from a good system of education, or a general diffusion of knowledge, the poor inhabitant of regions placed remote from the capital frequently found that protection from those he looked upon as his hereditary masters, which he would in vain have sought from the sovereign or the magistrates: the former united to the unbounded power of tyrannizing over their vassals, the ample means of protecting and benefiting them; and it is but doing justice to human nature to believe, that the former prerogative was as often waived, as the other was exerted in their behalf.

In former days many of the most powerful barons, as they were termed, resided part of the year on their estates; some passed their lives there, while the diffusion of additional wealth, and an

excitement to every kind of industry, never failed to accompany their residence among their tenants, and rendered their presence beneficial to the province at large.

On the second and most lasting occupation of the French, the establishment of their code of laws at once extinguished the few remaining privileges of nobility, and depressed it, not to the level of the other ranks, but far below them in point of consequence, riches, and estimation. A commission was established to settle the question of indemnification, to such whose claims were founded on land, formerly possessed by their ancestors, and granted in perpetuity under the term *emphiteusis* to the township, hundred, or even single tenant, who became charged with an hereditary rent in kind to the family of the original proprietor. The date of most of these grants was frequently as ancient as the origin of the families from whom they were derived; and although this kind of property formed a very considerable branch of their respective incomes, they frequently possessed no charters or registers which could authenticate the first act of cession, while a decree was passed for all such to be produced as the only legal instruments that could substantiate the claim for indemnification. But unfortunately for those who might have preserved similar documents, they had almost all deposited them in the archivial chambers at Naples, which had been sacked, and their contents burnt to ashes, during the disgraceful and sanguinary scenes which signalized the first return of the reigning family; so that few of these applications were ever proved, and many of those who might have urged them found themselves reduced to a state of beggary, by an act, which, under the semblance of abolishing

vexatious privileges, deprived thousands of their hereditary property, without extending any advantage to the lower classes, which they were ostensibly to relieve. These, in fact, though liberated from several antiquated and ridiculous observances, were in no other manner benefited by an operation directed entirely to the profit of the government that had planned it.

It must, however, be admitted that the new system of jurisprudence was most advantageous to the community at large; and that those families who retained any property in their hands found, in the abolition of the majorats, and the new power granted them of alienating a portion of their estates, a capability of paying their debts, and ridding themselves of some incumbrances; but this facility must ultimately tend to the total extinction of even the name of some of the most ancient lines of nobility, who, restricted from the exercise of all their feudal jurisdictions, deprived of territorial influence, and forming no distinctive part in the political ranks of the state, might be looked upon as entirely devoid of existence, if their personal good conduct, and the occasional favour of the sovereign, did not still keep up the lustre of their name.

The Intendenza, or civil government of Salerno, belongs to the first class of provinces; the importance and salary attached to these situations being commensurate to the size and riches of the district. The employment is one of trust and great responsibility, the general interests of the town and the whole province being, in fact, confided to the individual who fills it, together with the police and financial department. The receiver-general is subordinate to him, as are also the other civil agents, including

the Sott' Intendente, who generally resides at the second town in the province. The Intendente corresponds directly with the ministers, and holds his situation for about three years, when he is usually transferred to one of the same nature, but higher emolument. He seldom belongs by birth to the province over which he presides; and of late years, members of the nobility have rarely been employed in this charge. It is but fair to add, that during my tour, I found all those with whom it was my fortune to be acquainted men of the most respectable character, of superior education and information, and apparently extremely attentive to the well-being and interest of those over whom they had been placed.

CHAPTER XXI.

Vietri... Neighbouring Villages... Voyage round the Promontory of Minerva... Towns of Majori, Minori, Atrani, and Amalfi... Pasta della Costa... Ravello and Scala... Carbonari... Sirenusæ or Galli... Watch-Towers... Point of La Campanella... Capri.

I HAD so frequently been at Salerno that I preferred sleeping at Vietri, a small town, about one mile farther. The beautiful situation and salubrious air of this spot renders it one of the most desirable summer residences in the vicinity of Naples, though for this purpose the preference is generally given to Castellamare.

The way from Salerno to Vietri is on a continued but gentle ascent under the high mountains that rise from the immediate sea-shore, and afford some very fine points of view. Vietri itself is little more than one street, through which the high road is conducted. It is well built, and several habitations of considerable size and more distinguished architecture, are scattered about its vicinity, on the edge of a precipitous glen, watered by a little stream working several paper mills, and dividing it from the opposite range, which, superior in elevation and height, displays several villages perched in the most singular positions, amidst hanging woods of sweet chestnut and the manna ash. This

ravine, abounding in every wild and striking feature that can embellish the landscape, terminates in the lower portion of the town of Vietri, distinguished by the usual appellation of Marina, and communicating with the superior division by a winding but good carriage road. This spot, though composed of poor fishermen's houses, abounds in all the picturesque beauty so observable along the chain of rocky coast, which begins here, and extends as far as the Punta della Campanella; the cape facing the island of Capri, and forming the south-east extremity of the bay of Naples. I would advise any admirer of that particular kind of scenery to take a boat from Vietri, and make a coasting excursion along this whole range, as that mode of travelling, especially if he land occasionally, will amply repay the trouble.

The triangle cut off by a line drawn between Vietri in this gulf, and Castellamare in that of Naples, is composed of masses of limestone, exhibiting all the beauties incidental to that formation, and exceeding in elevation all the mountains in the neighbourhood of the capital. They present very great difficulty of access on the sea-side, being indented with no bays, and scarcely affording sufficient level space for any towns, at the openings of the narrow ravines through which the interior waters have forced their courses to the sea.

Immediately above the Marina di Vietri, on the western flank of the tortuous dell already described, are three larger villages, called Raito, Benincasa, and Dronea, vying with each other in magnificence of prospect, as well as inaccessibility of position; but they will compensate to the visitor for the toil of climbing up the steeps above which they are placed. After doubling Capo

SALERNO.

Sketched by the Rev. E. Craven.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

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d'Orso, the little towns of Majori, Minori, Atrani, and Amalfi break upon the sight in the curve formed by a bend in the coast. These are all close to the shore, and it would be difficult to decide which presents the most forcible claim to admiration, did not the latter, by its superior size, and the strange sublimity of the cliffs that overhang it on all parts, at once settle the question, and present the double interest of natural attractions and ancient recollections. These, without reaching so far back as the classical epochs of Grecian or even Roman history, will dwell with satisfaction on the period when this spot, now an insignificant town, acted a conspicuous part in the early annals of commerce and navigation; sent out warlike or charitable societies to the holy land, resisted the attacks of the Pisans, in those days one of the most powerful of the Italian republics, or became for ever celebrated by the discovery of the Pandects, within its precincts.

The mountains that rise above and round Amalfi, are perhaps the most extraordinary in form and steepness of any along the whole line of coast. There is a small sandy beach, on which the boats employed in the fishing trade are drawn in stormy weather. Here a limpid stream throws itself into the sea, after passing through all the various levels of the town, and supplying its many fountains. This marina is provided with an esplanade, serving as a walk for the inhabitants, and leading to the present castle: it terminates in a path conducting to Atrani, and the other above-mentioned villages. Some old houses obstruct and cut off the public square or market-place from the sea, and are thereby as highly unseemly to the look as they must be detrimental to the

coolness of the town; for they entirely preclude the communication of the sea-breeze to the principal street, which runs inland from the square upon an inclined ascent, gradually becoming narrower as the rocks close on each side, till the space between the opposite houses is not more than sufficient to allow of the passage of two mules abreast. The stream which occupies its whole breadth is covered with flag-stones; while the houses, lining the lateral terraces, rise above each other to a very considerable height, and present the most singular and picturesque appearance, as there is frequently no access to them but by a staircase, constructed through the lower edifice, and conducting to its flat roof, which forms the court of the succeeding dwelling.

Remains of the ancient walls and fortifications are visible on all the impending heights, diversified by a variety and abundance of luxuriant vegetation and gardens. Many of the minor communications to the other parts of the town are entirely built over, and form dark passages of considerable extent. The narrow defile which terminates the town, opens to a wider glen of extraordinary fertility and beauty, but of very contracted dimension, and to the path leading from Amalfi to the opposite side of the cape in the bay of Naples, through the difficult defiles of the adjoining mountains. From this description the reader will have probably concluded that few spots offer a situation so defensible as this town, and that no power but one superior in marine resources could ever attack it with success.

To the west of the town a precipitous path winds up the side of the cliff, and leads to a convent of considerable size, part of which is built under shelter of a large overhanging cave.

Amalfi in its present state is far from deficient in industry and a certain degree of affluence. Its inhabitants are good mariners, but its principal resource is in the composition of maccaroni, which employs at least half the population. This particular sort is much esteemed, and known by the name of Pasta della Costa, in distinction from that of the villages adjacent to the capital, which also furnish it in great abundance. Most foreigners are well acquainted with the extensive use of this article, which, in its original form, or through the medium of successful imitation, has made its way all over Europe; but if they look to the native way of dressing it, as the best calculated to enhance its merits, they will probably find themselves widely mistaken; for, although it admits of great variety, the essential requisite to satisfy the palate of a Neapolitan, is crispness, and consequently it must be underdone. It is thrown into boiling water for only a few minutes, and afterwards seasoned with butter, gravy, oil, spices, tomatas, and even sugar, according to the fancy of the consumer; but the most abject Lazzaro would reject it with disgust, if it betrayed in its substance the smallest approach to softness or pastiness by breaking. The Neapolitan in general is sober both in eating and drinking; but the sight of him devouring maccaroni would create a very different opinion, as he gorges it in quantities perfectly incredible to an English spectator, while the taste for it is universal, from the sovereign to the lowest of his subjects; a circumstance which must be considered most fortunate, where the sufficient and satisfactory daily meal for any individual may be had for four grains, or two-pence of our money.

The cathedral at Amalfi claims to contain the body of the

apostle St. Andrew. It has a singular and commanding aspect, arising, not from any peculiarity in its architecture, but from being situated on a considerable eminence above the public square, from which the ascent to its portal is by a flight of steps, of a width equal to that of the whole front. It is large and gloomy within, and embellished or provided with a steeple of very great elevation.

I was twice at Amalfi, and found its temperature by far exceeding in heat that of Naples or Salerno, a circumstance naturally arising out of the peculiarity of its position. The market is better supplied with meat, fish, and vegetables, than any other out of the metropolis; in the latter article, however, they are frequently deficient; and it is surprising in a country where herbs of every kind are so excellent and abundant, as well as cheap, that the difficulty of obtaining them should be of such frequent recurrence. If the stranger will visit the gardens adjoining every village, he is sure to find every kind of vegetable in its full perfection, and almost for nothing; but if he looks for it in the public market, he will find celery or cucumbers only, or perhaps some coarse lettuce.

Among the pinnacles and clefts which diversify the mountainous regions called Tramonti, rising above Amalfi, Ravello and Scala, two episcopal towns, are noted for their antiquity, and the sieges they sustained under the Lombard Princes against the Normans. Several noble and ancient families date their origin from these places, and their heraldic bearings are sculptured on the brazen gates of the cathedral at Ravello. The line of demarcation between the Principato Citra and the province of Naples runs along the highest summits of these mountains, leaving each side of the promontory to two distinct civil jurisdictions; a circum-

stance highly favourable to the escape or concealment of malefactors, who elude in these impenetrable fastnesses the pursuits directed against them for misdeeds committed in districts less desolate and poor.

The inhabitants of all the southern portion of this promontory are somewhat noted for practices of this nature, and here also the sect of Carbonari, lately advanced to such political celebrity, have found abundant proselytes. It would perhaps be difficult, at the present period, to point out any particular province which in this respect claims any pre-eminence; but for a long space of time the two Principatos, and the two Calabrias, were supposed to contain the greatest numbers of this association, and to have, on that account, called forth the jealous attention of government. The late revolution has been ascribed to the persevering efforts of this sect; and their avowed co-operation towards promoting this ephemeral event, has been one of the principal arguments laid hold of by its opponents for the necessity of resisting its progress. That the efforts of this society have been directed to the attainment of a representative system of government, can no more be denied than that they have been eminently successful; but that in so doing they assumed an exclusive agency in the affairs of state, and must therefore be regarded in the light of a faction, is not admissible. It should be observed, that if the Carbonari do not constitute the positive numerical majority of the Neapolitan nation, which is a matter of some doubt, they include in their ranks that portion of the population which, from their acquirements, property, habits, and relative situation in the body politic of the country, must ever give a decided preponderance to whatever part they

assume. The state of intellectual information in this kingdom, however it may be under-rated by inhabitants of regions more advanced in that respect, is, nevertheless, much more respectable than those individuals are aware of; and however inferior it may be to that of the northern nations, it may safely be asserted, that it *cannot* retrograde from the point it has reached, even if it be for a while checked in its future progress.

The classes wherein the sect had made the least advancement are the higher divisions of nobility, and the most abject among the populace. The former, in consequence of the encroachments upon their possessions, and almost abolition of their ancient privileges, while they are debarred from the means of exercising any political influence over the remainder of the population, are alike unable to afford any support to the crown; and the others must, until the country is entirely regenerated, continue to vegetate almost as a caste, in a state to which they are habituated from their infancy, and which, after all, is neither painful or insupportable. The description of individuals filling up the vast chasm between these two extremes, must be admitted to rank as a body whose employments, labours, and local knowledge, contribute most largely to the welfare of the community, and of these I should not hesitate to affirm that the great portion are Carbonari.

There is a class of middle men in these realms, who have acquired an individual importance in the country at large, originating in the vicissitudes which have been so prejudicial to it in general; they consist in agents or stewards of many of the ancient families, who, too proud or too careless to look into the management of estates they never visited, consigned them entirely to the care of

subordinate individuals, whose habits of activity and practical knowledge of rural economy, have enabled them to profit by all the losses or temporary embarrassments of their superiors; and many of whom are now in the actual possession of the domains which they once superintended. It would be as invidious as illiberal to generalize the imputations to which this description of men have been subjected; especially as instances of the same kind are by no means confined to the southern portion of Europe. Here, however, they are infinitely more common, in consequence of the changes in the government, laws, and institutions during the last twenty-five years; and in a country of which the principal resources may be considered as almost purely agricultural, these persons, united to the petty landed proprietors, may undoubtedly be regarded as forming the most important portion of the nation; they are usually denominated *galantuomini*, or gentlemen, as a dignified improvement upon *possidenti*, or proprietors, an appellation perhaps more applicable in its general sense. From this class, which might again be subdivided into several inferior portions, all the subaltern offices in the provinces must necessarily be supplied; and in this case, the decrees fulminated against any secret institution could have no effect but that of multiplying its adherents. Government might in vain choose from its own particular friends, individuals of tried fidelity to fill the highest posts of trust and dignity, but its efforts towards the destruction of the sect must always be rendered abortive as long as the selection of inferior agents is not conducted with similar precautions; and that such precautions are impossible must be obvious. The vital necessity of concealment imposed by persecution upon a Carbonaro,

would add more than ordinary stimulus to the rigid observance of all those official duties likely to secure favour and confidence from his principal; but the secret patronage and encouragement of the individuals of his own sect would undoubtedly be extended with a fervour proportionate to the zeal and integrity displayed in the exercise of his public functions. From this circumstance it must frequently have happened that all the local authority of a country town became vested in the hands of Carbonari, who might discharge the complex and intricate duties of their respective stations with exactness and even fidelity towards the state, but at the same time continue the occult pursuit of their ultimate plans, and disseminate the tenets of their association with redoubled activity and effect. A majority of Carbonari in the *Decurionato*, or civic assembly of any village, would insure the election of a Syndic of their own body, who would in his turn be enabled to bias the choice of his successor, as well as that of the different *Gabellieri*, or excise officers, and other subordinate charges.

This association may be compared to a chain, the links of which are so constructed and well fitted to each other, that, however totally they might be separated in their junction by accidental circumstances, reunion may be produced amongst any of their number—the several portions need only be brought in contact to insure adhesion, and a continuation of those energies inherent to its original formation. The mode in which these joints are connected may be exemplified in the following anecdote, the authenticity of which I can vouch for:

Two itinerant traders in cattle were returning from the province of Abruzzo with the successful fruits of their speculations,

and, within a few hours of their home, were stopped by a *comitiva* of five brigands; in the course of the short parley that preceded the delivery of their money, one of them happened, by some fortunate signal, to betray himself as a Carbonaro to the captain of the gang, who, immediately taking him aside, asked him if his companion belonged to the sect, and being answered in the negative, thought himself at liberty to despoil the one of his gains, while, out of sympathy to the other, he limited his depredations to the sum of ten ducats. They parted, and the sufferer, having observed the secret conference which had ended so favourably for his fellow-traveller, suspected the truth; and after obtaining an avowal of it, determined on becoming a Carbonaro the moment an opportunity should present itself. This occurred that very evening. The sectarian easily found a sufficient number of initiated to form an assembly possessed in number and rank with the authority competent to admit the proselyte according to the established rules of the body. He returned to his own house so elated with what he deemed an unfailing badge of security against all future attacks from robbers, that, in the moment of surprise and exultation, he heedlessly informed his wife of the occurrences of the day. Full of the prejudices purposely disseminated among the uninitiated of the lower orders against this sect, the woman returned this mark of confidence with a volley of reproaches and lamentations, accusing him of having entered into a compact with the infernal powers, of having forsaken his God, and thereby subjected himself to excommunication in this world, and eternal punishment in the world to come. His endeavours to pacify her were for a long while ineffectual, nor would she be restored to

tolerable composure till, in expiation of his criminal imprudence, she had with horror thrown his breeches, containing the diploma of his reception, and a catechism enumerating the duties of his new profession, into the fire. The next morning she determined to go to the justice of the peace, and inform him of what had passed; and having found the fatal documents in the chimney, where she had probably caused them to fall from the pocket in which they were deposited before the flames could destroy them, carried them with her as vouchers for the authenticity of her information. The justice of the peace admitted her in private, and having heard the complaint, and received the fatal papers, told her that he would give her husband so salutary a remonstrance, that he would answer for his breaking off all further connexion with the hateful and impious sect to which he had so imprudently attached himself; and that he would, moreover, pursue the miscreants with all the severity their conduct deserved. This satisfied the wife, who, having left the diploma and catechism in the hands of the justice, sent him her husband to receive the promised admonition: but this consisted in a serious caution with regard to future discretion, and an offer to preserve the papers in his own possession, as himself holding one of the highest distinctions among the ranks of the society in question.

It is evident from this narrative, that, notwithstanding the circumspection usually observed by the order, respecting the admission of fresh members, it is impossible that they should all prove as unexceptionable in point of character as the general rule enjoins; but, though the recommendation of an initiated Carbonaro in favour of a proselyte cannot be rejected, unless upon

objections the most unequivocal, a singular minuteness of investigation is followed with regard to the habits and dispositions of those whose merits point them out as valuable additions to the community. The arts practised to obtain the accession of such individuals testify the importance attached to it, and bespeak a system of ingenious perseverance worth recording. Should any young man distinguish himself by regularity of conduct, sobriety of temperament, but more especially by superiority of understanding, he is as sure to attract the notice, and call forth the attention of the Carbonari, as they are certain to succeed in the final attainment of their object.

The nameless but numerous offices of good fellowship, which in a life of early labour are frequently required to smooth its difficulties and assist its progress, will never be withheld from such an individual. He will at all times readily find new implements to supply the place of those his industry has rendered no longer serviceable, assistance to complete his unfinished tasks, and protection, and even pecuniary aid, when he is in need of either. The hand of friendship and cordiality will be extended to him, and every ear will become the depository of his confidence, as readily as every lip will convey the consolations of sympathy, or the precepts of salutary counsel. Sometimes a different, but as efficacious a system is followed, by purposely leading the object into temporary difficulties, and imposing everlasting obligation by extricating him from them.

I need not enumerate more minutely the various modes employed to gain eligible additions to the sect of Carbonari. The foregoing will serve as sufficient indications of those more usually

resorted to; nor are these good offices withheld after the reception of the proselyte; on the contrary, the esteem which he appears to have attained from his companions, and even superiors, becomes a great source of emulation in the minds of others, and a strong incitement to their endeavouring to obtain similar preference and advantages by similar means: and thus individuals are frequently prompted to merit initiation from the casual circumstance of seeing a companion treated with the most familiar kindness, and admitted into a company of strangers, who could have no other motive for such display of courtesy, but the discovery that he belonged to this same sect with themselves.

These details will in some measure account for the wide diffusion of the Carbonari principles, in no class more universally rooted than among those numerous bodies of provincial militia, called Legionari, Civici, and Militi, who it is well known operated in the most powerful manner towards organizing and effecting the late movement. Their number, the arms they were legitimately empowered to bear, but, above all, the unequivocal influence which as proprietors of the soil* they possess, and cannot be debarred from exerting, should render this particular branch of the population an object of most peculiar attention to the Neapolitan government, whether this is to be restored to the guidance of its ancient and legitimate directors; delegated to chosen representatives of a free people; or usurped by the arbitrary sword of foreign invaders. It has justly been said that those who plan revolution, and profess their object to be the amelioration of the state of man-

* No individual could belong to these troops that did not pay at least ten ducats in the land-tax, or *fondiaria*.

kind, should endeavour to divest themselves of all the meaner feelings which debase the human nature, and retain those attributes alone that approximate them to beings of a superior essence. But it is through the operation of earthly passions only that such changes can be wrought; for the religious precepts which enjoin forgiveness of injuries and resignation under oppression, must ever militate against the feelings implanted by nature of hatred of injustice, and resistance against tyranny: feelings the most natural, and at the same time the most worldly, which lay the groundwork of all encroachment upon constituted authority, and all opposition to its abuses.

The word revolution, ever since the sanguinary scenes and protracted wars that followed that of France, must naturally appear of frightful import to every lover of order and tranquillity; yet when the change has been effected, as in several recent examples, without bloodshed or civil commotion, and with the concurrence of the majority of a nation, may not the uncalled for, and, it may be added, unjustifiable interference of strangers produce the calamitous train of disasters which it assumes to check? Evils of such vital fatality to all mankind, that their repeated example and continued existence should ere this have taught the useful lesson, that the principles of implicit submission should not be inculcated in the voice of menace, and that the internal tranquillity of a country can rarely be established by the edge of foreign swords.

The village of Conca is placed under the cape of the same name; beyond it are those of Furore, Prajano, Vettica, and lastly Pasitano, the birthplace of Flavio Gioia, the discoverer of the

magnetic needle, or at least of its application to the science of navigation; and he is said to have marked the north with the lily, in compliment to the new Angevine line of kings.

The shore continues to exhibit the same succession of perpendicular rocks, deep caves, broken recesses, and occasional ravines, which is observable at Amalfi, and which indeed forms its characteristic features as far as the extreme point of the cape. Beyond Pasitano, two or three habitations point out one of those stations called *Scaricatori*, where the passage and embarking of goods and provisions has imposed the necessity of the residence of a few custom-house officers. A flight of natural steps, formed by masses of rock receding behind each other, afford the only access to it from the land-side; but the direct, though laborious communication thus obtained with the Piano di Sorrento on the other side of the promontory, is usually preferred by the natives to doubling the cape, which sometimes employs a whole day. The descent on the other side is practicable for mules, and leads to Meta.

Beyond Pasitano are the five small rocky islands looked upon by the ancients as the habitations of the Syrens, and on that account named *Sirenusæ;* they are now called *I Galli*, and are devoid of cultivation and inhabitants, while the adjoining coast also assumes an aspect far more deserted and barren, and continues a mere succession of rocky headlands as far as the cape.

It is said that some faint vestiges of ancient construction are yet visible on the cape, and zealous antiquarians have not failed to derive them from the temple of Minerva, placed on its final extremity. From the sea only a watch-tower is visible, like all those

along the coast, and bearing in the identity of their interior arrangement and exterior architecture proofs of dating their foundation to the same period. They are usually attributed to the Normans, but may with more probability be referred to the Aragonese sovereigns. They differ in form from any buildings of the same kind in other countries, and this circumstance adds a peculiarity to their picturesque appearance.

The Punta della Campanella is supposed to have derived its ancient name of the Promontory of Minerva from a temple dedicated to that goddess, which Ulysses is said to have built; and according to the same authority, Strabo, Surrentum obtained its appellation from having been the abode of the Syrens. This cape was the point of re-union and attack directed against the English forces which held possession of Capri during the last war. The latter is only four miles distant from the continent; and its eastern extremity, which faces it, presents a most singular and imposing spectacle, from the height and precipitous aspect of the rocks of which it is composed: on the highest summit of these are situated some Roman ruins, reputed to be the remains of one of the many retreats of the declining life of Tiberius, who selected this island as his favourite residence, as it before had been of his predecessor, Augustus.

CHAPTER XXII.

Massa ... Piano di Sorrento ... Vico ... Conveyance of the Snow ... Castellamare ... Gragnano ... Lettere ... The Homicide ... La Cava ... Monastery of La Trinita ... Neapolitan Literature ... Nocera ... Ancient Baptistry ... Angri.

Massa is a considerable episcopal town, well situated amidst olive woods and gardens, upon the different levels of the rising hills. Though the most distant from Naples of all those placed on the margin of the bay, it is that which at a particular hour of the day is seen with the greatest distinctness. The sun, a short time before it sets, throws its rays so strongly on Massa, that almost all the houses, as well as their windows, are visible from the opposite coast, nearly twenty miles distant. The clearness of the atmosphere in this climate is such as to produce effects entirely unknown in our latitudes, and the same powerful glow of light which brings out objects with such peculiar brilliancy, renders the contrast of the shadows as remarkable, and contributes in this manner to give that force to landscape, which we are entirely unused to under the lowering haze of our less transparent sky.

Sorrento is by some preferred to every other spot on this enchanting coast, as a continued residence through all periods of the year, for the salubrity of its air receives no taint from the increased heat of the summer months, and scarcely loses any of its genial

temperature in the colder season. A succession of unbroken rocks, presenting an almost perpendicular barrier, extends along the whole of the bay in which it is situated. Their summits are truncated, and present a straight line of surface throughout their whole range, on which a deep layer of vegetable earth recedes from the sea towards the chain of mountains, and, following the line of coast, leave an intervening space on a gently inclined plane; constituting the Piano di Sorrento, and containing several villages, casinos, and masserias, the population of which is usually computed with that of the city itself, perhaps too high, at 30,000. The town is well built and clean, though the streets are narrow; but the environs are what constitute its celebrity. These, although exhibiting none of those romantic and sublime scenes which characterize the southern shore of the cape, display in their more minute details beauties of a nature equally calculated to gain a gradual and lasting ascendancy over the habits and recollections of a resident. The immediate vicinity of the town is divided into gardens, and the walls inclosing them border the numerous paths which connect the different habitations, and thereby shut out all view from the passenger; but the varying prospect which opens from every window, and is afforded by all parts of the higher grounds, makes ample amends for this inconvenience.

Sorrento is a place of some antiquity, and all the inscriptions, bassi rilievi, and other vestiges of ancient sculpture found there at different periods, are collected under an archway in the town, which thus forms a kind of open museum, accessible to the inspection of every visitor. The ancient walls and towers can scarcely be referred to the Lombards, who erected this territory into

a small independent principality. From its defensible, or rather inaccessible situation, as well as its fertility, it must have proved adequate to the limited ambition of any petty sovereign, who could be satisfied with the possession of all that could minister to the wants and luxuries of even more modern refinement. Wine, oil, fruits, milk, meat, and game, are all excellent in their different kinds at Sorrento, while its veal is by some reputed the best in Europe. The capital is supplied from it with many of these articles, by boats, plying at regular times of the day.

Among the many respectable houses, termed palaces, which adorn Sorrento, that which gave birth to the poet Tasso naturally excites the interest and claims a visit from the stranger: it is placed on the cliff rising immediately from the sea, and offers some pretensions to elegance of architecture, but probably retains in its outward form no remains of its ancient appearance. The approach to the city from the landing-place, or Marina, between the rocks rising on each side of a steep cleft or ravine, is also striking and highly picturesque.

From Sorrento dwellings are thickly studded along the coast as far as Meta, divided from Vico by a projecting and higher point. The roads throughout the Piano di Sorrento are good and smooth, and sufficiently wide in most places for carriages, if any mode of transporting them, except by water, could be devised. Joseph Bonaparte ordered that a practicable road should be formed from Castellamare to Sorrento, but as no further advance towards its construction was made than a publication of the decree in the official gazette, it has hitherto remained unexecuted; and the only access to the plain is by tracks scarcely practicable to the mules

of the country; at least I would venture to assert that few travellers have courage to remain on horseback during the whole of the journey, which may in this way be reckoned at ten miles in length. In order to obviate the inconveniences and fatigues incidental to such an excursion, and at the same time remove the necessity of undertaking it in a boat, portable chairs are to be hired, borne by four or six carriers, who relieve each other by turns, while practice and habit enable them to go through this laborious task with perfect safety to the traveller and apparent ease to themselves.

The inhabitants of the Piano are noted for their tractable disposition, as well as their honest and industrious habits, and I have been assured that the stranger may walk alone at night through almost all parts of the Sorrentine territory without the least risk of attack or molestation. The same is said of the island of Ischia.

Vico is pleasantly situated on a rocky eminence above the sea, surrounded by olive-groves, the produce of which is extolled for its peculiar sweetness. This town was drawn from its original obscurity by the predilection testified in its favour by Charles the Second of Anjou, and afterwards by Joan the Second, his great grand-daughter. The former monarch passed much of his time at Vico, and hither the ambassadors from France repaired to demand the hand of one of his many daughters for the son of their king. Antonio Coniger, in his Cronica, gives a singular account of their diplomatic instructions, which were chiefly directed towards the most minute observation of the manners and person of the young princess. They were ordered to watch all the movements of her limbs and body, and particularly charged to

see her dance very frequently; while their wives, who accompanied them, received as their share in the mission an injunction to obtain so intimate an inspection of her personal beauties as to remove all doubts of hidden defects. The queen, mother of this illustrious damsel, considered this last ceremony as highly derogatory to the dignity of her daughter, and endeavoured to elude compliance; but as it was a *sine qua non*, she at last consented, after having stipulated that it should so far be modified, that her daughter should be allowed the decent covering of a single tunic or chemise of the thinnest silk. This was granted; but the young lady, observing that the minds of her scrutinizing and conscientious visitors did not appear completely satisfied with the mezzo termine that had been resorted to, and that they hesitated and wavered as to the report they were to make to their sovereign, exclaimed, *Pro ista interula non amittam regnum Galliæ*, and slipping off the intervening object which caused their doubts, proved at once that she was worthy of any crown that could be offered to her.

Another promontory separates Vico from Castellamare, situated under the highest portion of the range of mountains which border the bay of Naples. One peak in particular, called St. Angelo, is higher than Vesuvius, and among the deep clefts on its sides the snow lies all the year. This spot is in fact the ice-house which supplies the capital with this article of indispensable necessity during the whole year. It is merely swept into some large natural caves, from which it is afterwards extracted as occasion requires. The mode of transporting it from these lofty heights is as simple as it is singular and expeditious. Several

long ropes are strained in a sloping direction from point to point till they reach the sea-shore. The bundles of hardened snow, carefully packed in dead leaves, and confined within faggots of brushwood, are suspended on these lines by means of a crooked stick, and their own weight impels them downwards with incredible velocity. A boy is stationed at every angle, whose task is to shift each bundle from one rope to the other, while the last brings them down to the boats, which wait in readiness the whole day to receive and convey them directly to Naples. The space of a few minutes will suffice for this aerial journey, which by any other mode of conveyance would employ some hours, as the mountain paths are of perilous steepness and difficulty. Mules and asses, however, are almost constantly employed in bringing down wood for the different branches of the coopering trade, which is carried on to a great extent at Castellamare. These animals in their descent bear a young chestnut tree fastened to each flank; but this task is also performed by women and children, who drag the trunk of the tree, stripped of its branches and leaves, alternately on each shoulder, the slender extremity trailing on the ground. When a temporary respite from this toil is required, the weight is transferred to a forked pole, provided for the purpose, but calculated at the same time to assist the footsteps of the carrier, who, for an exertion of this nature, including a journey of eight miles or more, in the hottest season, is remunerated with three half-pence of our money.

The town of Castellamare, near the situation of the ancient Stabiæ, is exposed to the north, and has acquired great celebrity as a summer residence in consequence of its reputed coolness, the

salubrity of its air, and the beauty of its environs. To these attractions must be added those presented by several mineral springs of considerable efficacy; and at a particular period of the year all its houses and villas are hired, when it vies in gaiety and splendour with the capital itself. It has about 10,000 inhabitants, and derives much additional importance as the seat of a royal dock-yard, and the residence of the Sott' Intendente of the province; it carries on besides several branches of commerce with the metropolis. The town is well-built along a handsome marina, and extends up the mountain rising immediately from the shore, on which indeed all the finest houses are constructed for the advantages of coolness and the view. This last embraces the whole circuit of the bay, including all the towns under Vesuvius, the volcano itself, Naples exactly in front, the hills of Puzzuoli, the point of Misenum, and the islands of Nisida, Procida, and Ischia. It is only, however, during the hot months that Castellamare proves an eligible residence. The early approach of autumn divests it of its boasted charms. At that time the damp vapours created by the increase of all the streams that refresh it during the summer are kept hovering over the town by the superincumbent mountain, while the absence of the sun during the greatest part of the day produces an atmosphere the most chilling and penetrating. The king possesses a country-house some way up the mountain, in a most enchanting situation, known by the name of *Qui si Sana*, supposed to be derived from *Casa Sana*.

Gragnano, an episcopal town, situated on a higher but more even level than Castellamare, is about two miles from it. It is celebrated for the excellence of its curds (*ricotte*), and also for its

wines. Higher still is Lettere, on a projecting shelf of Mount Lactarius, from which its name is evidently derived. It is a straggling but well-built village, in a commanding situation, and has a fine old ruined castle, which contributes by its picturesque appearance to heighten the interest of the general effect of the landscape.

All this portion of the country bears a bad name, as offering secure retreats to felons or homicides, who, either suspected of misdeeds, or actually convicted of crimes, seek their safety in temporary concealment within its mountainous recesses. This state of existence is sometimes so prolonged as to become not only supportable, but scarcely irksome to the inclinations and feelings. An individual of my acquaintance, who inhabited Castellamare, formed, in the course of his frequent excursions in its romantic environs, an acquaintance of some intimacy with a rich inhabitant of Lettere, and was in the habit of frequently dining with him and his numerous family. He usually went by invitation, or at least after giving notice of his intended visit; but, one day finding himself at the hour of dinner in the vicinity of the house, he ventured to request that hospitality which he had so frequently before experienced. He was admitted, with some symptoms of embarrassment, attributable, as he thought, to the consciousness of being inadequately provided with the means of receiving him; but perceived an addition to the family in the person of a young man, who was with some hesitation introduced as a son, and whose peculiar costume, handsome person, and dejected yet prepossessing countenance, so excited his interest and curiosity, that his sisters, confiding in the regard of the visitor, bade the stranger tell him his history.

Salvador, that was his name, had from his early infancy been in the habits of intimacy with a youth of the same village, who, following the bent of an evil disposition through the paths of poverty and vice, had so far advanced in the career of iniquity as to have become, at the age of twenty-four, associated with all that description of petty depredators which can in no language be so adequately expressed as by the Italian word *malviventi*. Salvador, educated as carefully as the affection and affluence of his parents would allow, had vainly endeavoured to reclaim his friend Aniello from his wicked courses; and, in the hopes of ultimately succeeding, had continued to keep up an intercouse of good fellowship with him, and more than once had assisted him with money. One day the latter informed Salvador of a scheme, formed by him and his companions, of robbing a rich proprietor, who resided in a solitary house adjoining some vineyards belonging to Salvador's father; and his assistance was required to allow this iniquitous band to conceal themselves in one of the buildings used only in the vintage season, where they might remain in ambush until night should enable them to execute their villanous purpose. Salvador not only refused to become accessary to such a crime, but put the intended object of it on his guard against the machinations of the banditti, without, however, naming Aniello, for whom he still retained a feeling of compassion if not of regard. His friend, as may be supposed, from that day became his inveterate foe, and vowed to watch every opportunity of being revenged. Some time elapsed, however, before such an occasion presented itself; but one morning that Salvador had risen with the sun, for the purpose of shooting quails among the ripe grapes, his unrelenting

enemy, who had watched and followed him, attempted to satisfy his cowardly vengeance by firing two pistol-shots at him from a place of concealment. Discovered, upbraided, and pursued by the other, he suddenly turned upon him, and endeavoured, by an exertion of bodily strength, to wrest from him his fowling-piece. The contest was prolonged and obstinate, ending finally in the fall of the aggressor, who received his death wound from the hand which had so often relieved his wants. The survivor, under the influence of terror and confusion at the commission of a crime so foreign to his nature, fled precipitately to his paternal roof, where he only rested time enough to relate his misfortune, being persuaded by his alarmed parents to seek safety in temporary concealment. Some labourers, who had indistinctly seen the conclusion of the affray at a distance, ran to the spot, and reached it in time to learn the name of the homicide from the dying lips of the vindictive ruffian, whose discharged pistols, former gifts of Salvador, and still bearing his initials, served, together with the evidence of the gun, which he had hastily flung down, to corroborate the facts deposed by the witnesses. The local police was made acquainted with them, and proceeded to the house of the culprit, who had already fled, and thereby justified the accusations brought against him. A sentence was pronounced, and for a considerable time he never ventured to revisit the house of his parents; but as these were as respected as he himself was beloved, no rigorous researches were instituted, and having never withdrawn himself to any great distance, he by degrees ventured to return occasionally for a few minutes to the presence of his family, and in the course of time paid them a daily visit, regulated by a signal given

by his sisters from the back windows of the house, which looked to the steep range of almost inaccessible rocks, covered with wood, that rise above Lettere. In their fastnesses he had now dwelt more than two years; and he described, in impressive language, the singular existence thus imposed upon him, and to which he had in a manner become as much habituated as to the exercise of descending and remounting these rugged steeps, with a velocity and agility almost incredible. The individual who frequently afterwards saw him, described his descent as something to all appearances supernatural. He was during the day-time always lurking among the caves, or perched upon the trees, within hearing of the shrill whistle which gave him the summons to approach, and when it was uttered, a few minutes sufficed to bring him down from the highest precipice. He gave an account of the methodical way in which he divided the few and unvaried occupations that broke the monotony of his solitary hours. The changes of weather or of wind were hailed by him as an interesting incident in his life. The trees, plants, and flowers, growing within the circumscribed precincts of his retreat, had become the objects of his care; and he watched the changes brought upon them by the revolving seasons with anxious solicitude. The few animated beings, whose movements broke upon the stillness of his solitude, he looked upon as so many acquaintances or visitors. A variety of birds had accustomed themselves to assemble round him at a certain hour, to receive the remnants of the food which he carried up from his father's house. He could enumerate every different sort of butterfly and insect which could be found near his retreat; and had seen the same fox pass at the same hour of each day during

the two years of his seclusion. In these pursuits, if so they can be termed, and the perusal of some book, which he always brought away from the house to the mountain, his time had passed, he said, quickly and not painfully. He generally took a daily meal at home, but never spent the night there, considering his rocky hermitage as more secure. This, from its particular position, was inaccessible from the upper masses of the mountains, and presented no approach from below, except through a strip of inclosed vineyard at the back of the family dwelling.

From Castellamare a good carriage-road runs along the marshy but well-cultivated flat, and four miles farther joins the main way from Salerno to Naples, to which I shall now direct the reader's attention, by first leading him back to Vietri, and pointing out the objects most worthy of remark in the journey by land from that town to the metropolis. Following the high road constructed above the glen, which at Vietri opens to the sea, the first striking feature is an aqueduct, crossing the ravine in its whole breadth, and forming, with the village of Molina, seen through its high narrow arches, and several others placed on the surrounding eminences, a picture which no artist who visits these scenes ever fails to record. Soon after the road crosses the valley, then considerably narrowed, and enters the town of La Cava, composed of one long street of good houses, furnished with arcades in its whole length, after the manner of those at Bologna, and other cities in the north of Italy. The air of this place is accounted particularly wholesome; but I found it very hot in the summer, being shut out from the refreshing influence of the sea-breeze, which is of such advantage to Vietri. It contains a military hospital, and is noted

for the number of its taverns, and the more than simplicity of its inhabitants, which has given rise to several stories, of the same nature as that of the wise men of Gotham.

From this a good road leads through a dark forest of chestnut trees to the monastery called La Trinita della Cava, placed in one of the wildest positions it is possible to imagine; but it is to be regretted that the taste which guided architecture at the period of its last restoration was not more adapted to the character of the surrounding scenery, or at least to the antiquity of the convent itself. A wide, unmeaning, though highly decorated front, broken into lines and projections of every form, entirely removes all feelings of veneration, which the dark solemnity of the approach, or the traditions relating to its remote foundation, might have inspired. It is of the Benedictine rule, and was once on a par with the richest establishments of that class in the kingdom, ranking but little below that of Monte Cassino: now its only treasures consist in a few copies of unique manuscripts, mostly relating to the history of the kingdom, but in that respect invaluable. No country possessed more documents of this nature than the Neapolitan states, and though its archives have considerably suffered from the rapacity of invaders, and more than once from the tumultuary fury of native Vandals, a thorough and laborious investigation of all which it yet contains would undoubtedly be productive of the most interesting results.

A modern traveller, Eustace, has done justice to the literary department of this kingdom, though he has been accused of overrating it. There is no doubt, however, that it is much more extended than foreigners are apt to believe, as they would be sur-

prised to learn the number of historians alone which it has produced: among these, Giannone's name is probably familiar to most readers; but the sources from which he derived the valuable materials, arranged by him in such luminous order, are little known out of the kingdom. The names of Summonte, Costanzo, Pontano, Collenuccio, Tristan Carracioli, and Capecelatro, form but a slender portion of the native writers who have exercised their talents on the history of their own country; and if we go back still farther, we shall find a variety of less important though most curious specimens of that interesting species of composition since become so popular under the forms of journals, memoirs, or diaries. Besides these, there are innumerable chronicles, extracted from the provincial archives, which in themselves would form a rich collection, independently of the manuscript registers belonging to many of the families, which are not made public. Among the most frequently quoted, that called *il Libro del Duca di Monteleone*, containing a series of historical facts, beginning from the time of Joan the Second, and going through the two following reigns, offers singular details of circumstances and manners. In addition to these works, it should be observed that each province has had its historian, and that even the smallest provincial towns boast of printed accounts of their situation, productions, or antiquities. Perhaps the most singular feature in Neapolitan literature, and that which undoubtedly proves a most praiseworthy degree of zeal, is the circumstance of the whole collection of their historians being reduced to, and printed in, the popular idiom peculiar to the lower classes in the metropolis, which may be considered the most corrupt, and in fact only vernacular Neapolitan dialect.

There are, however, several original productions written in Neapolitan, besides versions of the most eminent Italian poets; and, what is more extraordinary, one of the Iliad, which is singularly esteemed. These observations, which the ancient manuscripts of La Cava have called forth, will, I trust, prove that the state of Neapolitan literature is by no means reduced to that low ebb which northern nations are wont to imagine, and which the inhabitants of Upper Italy affect to believe.

The monastery of La Trinita was founded by St. Alpherius, whose interest with Guaimerus, Prince of Salerno, obtained for this object of his paternal solicitude the feudal tenure of a small town, called Corpo della Cava, which rises immediately behind the convent, together with diverse privileges and immunities, and a considerable increase of territory. The right to these valuable possessions was subsequently confirmed by Roger, first King of Naples, and Pope Urban the Second attached to the dignity of its abbots the episcopal jurisdiction of the district, which they preserved till the year 1393, when Boniface the Ninth again separated them. The body of the sainted founder rests in the church, and the tomb of Sybilla, wife to Roger, is shown in the porch.

After the town of La Cava the valley widens, and admits on each side of the road a considerable portion of cultivated ground. Numerous villages, churches, and convents appear in every nook of the surrounding mountains; and the long narrow towers erected for the purpose of dove-catching, and bearing the semblance of as many white marble columns, rising from among the trees, give the landscape a peculiar character: these serve as stations for the

persons who watch the flights of stock-doves, which afford to the natives in the month of October a branch of field sports with which we are totally unacquainted.

At Nocera dei Pagani, the ancient Nuceria, the mountains expand, and leave a wide passage into the Terra di Lavoro, which is now entered. The old walls and citadel are placed upon a hill above the present Nocera, as are also the seminary and some convents. The town is well inhabited, and joins another population called Pagani, from which it takes its peculiar denomination. It is reckoned unhealthy, from the confined state of its air during the summer, and its dampness in the winter season; though we might conclude it to be otherwise from its fine cavalry barracks, and the large depot of that branch of military, usually stationed there.

A mile previous to arriving at Nocera from La Cava is a circular church, pointed out to the traveller as an ancient temple, but undoubtedly dating from the period of early Christianity, and somewhat similar in form to the church of St. Stefano Rotondo at Rome, which is generally considered to have been a baptistery. As in the Roman building, attributed to the Emperor Constantine, and having that destination, an octagon basin occupies the centre of the edifice. The interior is gloomy, and green from damp, the pavement being considerably below the exterior level. A double row of marble columns, disposed of in a circular plan, support the roof upon arches, and display a varying and not less pleasing effect; but the details exhibit all the coarseness of workmanship and barbarity of taste, peculiar to the age which produced the compilation.

A large fiumara runs for a long distance by the road side, and though dry in the hot months, shows by its breadth and depth, as

well as the strong walls bordering it, to what ravages the country is liable in the autumn, when the first heavy rains swell all the mountain torrents, which at that period fill this channel with their accumulated waters. This is also evident from the construction of the road itself, considerably raised, upon a dyke, above the surface of the adjoining lands. Beyond the town, however, it descends to its natural level, and is bordered by high poplars, between which festoons of vines, reaching from one to the other, form a green avenue for several miles. The cultivation of the vine, and that of Indian corn, occupy the whole space of country between Nocera and Scafati: this is a fine and fertile level, watered by manual labour from wells dug in all the fields, and which, from a trough where it is first poured, is afterwards directed through different channels, so as to afford a due proportion to every portion of the soil, as well as to each plant in succession.

On the left, nearer the line of mountains extending to Castellamare, is seen the little town of Angri, which gives the title of Prince to a branch of the Genoese family of Doria, who rank among the largest landed proprietors in the kingdom of Naples.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Plain of Vesuvius ... Scafati ... River Sarno ... Torre dell' Annunziata ... Camaldoli della Torre ... Robbers ... Popular Superstitions ... Torre del Greco, Resina, and Portici ... Autumnal Villeggiatura ... Madonna del' Arco ... Return to Naples ... Late Revolution.

From Nocera, the range of hills on the right, receding round the base of Vesuvius into a magnificent amphitheatre, joins one of the central chains of the Apennines, and displays at its feet the several towns of Sarno, Palma, Lauro, and Nola. The flat space intervening between these and the roots of the volcano is as richly cultivated as it is thickly inhabited. Following the course of the road in a straight line, Scafati first presents itself, an inconsiderable village, traversed by the river Sarno, formerly the boundary of ancient Campania, as it now forms that of the province of Naples. This, according to the present division of the kingdom, constitutes a separate district from the Terra di Lavoro, of which Capua is considered the capital. The Sarno gushes out near the town which bears its name, in two considerable streams from the perpendicular rock, and falls into a kind of pool surrounded by walls, whence it again issues, and flows through a meadow of fine turf, which derives eternal verdure and freshness from its influence; and, after a short but meandering course,

crosses the road at Scafati, and again near Castellamare, and finally throws itself into the sea opposite the little island of Rivegliano, the ancient Petra Herculis. This river bears in the clearness and rapidity of its waters all the characteristics of an English trout-stream; and I know of none in the south of Europe that has any resemblance to it in this respect, except the Clitumnus in Umbria, and the Anapus near Syracuse. It was in digging a channel to give a new direction to one of its branches that the first knowledge of the remains of Pompeii was obtained. These are situated about three miles from Scafati, and have lately been so accurately described, that fresh accounts of them would appear an unnecessary repetition.

Torre dell' Annunziata is a flourishing, well-peopled town, with a manufactory of fire-arms, established by Charles the Third, and a considerable traffic in macaroni, fabricated here in great abundance. It is also a military depôt, and the animated appearance it derives from these circumstances, added to the constant thoroughfare of travellers to Salerno or Castellamare, render it one of the gayest towns on the road. During the French occupation it was regenerated under the name of Gioacchinopoli, but the difficulty presented by the pronunciation of such a word to a Neapolitan tongue, and the prevalence of ancient vulgarism over modern refinement, secured to it the continuance of its original appellation, until the subsequent change of government contributed entirely to obliterate the innovation.

From this place sundry roads, winding through the black but not unfertile sands of Vesuvius, lead up to the villages of Bosco tre Case, Bosco Reale, Taverna Penta, and others, inhabited by

the easy proprietors or industrious tenants of these valuable territories. Those which most approximate the barren lava produce nothing but vines, generally called della Torre, a name also given to the convent of Camaldolese monks situated in this vicinity, and thereby distinguished from the larger monastery of the same order on the other side of Naples. Though at no great distance from the metropolis, and adjoining all those spots most frequented by strangers, this place, though highly deserving, is seldom pointed out to their notice. The convent, however, placed on the summit of a verdant hillock, rising from amidst a desolate waste of black lava, catches the eye of the traveller from the high road, and will repay the trouble of a nearer inspection by the singularity of its situation and beauties peculiar to itself alone. The insulated hill of pumice on which it stands, evidently the offspring of volcanic power, and similar in form to several others whose origin is still more recent, is covered with a wood of oaks, and adorned by a variety of humbler vegetation, the vigour and freshness of which exhibit a striking contrast to the dark and rugged surface from which it springs. A high wall surrounds the domain, thereby giving it the character of a small park. A good road winding round the base by a gentle ascent leads to the monastery, now suppressed; but rented, with the adjoining territory, by a priest, whose duty it is to officiate in the church, which is still destined for public worship. The dwelling of the monks consisted, agreeably to the rule of their order, in separate habitations, with a small inclosed garden attached to each. They are so judiciously, and I may say, comfortably distributed, and still in such good repair, that I am surprised that a large family or party of foreigners, who

are always to be found at a loss for a summer residence, have never yet fixed upon this spot for that purpose.

The view of the bay from this the most centrical point in the range of its shores is perhaps also the most complete within its whole circuit. On that side all is life, light, and vegetation, in their brightest and most varied hues; while the opposite aspect presents the broad and gloomy waste of past, rising up into the terror of impending, desolation, in all their most awful sublimity. Nothing that I have ever seen approaches to the extraordinary effect displayed by the rugged steeps of the volcano rising immediately above this spot, torn and furrowed by the produce of its own bosom: a stream of liquid fire frequently gleams over their summits, while the internal detonation spreads an awful stillness over the mind of the spectator.

A telegraph is stationed near the church. The few persons employed in attending to it, constitute, with the priest and two servants, the only inhabitants of this spot; and these are by no means sufficient in numbers and resolution to resist the forcible entrance of brigands, who at times seek concealment in the lurking-places afforded by the Vesuvian wilds, and who not unfrequently obtain it for a time within the walls of this convent. Two years back its precincts had been thereby made the scene of a sanguinary contest between a band of these miscreants and a detachment of the civic guard from one of the adjoining towns.

From the frequent recurrence which has been made to this description of individuals in the course of my journey, the reader will probably be inclined to look upon the inhabitants of these realms as stamped by nature with a character of innate wickedness

and ferocity, extending, without reserve, throughout all their districts, and urging the natives of the well cultivated and thickly peopled districts which surround the metropolis to the same acts of lawless depredation which mark the habits of the uncivilized mountaineer of Calabria. The facts which might authorise such an imputation are unfortunately but too well authenticated; yet it would be hard to pronounce a sentence of unqualified condemnation on so large a portion of the nation, without referring to other incidental causes to which this system of depravity may be attributed. Among these, the facility, in cases of petty offences, of eluding the pursuits of justice must be referred to as the most prominent. The organization of the subaltern departments of the police is so defective, that protection or even recommendation from any superior quarter, or a trifling bribe to the accusing party, will almost in every instance of misdemeanour insure impunity to the culprit, though he be obliged to purchase it with the addition of absence or concealment; while these, by throwing the individual out of the routine of industrious habits, if he have any, and banishing him from the society of his friends or relations, and compelling him thereby to look to strangers for assistance, and his own wits for support, necessarily force him upon temptations which soon assume the form of necessities. The ties of kindred in this country are considered as imposing reciprocal obligations, which, even where little natural affection exists, are unrestricted by the dictates of reason, or the principle of common justice: a father or brother may naturally not hesitate to violate laws for which he feels more fear than respect, in order to screen any offence committed against them by an individual of his family:

but here cousin-germans consider their relative consanguinity to be as closely connected as that existing between brothers, and constantly call each other by that affectionate name. Even the *comparo*, that is, the individual who has stood godfather to another's child, is considered in the light of a near relative, and his assistance not only relied upon, but exacted to the utmost extent of its power on any emergency. This singular extension of friendly and social duties, though founded on a religious basis, and arising originally from the most amiable feelings, is productive in this instance of abuses the most glaring, and effects the most detrimental to the community at large. To these we may add, the inefficiency of the existing regulations, which are so framed as to punish, but seldom prevent, the commission of crimes, and perhaps above all the relaxed method of carrying their decrees into execution.

The lower classes, impressed from their early infancy with the fear of divine punishment, to be mitigated or even remitted through human mediation, seldom or ever learn that entire obedience and veneration for the laws which mankind have wisely inculcated for the security of the community at large. They naturally view escape from justice as meritorious, in affording the opportunity for penitence; and their sentence is always considered so severe as to excite unqualified feelings of compassion in those whom it should impress with salutary caution. The effusion of blood, regarded with such indifference when stimulated by the unrestrained fury of ungovernable passion in a trifling altercation, calls forth universal horror and commiseration when sanctioned by the voice of the legislature at a public execution. The culprit on these occasions is attended by a numerous body of military,

considered necessary to resist the possibility of a rescue, and I have seen women run up to the gensd'armes, urging them to let the most atrocious criminal escape, and enforce their arguments by the more active means of blows and throwing stones.

The inhabitants of all the Vesuvian towns are accounted hasty, quarrelsome, and even sanguinary; qualities by some attributed to the volcanic soil and atmosphere, but more probably owing to the heady and heating wine they drink, in quantity inadequate to produce absolute intoxication, but sufficient to keep the blood and spirits in a state of continued fermentation. The nature of the food of the common peasants, and the heat reflected from the black shining sand which surrounds the base of the mountain, subject them to a degree of thirst which appears incredible to a foreigner; and this they are mostly compelled to quench with cheap heating wine, in the absence of good, or scarcity of bad, water. I have been assured by an inhabitant of Somma, a town situated under that portion of Vesuvius which bears the same name, that some of the labourers of that district will, during the summer months, drink as much as fifteen bottles of wine in the course of the day, while a week seldom elapses without some murder taking place. A meeting of several paths, where the different territories of Somma, Ottaiano, and Nola join, is the spot where the body of the sufferer is usually deposited, if the affray occur in the night-time. The causes of dispute and delay thereby afforded to the local jurisdictions of these several towns, generally enable the perpetrator to escape. The scene of these misdeeds is in consequence become an object of terror to the neighbouring villages, and no one willingly traverses this fearful pass unaccom-

panied after the last hour of daylight. Men without heads, jackasses with fiery ears, pale horses bestrode by hellish monsters, sculls grinning out of hollow trees, huge bears, gigantic women, and dwarfish priests with large brimmed hats, moving through the dusky obscurity, are amongst the various forms under which ghosts or evil spirits are supposed to linger about this abode of guilt and terror. The latter shape is indeed considered by the lower classes as occasionally assumed by a familiar beneficent household demon, known, from this circumstance, by the name of *il Monaciello*. It is supposed to haunt the outbuildings and precincts of the large villas which happen to fall under its special protection, where food is frequently placed to propitiate its influence, with the expectancy of seeing it converted to gold: any sudden increase of fortune is consequently accounted for by an adage, *Forse avra il Monaciello in casa;* but these gifts will vanish in the way they came, if the receiver is indiscreet enough to boast of their supernatural origin. It will from this be seen, that the natives of the south have at least an equal share in all the superstitious beliefs of the north, though they are much decreased within the last forty years, from the popular persuasion that one of the popes, in virtue of his delegated powers, recalled the greater portion of the hapless spirits infesting the Neapolitan domain, and consigned them to eternal repose, or restricted their wandering to solitudes more remote from obervation.

Torre del Greco, the next place on the road to the metropolis, is a flourishing town, built in part on the lava that has so frequently passed over the site in its way to the sea, which from the crater is in this direction the shortest. The inhabitants are rich and

industrious, and show a most extraordinary attachment to their birthplace, by immediately rebuilding their houses exactly over the spot of their destruction, which, from its peculiar position, must ever be liable to the recurrence of similar calamities.

Near Torre del Greco the stream of volcanic matter is the widest, and from the crater down to the water's edge presents one gloomy surface, like a ploughed field of rugged black lava, from which arise the melancholy skeletons of a few villas, once surrounded with vegetation. Wherever, in the lapse of years, the upper stratum is become vegetable soil, its fertility is proportionate to the hardness of the surrounding substance; but vines are the principal objects of cultivation. After Torre del Greco, well-built large casinos, situated in extensive gardens, multiply on each side of the road, and enliven its vicinity. Resina, placed on the site of Herculaneum, consequently constructed on a bed of lava, is almost entirely composed of noblemen's summer residences, among which the king's villa, called La Favorita, is deservedly noticed. A mile further is the town of Portici, containing another royal residence, through which the road passes; it was once celebrated for the museum originally established for the reception of all the objects found at Herculaneum and Pompeii: the greatest part of these are now removed to the magnificent national collection in Naples, known under the name of the Studii, or Museo Borbonico.

Portici, and several adjoining villages, become, during the autumn, the resort of the rich and fashionable, and at that time present a scene of bustle and gaiety fully equal to those offered by the metropolis, especially on Thursday and Sunday, when the high road is thronged with carriages belonging to the families then

resident at Portici, as well as those who come from Naples, distant only three miles. The way there is in fact one continued street, bordered with large well-built houses, misnamed, according to our ideas of country residences, casinos and villas; for they differ in nothing from those of the city, except in the view and the more or less extensive gardens attached to each. Several rich lawyers and merchants also take up their abode here during the *villeggiatura;* and the rigid observance of those ceremonious forms, which still keeps up a distinctive line of separation between these classes and the nobility, is here relaxed, and no doubt this circumstance contributes greatly to add variety and enjoyment to the social parties which seem to constitute the principal charms of this country residence. Portici can scarcely boast any other; the situation is flat and dusty, the danger from the volcano almost imminent, and the air even painfully sultry during the summer months, owing to its vicinity to Vesuvius, but perhaps more attributable to the black sand upon which the town stands.

The neighbouring villages of Sant Iorio, La Barra, and S. Giovanni a Tedduccio, extend from Portici, vie with it in the number of their palaces and villas, and are equally well peopled during the particular season. Beyond Portici, on the right, a road leads to Somma, a town of 4000 inhabitants, situated about ten miles from Naples, and just far enough round the roots of Vesuvius to be excluded the view of the sea. It abounds with a variety of wines, differing in strength and quality according to the altitude of the vineyards from which they are produced; some of these furnish the noted Lacryma Christi, called also Lacryma di Somma.

About half way to this town is a large church and sanctuary, called La Madonna del' Arco, which at the period of the feast held in honour of its foundation presents scenes that can have no parallel but in the Bacchanalian festivities of the pagans. Their celebration attracts not only vast multitudes from the metropolis itself, but collects the numerous population from the whole plain of Campania, as well as that of all the neighbouring mountainous districts. The vineyards surrounding the church are, after divine service, thronged with parties dining under their shady festoons, and the roads which lead from it are till a late hour at night crowded with those who return to their respective homes. Carts, canopied with green boughs, and drawn by oxen adorned with wreaths of wild flowers, are the most universally adopted mode of conveyance; but every other kind of vehicle may be seen, as well as long strings of mules and asses, all equally heavily laden. The most unwieldy and the aged, as well as the village minstrels, journey in this manner, but the young and active of both sexes usually go on foot, dancing their way for the space of two or three miles at a time without intermission. The Neapolitan seldom gives way to mirth without the accompaniment of clamour, and when stimulated, as on this occasion, by the additional excitements of wine and devotion, presents the semblance of a being wild with mirthful madness. Each person brandishes a pole, entwined with leaves, to which is attached a small wooden pail, of very neat workmanship, thousands of which are sold, I know not why, at the church door. Their necks and arms, covered with rows of strung filberts; and their faces, shaded by rosaries of the same and wreaths of vine leaves, are smeared with the ruddy juice.

The distant approach of one of these jovial troops, announced by peals of laughter, shouts of exultation, with the loud and wild choruses of the peasantry, accompanied by the beating of tamborines and the shrill snapping of castanets, is almost as terrific as the appearance of their frantic dances and overstrained gesticulations; and a noisy procession of this kind, winding along the base of the volcano, now reduced into one broad mass, and melting its lower outline into the shades of night, but throwing up volumes of smoke and jets of fire in awful tranquillity above, is a scene difficult to imagine, and of which no other country can produce a parallel.

The bridge of La Maddalena is constructed over the Sebeto, but its stream is, before this, distributed amongst the gardens and vineyards through which it flows. It may be considered as marking the entrance of Naples on this side, and looked upon as the pass which ushers the traveller into the scenes of noise, crowd, and bustle, which characterize it. His eye is struck by the gaiety and brilliancy of the spectacle, but his other senses are by no means greeted in the same manner. Heaps of salt-fish, squalid rows of hides, undergoing the offensive operations of dressing, the splashing of waves which receive the common sewers of all this portion of the city, and the exhalations of crushed and putrescent vegetables, assail the senses at once; but the freshness of the sea-breeze and the clearness of the air will, as he passes on, soon dispel the effect of these inconveniences; and, under the impression of the local beauty of this country, and the influence of its climate, he will feel that nature is more than amply gifted with the power of compensating for the deficiencies presented by the present

state of society and institutions, and that with such a sky and such a soil existence is enjoyment.

The row of buildings which succeeds the bridge is called La Marinella, and leads to the church of the Carmine, a spot marked by the tumultuous assassination of a plebeian revolutionist, and the judicial but more atrocious murder of a legitimate prince. The blood of the youth Masaniello flowed within its precincts, and that of Corradino was shed before this edifice.

On crossing the second bridge, dividing the little basin called Il Mandracchio from the port, I regretted that this was the last day of my journey, and that a mode of life, become, notwithstanding its inconveniences and privations, habitual and pleasing for the space of four months, was to be exchanged for all the advantages and restraints of social intercourse. The people of the capital I saw again with pleasure: their merits and their faults had long been familiar to me; and I had learnt equally well how to value the unvarying friendly treatment evinced by the higher classes, and the less disinterested civility shown by the lower. The latter, in their general character, bear a strong resemblance to the modern Greeks; but, with an equal propensity to deceive, they have less perseverance in falsehood, and will own all their lies if truth happens for once to suit their purpose better. They unite the acute ingenuity of experienced fraud to the shortsightedness of childish simplicity; but their gaiety, good humour, and sprightliness, are almost sure to propitiate forgiveness; and, secure of this advantage, they continue their course of slight but continued iniquity, unconscious of any advantages to be derived from any other line of conduct; for it is but justice to observe,

that, whenever they can be made sensible of the value of honesty, they will as strictly adhere to its practice as if they were brought up under its advantages; and I have not unfrequently heard such individuals say to their comrades, "Now, speak the truth, for this gentleman does not like falsehood."

We were scarcely permitted to hope that the revolution which lately took place in this country, even had it been successful in effecting a salutary change in its vitiated institutions, could have been so prompt in its consequences as to change or even modify speedily the national character. Susceptible as it is of improvement, such an alteration can be the work of time only, assisted by regulations the most wise, efforts the most disinterested, and above all the sincere and active co-operation of all ranks; but these difficulties it appears are sufficiently powerful to serve as arguments against such views of amelioration, and opinion must yield to power.

In the space of the few weeks during which I have penned the foregoing pages, a vision of liberty has arisen, but the baseless fabric has dissolved at the touch of the foreign sword. That Naples, "*in otia natam*," flourishing in proportion to her degradation, through all the plunder and slavery of the barbarous ages; enlarged but not strengthened by idleness; whose glory is poetry and the softer art of music; should have attempted any effectual exertion could scarcely have been contemplated—But, almost within sight of her towers, the same mountains and the same fastnesses still exist, where the march of mighty Rome was arrested, while her repeated triumphs through seventy years were only multiplied to require fresh exertion; and where slaves could resolve

to perish in the desperate array of freedom*—These heroes have not been forgotten, their shades have been evoked, but the remembrance of their gigantic energies has scared and not animated the breasts of the present occupiers of the soil upon which they bled to extermination.

It would be presumptuous to predict any further struggle or more successful efforts on the part of the Neapolitan nation; but as Englishmen we may be allowed to extend our sympathy towards those individuals who have sacrificed all, in their vain endeavours to raise their country a degree higher in the scale of nations; who have indulged in the flattering illusion that its geographical position, its deficiency of artificial resources, and the absence of all powers of aggression, might have secured it from the jealous interference of mightier states; who could scarcely have foreseen that the improved condition of a remote corner of Italy would be deemed incompatible with the safety and welfare of larger empires; or that, because an inconsiderable nation has been for centuries subjected to a moral and mental debasement, the general policy of Europe should impose the necessity of their never emerging from so humiliating a position.

* The Samnite was "cladibus ipsis animosiorem," and Spartacus with his slaves were "non effugisse contenti, sed vindicari etiam volebant et dignam viris obire mortem, Prima velut ara, viris Vesuvius placuit."

APPENDIX.

It was not the Author's intention to have affixed to the foregoing tour any details relative to the late transient revolution. But the Editor, in whose hands he left the revisal of the latter sheets, has been induced, at the suggestion of several mutual literary friends, to subjoin by way of Appendix the following Sketch, as they believe it remains the only account submitted to the public of that event, and was written by Mr. Craven in the carriage during his rapid journey homeward from the immediate scene of action.

APPENDIX.

On Sunday, July the 2d, 1820, the Duke of Calabria, eldest son to His Majesty King Ferdinand the First, returned to Naples from Sicily, where he had exercised the functions of Viceroy ever since his royal father's restoration to the throne, in the year 1815.

His Royal Highness had during that period paid two visits to the capital; one, in 1816, on the occasion of his daughter, the Duchess of Berry's marriage; and a second, during the spring of 1819, when the Emperor of Austria was there.

The ships which conveyed His Royal Highness and his numerous family had been descried outside of the Gulf on the preceding evening, waiting for the assistance of the sea-breeze, which blows at regular hours during the summer; and they anchored before the harbour on the following day, after having landed their royal passengers at the palace of Portici, which was appointed for their abode until their apartments in the capital should be ready.

The return of this Prince had been long anticipated, as, though personally beloved and respected in Sicily, it was understood that his own wishes had long solicited a removal; principally on the plea of ill health, though several other reasons were assigned for it.

Similar idle and contradictory reports had been spread to account for the delays he had experienced, which, however, merely arose (in all probability) from the necessity of waiting for the arrival at Palermo of General Naselli, who had been appointed to succeed him in the office, though not with the title, of Viceroy.

The line of telegraphs which extends along the coasts of Naples and Sicily, and affords the means of communication between the two capitals

within the space of eight hours, had some days before announced the Prince's departure from Palermo; and, as it was understood that he wished to be present at the celebration of the birthday of his brother, the Prince of Salerno, it required no great effort of calculation to anticipate the very hour of his arrival. This circumstance, which might have passed unnoticed at any other time, gave rise to several observations from those who are unwilling to admit the interference of chance in any political transaction.

The evening circle or drawing-room, usually held on the anniversary of the birth or name days of every member of the royal family, was not very numerously attended, notwithstanding the presence of H. R. H. the Duke of Calabria, and that of his wife and daughters: this might easily be accounted for by the absence of several of the foreign ministers, the small quantity of strangers resident at Naples during the summer, the intense heat of that particular evening, and the proximity of another assembly of the same nature, which, falling on the Duchess of Calabria's birthday, would probably prove a superior attraction, and an equally suitable opportunity of showing attention to their Royal Highnesses.

The King, who had been some distance out at sea to meet his children, expressed in his countenance and conversation the joy he felt at seeing them, and that parental affection which has always appeared as a distinctive trait in his character; but it was observed, that although he appeared in remarkably good spirits, some of his ministers were far from participating in this feeling; that an expression of gravity, amounting to gloom, was visible in their countenances; that they were abstracted in their manner, and frequently engaged in secret conversation with each other.

The circle was of short duration; those who composed it repaired, as customary, to the theatre after its termination; and here it was that reports of a vague, but not alarming nature, began to circulate, and prepare the public mind for the extraordinary events which were to take place within the short space of a few succeeding days.

It was said, that a portion of military belonging to two different corps (cavalry and infantry) quartered at Nola, about twelve miles from the capital, had deserted with arms, horses, and accoutrements, and had taken the road to Avellino; that some of their officers had willingly accompanied them, while others had been compelled so to do; while from among these last, one had contrived to escape and bring the intelligence.

The intentions of these troops were at first supposed to be directed to nothing more than schemes of depredation, or dispersion for the sake of returning to their respective homes; and as similar instances of desertion had occasionally occurred, no great importance was attached to the report until rendered more alarming by the circumstance of several inhabitants of the town of Salerno having quitted their houses at the same period, and having in a body taken the direction of Avellino.

In the course of the ensuing night the abrupt departure of several detachments of the garrison of Naples, apparently sent to guard against some impending danger, corroborated the rumours of the preceding evening; and when, on the following morning, a train of artillery, accompanied by additional reinforcements of troops, were sent towards Nola, no doubt could be entertained that considerable opposition was deemed absolutely necessary against some unknown aggression.

The precautionary measures taken to strengthen and defend with cannon the Ponte della Maddalena, which forms the principal entrance of the city from the Salerno, or Calabrian road, contributed greatly to increase the general inquietude; and the non-arrival of the diligence and post from Apulia was not likely to allay this feeling.

Still, though various reports succeeded each other with rapidity during the two following days (the 3d and 4th), no positive intelligence as to the nature of the danger seemed likely to be acquired.

It was now universally said, and as generally believed, that some of the military detached from Salerno to pursue the first deserters had joined them, and that a considerable portion of the natives of most of the small towns in the provinces of Principato Citra and Ultra had quitted their homes, and all taken the road to Avellino*, the capital of this last district.

It was evident, therefore, that the number first mentioned had not been exaggerated, but the object of their movements was still a mystery. I received on the 5th the most contradictory answers on this subject from two different quarters to which I had applied, and both, as I thought, likely to afford me the most certain information. From one I was given to understand, that these misguided individuals sought nothing more than plunder

* Avellino and Salerno are situated at nearly equal distances from the capital; but there is a road of communication between them, which, with those leading from these towns to Naples, forms a triangle.

and tumult, which was proved by their having pillaged and burnt two or three villages. From the other I was assured, that their schemes, which were as judiciously combined as they were widely diffused, aimed at no less an object than the establishment of a constitution, and consequently the overthrow of the existing government.

These movements, which were by no means confined to the lower classes, seemed to indicate a previous understanding between the instigators of them, and displayed a regularity of operation, which, whatever might be its ultimate object, fully justified the efficient measures which the government had deemed it expedient to adopt.

The forces composing the garrison of the city, with the exception of those which manned the forts, the royal guards and marines, had been sent out to guard the approaches to Naples: they were commanded by General Carascosa, assisted by several other distinguished officers*, and formed a line which included the small towns of Nola, Gallo, Marigliano, at the foot of the mountains which divide the province of Terra di Lavoro from Apulia. The town of Avellino, containing 18,000 inhabitants, is placed beyond the first range of these mountains, and the main road from the capital to the eastern provinces runs across it, after winding through a long and steep defile, called the Pass of Monteforte, at all times considered a very strong position, and now admitted to be in the possession of a numerous band of individuals, variously designated as robbers, deserters, insurgents, or brigands; who, moreover, occupied Avellino, its surrounding villages, and the brow of the lower hills which terminate the plain of Naples, and reach to the skirts of Nola.

The contending parties were consequently close to each other, and the inactivity in which they had remained during two days, as well as the frequent parleys which were understood to have taken place between the leaders, seemed to strengthen the supposition, that some important political change was meditated.

The troops that formed the line of defence had hitherto behaved with steadiness and attention to discipline, which justified the confidence placed in them; but still the order for attacking had never been issued, and the negotiations continued.

* Prince Cariati, the Duke of Rocca Romana, Generals Campana, Ambrosio, &c. &c. &c.

In the mean time, the city of Naples, though in a state of considerable uneasiness and alarm, was perfectly tranquil; the civic guard, entirely composed of the most respectable classes of inhabitants, and who had on a former occasion saved it from pillage, was again intrusted with the arduous task of maintaining its internal safety; it had been much augmented, and was assisted by patroles from the few troops who had remained in the town.

A greater degree of silence and order in the daytime, and an earlier desertion of its most populous streets, were perhaps the only perceptible characteristics of the general feeling. This suspension of noise and bustle in a city so remarkable for both, seemed to produce an impression nearly akin to terror, and might not unaptly have been compared to that stagnation of the atmosphere, which is said invariably to precede an earthquake: in truth, the explosion was near at hand, though it fortunately bore no resemblance to so awful a visitation.

The author must now direct the reader's attention back to some details which will, he hopes, not be deemed unnecessary to the further progress of his narrative.

General Guglielmo Pepe, an officer of distinction in the Neapolitan service, had for two years back successively commanded the military divisions which occupied the provinces of Capitanata and Principato Ultra.

Situations of this nature, according to the existing system, entail great responsibility on those that hold them, and, at the same time, give them considerable influence in the province. The officer in question had lately been removed from the command at Avellino, and appointed to one which comprised the military jurisdiction of both, or rather the three Calabrias*, and in the mean time resided at Naples with his elder brother, also a general officer, but at this period not in active service.

On the first intelligence of the insurgents being assembled at Avellino, where their plans appeared to be in perfect harmony with the feelings of its inhabitants, it was surmised, that the general who last commanded the district must, either intentionally, or through remissness, have overlooked the partial symptoms which could not fail to have betrayed themselves pre-

* By a new decree, issued shortly after the King's restoration, Calabria was divided into three portions; the most southern of which is denominated Calabria Ultra Seconda, and has Reggio for its capital.

viously to an open disclosure of measures which bespoke long premeditation and a well-concerted plan.

The author does not pretend to decide whether these suspicions were well founded or not: but the following details may, perhaps, throw some light on the subject.

On the evening of the 5th of July, this officer having retired home, was accosted by two others of his particular friends, and a general: one of the former commanded the regiment of dragoons then stationed at the Ponte della Maddalena; and they were accompanied by two gentlemen of good family of the town of Naples.

They jointly informed him, that they had certain intelligence that the ministers had come to the determination of arresting him that very night; that they came to urge him to escape, and moreover to request him to put himself at the head of the numerous assemblage of inhabitants from all parts of the kingdom, now collected at Avellino, who were only waiting for a chief, as distinguished for his military talents as he was beloved for his private virtues, in whom they could place unlimited confidence. They represented, that the revolution was now inevitable, and that his refusal might possibly injure himself, but could by no means avert the change which was about to take place: they added, that the cavalry regiment which one of them commanded was at that moment ready to set off for the purpose of joining the insurgents, and that the greater part of an infantry regiment was to meet them in the course of the night, and accompany them to Avellino.

This conversation produced the result that was expected: General Pepe entered the carriage that was prepared for him, and passing over the bridge, was from thence escorted by the above-mentioned dragoons, who were already mounted and armed. By avoiding the main road, they reached the vanguard of the insurgents by daybreak, and Avellino early in the morning.

The account of this defection was not long reaching the ears of the Cabinet, and proved the death-blow to all hopes of resistance. A council was immediately held, and in consequence of its decision, the King issued a proclamation, announcing his compliance with the wish of his subjects to have a representative government, and his promise to publish the fundamental bases of it within eight days.

The rising sun of the 6th day of July made this document legible to the

eyes of the astonished multitude, and it was read to the few troops which remained in the different barracks in the course of that morning.

General Florestano Pepe, elder brother to the other, who had never accepted any employment since the termination of the war, had, almost on the immediate determination of the Council, been requested to proceed without delay to General Carascosa's head-quarters, and retract the order which this last had received to attack the insurgents that very morning, and march upon Avellino.

It appears a matter of doubt whether this order would ever have been put into execution, as the general opinion seems to have been, that the commander would never have run the risk of seeing it disobeyed by the troops, which, though they had hitherto shown no symptoms of insubordination or disaffection, could scarcely be relied upon to engage their fellow soldiers and countrymen.

Humanity and honour must rejoice in their having been spared so severe a trial; and all parties greeted the return of colours unsullied by defection, borne by hands unstained with blood.

The same General Pepe (Florestano) was appointed to take upon himself the temporary command of these troops in their march to the capital, which they re-entered in the evening of the 7th. The return of General Carascosa, who had been invested with the charge of Captain General, or Commander in Chief, rendered this appointment necessary, though of short duration.

On his arrival at Avellino, General Guglielmo Pepe had issued a proclamation to the troops and inhabitants, which is a curious document, inasmuch as it may be considered as the declaration of the motives which actuated the mass of the insurgents, and of the end to which their efforts pointed: it had been transmitted to General Carascosa, together with the solemn assurance that the forces assembled on the borders of the Terra di Lavoro would never lay down their arms till the constitution was not only promised but signed by the King; and to avoid delay, or an excuse for it, the Spanish constitution of 1812 was pointed out as the choice of the people, to which the royal consent was demanded: so that when General Carascosa returned to Naples, after receiving the counter-order against attacking, he actually brought a copy of this charter with him, and obtained the promise of the wished-for sanction.

It was confidentially asserted that the Spanish constitution would be proclaimed the following morning (the 7th) to the sound of cannon.

The appointment of a new Cabinet was officially announced in the Gazette of that evening; and the public saw without much surprise that it was almost entirely composed of the same Ministers who had presided over Murat's councils at the period of his downfall.

It was not to be expected that men, some of whom had sacrificed their fortunes, while the greater part had devoted their existence to the support of principles diametrically opposite to those which prompted the present revolution, should consent to lend their assistance to the establishment and consolidation of a system so repugnant to their feelings; and it is probable that the option was not even submitted to them.

The nomination of their successors was published in the usual form; but that of General Carascosa was particularized as Captain General, *in the place* of General Count Nugent.

This was an evident acknowledgment of the unpopularity which had attended the administration of the latter, and to which the defection of the army has been attributed: it is not the writer's wish to investigate minutely the origin of this feeling, so generally admitted, and in this instance so fatally exemplified; but it may be traced to his being a foreigner, to his having subjected the troops to a system of restraint and discipline odious to the natives of the South, and lastly, to measures of well-meant but injudicious economy, which, in the articles of dress, rations, and pay, pressed with peculiar severity on the subalterns and privates, and appeared intolerable after the profuse indulgences to which Murat had accustomed them.

The Captain General, therefore, and Don Luigi de Medici, Minister of Finance, seemed to divide, in nearly equal shares, that portion of odium, which in all political revulsions is sure to explode and overwhelm some of the individuals employed by the existing government; but it would be gross exaggeration to assert, that this was either general or violent.

The Minister of Finance never quitted Naples, where he continued to reside in his own house, and soon after gave in his accounts to the new Cabinet: and although a considerable assemblage of persons repaired to General Nugent's residence on the 6th, and asked for him, they proceeded to no violence on being told he was absent; and were dissuaded from

examining the apartments, by the mere mention of his wife and children being in them.

He had gone every day to General Carascosa's head-quarters, and on the 6th, when it was evident that all hopes of resistance were annihilated, he was persuaded by some friends, who were anxious for the security of his person, not to return to his own house, but seek an asylum in that of the British Minister: the following day the report of his escape was circulated, and generally believed to have taken place by sea, though an embargo had been laid on all vessels at that time in the port of Naples; and the seventy-four which had conveyed the Duke of Calabria from Sicily, and had anchored as usual in the bay, was brought inside of the mole.

The nature and object of the revolution was now become manifest to all those who might have entertained doubts with regard to either; and the instruments which had assisted its progress, as well as the channels through which it had been directed, were no longer secret.

The sect of the Carbonari, an association founded in imitation of Freemasonry, and which had been proscribed and persecuted with equal rigour by the usurping and legitimate Sovereigns, was avowedly the principal agent and operator of the changes which had been effected in the government.

Its origin is not of remote date; and whatever may have been its ultimate tendency, there seems no doubt that it was originally established with a view of repelling the progress of French power and revolutionary principles.

The attainment of a constitution has, however, been the object of this society for some years past, and has, with much more appearance of probability than the defence of the established religion, furnished motives for the proscription which it has encountered from two successive governments.

Experience has shown that the mystery and caution attending the propagation of any prohibited and persecuted association, increases the zeal and fervour of its proselytes; and the widely extended ramifications of the Carbonari sect would be, if any were required, a fresh proof of this truth. It is not going too far to assert, that at least one half of the individuals composing the population of the kingdom of Naples were bound to serve and assist each other by the most solemn vows, as well as by the consideration of their mutual interest: where the efforts of so powerful a confederation are directed towards an object of national advantage, it is scarcely possible that they should fail. There was no department of the state, no local muni-

cipality, no petty tribunal, however confined in numbers, but what contained some Carbonari among the members that composed it; they had found their way into religious communities; but it was chiefly in the provinces that their influence had obtained the greatest extension.

Some English newspapers have stated, that a total dereliction of all religious principles forms the basis of this society, and that the overthrow of all regular governments, and consequently the destruction of all social order, is the object of its labours.

Without attempting to refute the palpable fallacy of so sweeping an accusation, the author merely observes, that the ceremonies attending the installation of every new member are stamped with the most religious and even superstitious colouring; that the formulas read in their meetings bear a similar character; that they have chosen for their patron a Saint*, whose legend is particularized by more than an ordinary portion of miraculous deeds; and that even the distinctive colours which they have selected, and which each member assumes on his initiation, are supposed to bear some mystic reference to their religious dogmas. These colours are red, blue, and black; differing in this last from the French tri-colour riband, with which they have been confounded.

So acknowledged a part did the Carbonari assume in the operations which changed the Neapolitan government, that these colours, in the shape of a small cockade, were worn by all those who lent their assistance to the work; that a flag formed of the same was hoisted at the head-quarters of the civic guard of the capital, and that the regular troops were officially ordered to adopt them; a regulation, which, as a matter of safety, was followed by the generality of the inhabitants.

It appears that the mode most successfully employed by the promoters of the revolution, in order to effect it, was the introduction of a majority of Carbonari into the bands of provincial militia, known in the country by the different names of *Legionari, Militi,* and *Civici,* which bear some analogy to our Local Militia.

The organization of this description of troops, as well as the choice of the individuals who composed them, rested principally on the Commandant of the Province, an office perfectly distinct from that of General of the Division

* St. Theobald.

or District, and usually conferred on an officer not above the rank of Colonel.

In one of the most extensive and populous provinces* this system had been followed with sufficient success to insure the co-operation of 40,000 of these individuals, furnished, as it was added, with forty cartridges and four ducats to each man.

It must be observed, that these corps are formed of men who consider themselves as ranking higher, in a moral point of view, than the regular forces, as most of them are landed proprietors, and all exempted from the sense of dependence imposed by a regular stipend. They had been found useful in defending the interior from the depredations of those bands of brigands which have from time immemorial existed in this beautiful country, and been a reproach to the carelessness or mismanagement of the various powers that have successively ruled it. They were also occasionally employed as escorts, in conjunction with the regular troops, as well as in assisting in the exercise of the local police of the different districts to which they belonged, and which till this period they had never quitted. They were, of course, all provided with arms, and those who could afford it were clothed and accoutred at their own expense.

From this statement it will be as obvious to the reader, as it was to the residents in Naples, that to the determination of this powerful portion of the nation, this sudden but apparently not unexpected revolution was to be attributed.

The little surprise testified by the inhabitants of the capital on the first intelligence of the insurrection, and the manner in which it was greeted by them, though marked by no symptom of enthusiasm from a nation so prone to outward demonstration, may lead to the suspicion that it had probably been anticipated by all but those who had the greatest interest in impeding it, and should rectify the erroneous judgment which this country has formed of the event, inimputing the whole to the regular army.

There is no doubt that the discontent known to exist in this branch of the executive power facilitated the plans of the revolutionists, and secured the development of them. It would be hazardous to pronounce on the issue of the trial, had the fidelity of the troops been as undoubted as it was the con-

* Capitanata.

trary; but it appears certain, that it had originally been intended to bring about the revolution, during the existence of the camp at Sessa, in the preceding month of May. There the Sovereign's constant attendance on the manœuvres of the army, the favour with which he seemed to regard it, and the particular affability of his manner to his subjects, had secured to him so great a share of popularity, that it was deemed expedient to defer the projected execution of the plan to a more favourable opportunity.

On the other hand, the formation of this camp, which had lasted two months, and which had brought the several corps together in nearer relation of social habits, had afforded ample scope for the dissemination of the Carbonari principles, and frequent opportunities of increasing the number of their proselytes.

Be that as it may, the author thinks he has sufficiently expatiated on this particular subject, to prove that the army was not the principal agent in this singular revolution, and that the honour or disgrace of it (for it will probably bear either appellation) belongs to the population of the kingdom at large, including the most enlightened portion of its inhabitants*.

To return to the progress of events: the 7th of July proved a day of considerable agitation, not unmixed with alarm, to the natives of the capital.

It was understood that the Spanish constitution would be proclaimed at mid-day with all due solemnity; instead of which, a decree, signed by the King, made its appearance an hour later, in the shape of an address to his eldest son, naming him Vicar-General, and appointing him to the temporary management of all affairs of state, from which his majesty's ill health obliged him to retire for the present.

The impression of disappointment was strong on the public mind; and to this were added feelings of mistrust and suspicion, which the omission of any allusion to the promised constitution, and an unlucky reference to two former similar events in his reign, contributed to raise, if not justify.

* It is worthy of remark, that literature and general information, however obstructed in their circulation by the neglect of an inactive government, are nevertheless diffused through the remote districts of the Neapolitan realms, in a degree disproportionately exceeding the quota of knowledge observable in the metropolis: the peculiar habits of its more affluent inhabitants, and a variety of other causes too minute to be detailed, may account for this fact, which any foreigner who has never quitted Naples, or its immediate vicinity, will scarcely credit.

Rumours of the most sinister kind were circulated, and this proclamation was interpreted in the most unfavourable manner by all those whose sanguine hopes of success looked upon all delay in the light of denial. A considerable number of students, who, in all parts of the continent, seem to consider themselves as the predestined necessary instruments of all revolutionary works, were the principal instigators of these reports; and the cooler part of the community, without believing them to their full extent, had every reason to anticipate their fatal result. The troops, recalled from their bloodless campaign, were expected to return that evening, as in fact they did; and, in the meantime, the security of the city, and the lives of its inhabitants, were committed to the protection of the civic guard alone, which, though animated with the best intentions, was deficient in number and worn out with the continued exertions of four days and nights of vigilant watching and patroling.

A few hours, however, terminated this painful suspense, and the first proclamation was torn from the walls to make room for another, which, still maintaining the Duke of Calabria in the functions of Vicar-General, exhibited his royal father's unequivocal acceptation of the Spanish constitution of 1812; while a third declaration, from the Duke himself as regent, announced the adoption of this form of government, subject to such modifications as might render it more suitable to the genius and habits of the nation, to be established by a junta of twenty persons, elected for that particular purpose.

Another edict was also issued, appointing a committee for the better internal security of the city.

All uneasiness and doubt having been removed by these judicious measures, the remainder of the evening was passed in the greatest tranquillity, and a few houses were illuminated.

On the 8th, the streets resumed their usual appearance of bustle and motion; and the commandants of the several forts, though not obnoxious, were replaced by officers of rank, remarkable for their popularity among the troops, and their attachment to the constitutional party.

The entrance of General G. Pepe, now the declared leader of the revolutionary forces, comprising the provincial militias, and the small portion of the regulars which had joined them, had been looked to for the 8th; but some arrangements, indispensable to facilitate this ceremony and provide for

the accommodation of so large a body of individuals, most of whom were entire strangers to the town, delayed it until the 9th, for which day it was publicly announced.

The peaceful and idle natives of a luxurious and opulent metropolis could not look forward to such an event, under such circumstances, without some degree of uneasiness; and it was even said, that the new cabinet had endeavoured to prevail on the commander of these legions to lessen their numbers, which, though exaggerated to 50,000 men, by no means formed the totality of the provincial forces. All these having quitted their respective places of residence in remote parts of the kingdom, on the same day, could not effect a junction with equal precision; and only the militias of the two Principatos, Citra and Ultra, together with a portion of that of Basilicata, were understood to be at Avellino.

The prompt success which attended their undertaking had not allowed time for the more distant corps to join them; but they were known to be marching onwards with alacrity, and it was supposed that none would willingly retrace their footsteps without the boast of having visited the capital on so glorious an occasion; and, perhaps, carrying back some trophy commemorative of so remarkable an event.

These fears *, which appeared far from ill-grounded, were, however, not realized; and it is but doing justice to the precautionary measures which had been taken, and to the character of those against whom they were deemed necessary, to observe, that their entrance, stay, and departure, were unmarked by any excess on their part, or any complaint on that of the townspeople.

They came in on Sunday the 9th of July, at about mid-day, and proceeding by the Strada Toledo, defiled before the Duke of Calabria, who stood at the window of the royal palace, and admitted their leader to the honour of an audience; after which he was granted the additional favour of kissing the King's hand.

The regular troops, headed by General Napolitano, opened the march,

* Report had described these terrific bands, clothed in the costume, and partaking of the habits of brigands, bivouacking at the Campo di Marzo, close to the city, where rations and forage had been distributed to them; and, although it added, that one of them had been shot for stealing two fowls, it was impossible that the tradespeople should look upon the approach of such visitors without apprehension.

and were followed by the mass of provincial militia, walking rapidly without any order, conducted by General G. Pepe, and a priest of the name of Menichini, who may be looked upon as the principal mover of all the secret springs which had set the revolution in motion. This intelligent and indefatigable man attracted full as much notice, and by far more curiosity than his companion: he is said to have passed several years in England, and to have been in Spain since the change which has taken place in that kingdom.

The Constitution itself, in a palpable shape, made its appearance in the procession, conveyed in a common hackney one-horse chair, called a curriculo. The spectacle displayed by the bands of provincial militia was singular in the extreme; as, though they were all most formidably armed, their weapons varied as much as their accoutrements: a very small proportion of them were clad in military uniform, the majority being habited according to the different costumes of their respective districts, which at the same time bore a very warlike aspect.

It must be acknowledged that the cartridge belt, the sandalled legs, the broad stiletto, short musket, and grey peaked hats, so peculiarly adapted by painters to the representation of banditti, seemed here to realize all the ideas which the inhabitants of the north have formed of such beings; and the sun-burnt complexions, and dark bushy hair and whiskers of the wearer, greatly contributed to render this resemblance more striking.

A strange contrast was exhibited by the more opulent classes of these same legions, who, though equally well provided with arms of all descriptions, marched among the ranks of their picturesque companions, attired in the full extreme of modern French and English fashions. All bore the Carbonari colours at their breast, while scarfs of the same, or different medals and emblems * tied to their waistcoat, denoted the rank they severally held in the sect. Banners with inscriptions in honour of this patriotic association were also carried by them. Nearly the whole of these individuals had been absent from their homes nine days, during which they had never slept in a bed, or even under a roof, but they all seemed in perfect good humour and spirits, and appeared amply repaid for all the hardships they might have endured, by the success which had followed them.

* These were a hatchet, a hammer, a *vanga*, (a kind of spade), and other instruments, as used by real Carbonari or charcoal-workers.

After passing before the palace, they filed off in different divisions, to the respective quarters which had been assigned to them in some of the empty barracks; but more particularly in a long range of buildings on the Portici road, known by the name of the *Granili*. On the first night of their stay at Naples, a considerable proportion of these men slept on trusses of straw, among the oleanders, myrtles, and geraniums of the public walk, or Villa Reale.

The town had been partially illuminated on the 7th and 8th*; but this symptom of public rejoicing was officially enjoined on the evening of the 9th, and the public promenade of carriages was more numerously attended than usual in the principal streets, which were also crowded with foot passengers.

The several deputations from the provinces had established themselves in the main street, each forming a place of rendezvous, where their countrymen could apply for any information or assistance they might require: these quarters having the names of their respective districts displayed on draperies of coloured silks, adorned with flowers, and illumined by variegated lamps, added much to the brilliancy and gaiety of the scene.

A very judicious regulation was framed by the Committee of Safety, which daily called on a portion of the provincials to unite their services to those of the civic guard, in maintaining order and tranquillity throughout the city. This, by occupying their attention, at the same time that it flattered their feelings, removed the chance of any excess or imprudence which idleness or impunity might have prompted; and the diurnal stipend which it was determined to allow them during their stay, contributed no doubt to assist in the efficacy of these salutary measures.

All fears for the public tranquillity having subsided after the peaceable entrance of the Constitutional forces, the Vicar-General, in conjunction with the newly-formed cabinet, began to issue decrees, and fill up the several employments which had become vacant. The provincial Giunta was named, and appointed to receive the oath of the Royal Family, to the Spanish con-

* On the 8th, the appearance of an American ship of the line created great uneasiness among the Neapolitans, as it was taken for an English man of war, and considered (without the least regard to probability, time, or distance), as having been sent for to take an active part against the proceedings of the nation: the truth was, however, soon discovered, and the ship remained only one day in the bay.

stitution, as well as to act in the capacity of the future Parliament, which was expected to be convoked by the 1st of September.

The 10th was a day of much business. General G. Pepe was named Commander-in-Chief, while General Carascosa continued Minister of the War Department; two employments which had hitherto been united in the person of the Captain General.

General G. Pepe accepted the office conferred upon him for two months only, and refused the sum of 500,000 ducats, voted to him by the Junta, in remuneration of his services.

The new Cabinet notified the change which had occurred in the State to all the Foreign Ministers resident at Naples, and the customary exchange of visits took place on the occasion.

Generals Filangieri and Ambrosio assumed the command, one of the royal guard, and the other of the city of Naples, and in the evening the embargo was taken off*.

On the 11th, the Vicar-General issued a proclamation to thank the troops and their leader; and the provincial militias were summoned to receive their pay and take their departure.

The 12th saw the departure of Prince Cariati on a mission to Austria, whose intentions it was judged essential to propitiate; and on the 13th, the King and his sons, in the presence of the Junta, and in the hands of the Cappellano Maggiore, solemnly swore to maintain the new constitution, and the cannon from the forts was fired.

That evening the great theatre of S. Carlo was illuminated, and opened to the provincial troops gratis, who availed themselves of this licence to fill it in a degree unparalleled on any former occasion. The sight presented by the seats of the pit, occupied by so motley an assemblage, many of which were armed cap-à-pie, was not one of the least remarkable exhibitions among those witnessed by the public in the short space of twelve days. The Duke of Calabria and his family were present at the representation, and more than

* It is difficult to ascertain exactly which branch of the executive government claims the credit of having imposed the embargo: that it was a measure of strict necessity to the promoters of the revolution, and as promptly adopted as it was rigorously enforced, admits of no doubt; but it seems to have originated before the new Ministry was formed, and to have been continued after this last had given official notice of its cessation. May it not be attributed to that species of government which some late French writers have termed *Gouvernement occult?*

divided the applause bestowed on the performers. The festivities of this day were, however, damped by an event, which, spreading considerable alarm throughout the metropolis, might have been productive of the most fatal consequences, and of which the following is a faithful relation. A large portion of the regiment of *Farnese* had received orders to repair to the fortress of Gaeta. This station, either from its peculiar isolated position, or the severe restraint and discipline imposed on its garrison, has always been looked upon by the Neapolitan army as a place of punishment, and has in fact occasionally been appointed as such. This was, however, not the case in the present instance, as the regiment in question had always conducted itself with the greatest propriety, and had seen some very hard service, and was but lately returned from Sicily, with testimonials of well-merited approbation.

The idea of going to Gaeta had such an effect upon these misguided men, that after a long altercation with their officers, who endeavoured to recal them to a sense of duty, they forced the gates of the barrack-yard, and rushing out, armed and accoutred, in a tumultuous manner hurried through the most public streets with the undisguised intention of deserting. They first proceëded to the residence of General Filangieri, an officer of the highest distinction, and extremely popular with all ranks of the army. He was unluckily absent from home, and they continued their way, shouting and brandishing their firelocks, towards the skirts of the city, on the Portici road: some officers and the commandant of the town followed them, and vainly tried to expostulate with them; they were deaf to their remonstrances; but lent a willing ear to those of General Filangieri, who, having been apprised of their intention, had overtaken them in a carriage. He succeeded in prevailing upon them to return to the town, and, to inspire them with greater confidence, alighted, and marched back at their head. On passing the barracks, near the Ponte della Maddalena, where a regiment of cavalry (the same that went over to the insurgents on the night of the 5th) was stationed, and had been called to arms to pursue the deserters, two shots were fired in their rear, which, though their direction was uncertain, and they struck no one, were suspected to have proceeded from the cavalry, and considered by the delinquents as the prelude to summary punishment. In a fit of despair they discharged a volley of musketry at the mounted dragoons, who were under the gateway of the barracks, and wounded their colonel;

this called forth the immediate vengeance of his soldiers: they rushed on the unhappy aggressors, and charging sword in hand, put them to flight in all directions, making at the same time dreadful havoc among them. The scene of action was an open space on the sea-sand, which luckily was at this moment tolerably clear of passengers. Several of the infantry plunged into the sea, and there received their death from carbine and pistol shots, or were drowned in seeking to avoid them: and this unfortunate affray, without any connexion with the revolution, which had taken place without the shedding of one drop of blood, caused the death of sixty persons. The remainder were taken and carried to the castle of St. Elmo, where they were tried by a court martial, and a small portion of them suffered the punishment of a crime sufficiently heinous in itself, but, in this case, aggravated by the peculiar circumstances which attended it.

On the 14th, a regiment of cavalry, which had for some time been stationed in the province of Capitanata, entered the city, together with all the militia* belonging to that rich and populous district: they defiled along the Chiaja in the presence of the Duke of Calabria; and on the 16th, all the troops, regular and provincial, took the oaths of fidelity to the constitution.

The following Sunday (July 23) a public dinner was given at the Campo di Marzo, to all the armed forces then assembled at Naples, including the militias, previous to the return of the last to their respective homes.

It will be recollected that the revolutionary movements which took place almost spontaneously throughout the kingdom of Naples were accompanied by demonstrations of a similar nature in the principality of Pontecorvo and the Duchy of Benevento: these two small states, though subject to the Pontifical sway, may be considered, by their local position, as forming parts of the Neapolitan dominions.

One is at a loss how to qualify the singular policy which could dictate the restoration of these petty principalities to their former rulers, when equivalent indemnifications might undoubtedly have been offered more conveniently situated on the confines of the mother-country.

No possession can seem less desirable or advantageous than that of states situated at so remote a distance from the seat of government that they can

* This corps was so well armed, disciplined, and accoutred, that it could not be distinguished, in outward appearance, from those of the line.

have no communication with it, excepting through some hundred miles of territory subject to another power, as jealous of its neighbour's encroachments and pretensions*, as it must be disgusted with the existence of this anomalous property, however much antiquated charters and modern decrees may have sanctioned it.

The consequences are, that ever since the beginning of the eleventh century, when the Emperor Henry the Second granted the supreme jurisdiction over Benevento to Benedict the Eighth, in lieu of the rights which this Pontiff exercised over the town of Bamberg in Franconia, every successive possessor of the Neapolitan throne has taken possession of that Duchy one or more times in the course of his reign.

The persevering pertinacity so peculiar to the Romish See, and which, as a modern author observes, forms the distinctive character of a government composed of old men, has obtained the restoration of Benevento by every treaty of peace which has been signed by the Popes and Kings of Naples during the lapse of eight centuries: still, though submitted to a different code, and governed according to a different system, the inhabitants of Pontecorvo and Benevento could not be debarred from all intercourse with those of the surrounding districts: and the fire which had thus been silently kindled was not likely to be extinguished by the inefficient hand of the vicar of pontifical authority.

These two states openly threw off their allegiance to the Court of Rome, and declared their intention of abiding by the fortunes, and sharing the independence, of their neighbours; but the Vicar-General and the new Cabinet wisely disclaimed any wish to avail themselves of these friendly overtures, and even prohibited all Neapolitan subjects from taking any part in the proceedings, which might give umbrage to a power whose goodwill and friendship they were anxious to maintain.

Perhaps a similar show of forbearance with regard to Sicily, although the relative positions of the two countries have no analogy with those of Naples and Benevento, might have averted the schism which appears more than apprehended in that island.

* Whenever it was deemed necessary to recruit the garrison of Benevento by the addition of a few men, their passage through the Neapolitan territory became the subject of a negotiation, and formed the basis of a mutual agreement between the contracting powers.

The revolution at this period may be said to have reached a goal, to which the most sanguine hopes of its early partisans could scarcely have looked, and beyond which they certainly did not extend. The rapidity of its progress was that of a conspiracy, and it perhaps may be stigmatized by some persons by that name; yet its gradual though prompt development, as well as the nature of the benefits it sought to attain, should shelter it from the odium usually attached to such an appellation*.

* Thirteen millions of ducats were found in the Treasury, and not only afforded the new Cabinet the means of immediately raising the pay of the army, but relieved it from all those embarrassments which the want of pecuniary resources imposes on most incipient governments.

This is not one of the least remarkable circumstances attending the Neapolitan revolution; as a flourishing exchequer is generally the firmest support of a despotic state, and the poverty of the one mostly precedes the downfall of the other.

Great stress has been laid on the selection of ministers formerly employed by Murat: but it was necessary, at a juncture which admitted of no delay, to appoint persons not only of tried ability, but perfectly inured to the routine of official employment. It is a fact, that, as far back as the year 1814, the hope and firm resolution of establishing a constitution existed among the generals of Murat's army, who had agreed to make an effort for that purpose at that period.

THE END.

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